



GODFREY OF BULLOIGNE  
OR, THE  
RECOVERY OF JERUSALEM  
IN  
ENGLISH HERODICAL VERSE,  
FROM THE ITALIAN OF TASSO  
BY  
EDWARD FAIRFAX

THE SEVENTH EDITION  
REPRINTED FROM THE ORIGINAL FOLIO OF 1602.

TO WHICH ARE PREFIXED  
A GLOSSARY  
OF  
THE LIVES OF TASSO AND FAIRFAX.  
BY THE EDITOR.

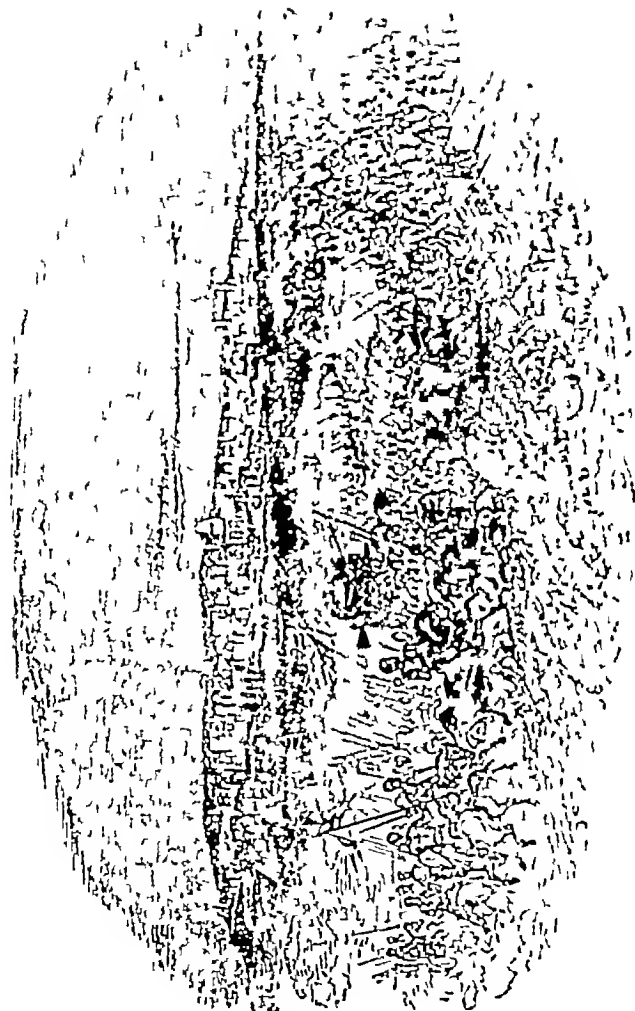
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“ We do not know a translation in any language that is to be  
ferred to this, in all the essentials of poe'try ”—*Quarterly Review*.







(The Crucifixion)

## ADVERTISEMENT

IN the year 1818 the Editor of this series published an edition of *Fairfax & Tasso* in two volumes. This noble translation of one of the few great epic poems which ancient and modern times have produced had not been equaled for seventy years. In the present edition the *Lives* of *Fairfax* and *Tasso* have been revised. The Editor subjoins his original advertisement, which bears the date of October 1817:—

“Dr Johnson, with usual but of his characteristic humility ventured to predict that the *Tasso* of *Fairfax* would never be equalled. If the national taste in poetry had not mended since the days of that critic his prophetic flattery of *Hood* would not yet have been disproved. We have fortunately learnt to associate our ideas of French versifiers and Dutch gardeners—have quitted the formal parterres and dull vistas of our geometrical ancestors, for the luxuriant irregularity that nature loves and have abandoned the monotonous sweetness, sententious precision, and laboured antithesis of the school of *Pope* for the harmonious variety enchanting simplicity and eloquent outpourings, of our early poets. The pretensions of *Fairfax* to take his station with the most exalted of these glorious spirits are fairly discussed in his accompanying *Life*. To these testimonies, and,

what is far better, to this his great work, the reader is referred for the motives which suggested this reprint

"The previous editions of Fairfax's '*Tasso*' have been four. The first, published by the author himself, is unquestionably the most correct. It has furnished the copy of the present edition, the emendations being solely confined to the *orthography*. The 2nd and 3rd editions are represented as being deformed with many ridiculous interpolations. The 4th, published in 1749, is tolerably accurate, but the editor occasionally ventured to modernise his original in a way which shews he neither understood his sweetness nor his simplicity."

"The *Lives of Tasso and Fairfax* have been newly written. The Italian authorities have been carefully consulted for the former, the air of romance which generally attaches itself to the unhappy poet of Italy is consequently somewhat tempered. The biography of Fairfax is necessarily imperfect, from the very obscure notices of his actions and character.

"The Glossary will, it is hoped, be adequate to the explanation of any difficulty which an intelligent reader may meet with

"CHARLES KNIGHT"

\* Our edition of 1817 was the fifth. In the same year Mr Singer published a beautiful reprint of the original, retaining the old *orthography*. The present edition is therefore the seventh.

THE LIFE  
OF  
TORQUATO TASSO



[Tasso. From *1611* after death.]

THE author of the *Gerusalemme Liberata* was too remarkable for his genius, his acquirements, his honours, and his misfortunes, not to have left very clear and satisfactory *new* *studies* of the vicissitudes of his life. He lived too in an age when eminent literary merit received its

full tribute of contemporary admiration, and amongst governments which, however tyrannical, understood the advantage and splendour of patronising, and of exhibiting, the great examples which the time afforded of uncommon excellence in philosophy, poetry, and the elegant arts Tasso had therefore his full portion of fame, if not of content, and the minuteness of his biographers has thus left to the world an adequate picture of his temper, his feelings, and his habits, whilst they have supplied a melancholy memorial of the insufficiency of talent, and learning, and even piety, to obtain a corresponding reward of present tranquillity and happiness. As Tasso was in his outward circumstances amongst the most afflicted, his history commands a proportionate interest. The traces of felicity are light, fleeting, and unfruitful, the records of adversity are strong, indelible, and full of wisdom \*

Torquato was the son of Bernardo Tasso, and of Porzia de Rossi. He was born on the 11th of March, 1544. The same distinction which the cities of Greece sought to acquire in claiming Homer for their denizen, has been suggested to the towns of Italy by the fame of Tasso. Sorrento demands him because she was his birth-place,

\* The commonly-received notions of the events of Tasso's life have been adopted upon the authority of Giovanni Battista Manso, a Neapolitan nobleman. His acquaintance with the unfortunate poet appears to have commenced in 1588. the miseries and honours of the Homer of Italy terminated in 1595. Of the wandering and unsettled habits of Tasso's middle age, and of the mysterious transactions of the court of Ferrara, his testimony must necessarily be imperfect. Succeeding biographers have devoted themselves with more diligence and accuracy to substantiate facts, by Tasso's own correspondence, and other unimpeachable records.

Naples calls him her own for his maternal descent and his education. Ferrara would participate in his honours as his favoured slave for twenty years and he has no account of his paternal origin. This question has been warmly debated by the partisans of these various pretensions. It is enough for us to know that he was born at Sorrento, where his mother, being far advanced in her pregnancy, had gone to visit her sister Hippolyta.

His parents speedily returned to Naples with their infant son. The first two or three years of his existence were without question passed in the boundless delight, the sudden grief, the ardent curiosity, and the gradual acquirements of common childhood. The Italian historian who, in imitation of the ancients, delighted to impart genius with a character of the marvellous informs us that his powers were so rapidly developed that he reasoned and spoke at six months old with an character like of infancy but the tone of his voice, and that he gave equally precocious indications of an unusual serenity of temper. To keep pace with these prodigies, his friend and biographer Marsio sends him to a college of Jesuits at four years old, and makes him publicly declaim and compose poetry without any poverty of style at seven. His more judicious historian Serrasi and his commentator Tiraboschi have on the contrary ascertained that he went to the college at seven, and publicly distinguished himself at ten; a sufficient indication of the force of his ability without attempting to render him superior to the common laws of the human faculties. A fervent feeling of religion seems even at this early period to have chastened his genius. In a letter to a friend he describes with unaffected zeal the devotional fear with which he

first received the holy sacrament This sentiment never forsook him, and in the affliction of his latter years, like the piety of our own Collins, threw a gleam of hope and consolation over the darkness of a wandering mind

In his tenth year Torquato quitted Naples His father had seven years before attached himself to the interest of Ferrante, the Prince of Salerno, accompanying him on a mission to the court of Charles V, to remonstrate in the name of the people of Naples, against the establishment of the Inquisition in that city This liberal undertaking was in a high degree successful, but the approbation of their fellow-citizens was of little avail to the Prince of Salerno, and to his follower Bernardo Tasso, for Don Pedro of Toledo, Viceroy of Naples, conceived such an implacable hatred against the opposers of his intolerant projects, that he contrived to exasperate the Emperor against Ferrante That nobleman, having in vain endeavoured to procure an audience of Charles V, retired to Rome, and renounced his allegiance to the Imperial Court Bernardo Tasso resolved to associate his fortune with that of his friend and patron His son Torquato followed him thither in the year 1554 The separation from his mother, and from the scenes of his earliest remembrances, was not likely to be treated by the enthusiastic boy as a common event It was his first unhappiness, and he chose to express his feelings in the language of truth and nature, which gives to poetry its sweetest charm The following lines are equally creditable to the taste and affection of the youthful bard —

“ Me dal sen della madre empia fortuna  
Pargoletto d' velse ah di que br

Ch'ello bagnò di lagrime dolenti,  
 Con sospir mi rimembra, e de' figli aruenti  
 Preghi che se n' portar l' aure sagaci.  
 Ch'io non dovea più giung' volto a volto,  
 Fra quelle braccia accolto  
 Con nodi così stretti e sì tenaci  
 Lascio! e seguit con mal sicure piante  
 Qual Ascanio o Camilla, il padre errante.\*

Torquato arrived at Rome in October 1554. Here for two years he followed his studies, devoting himself principally to Greek and Latin under skilful masters. In February 1556 Bernardo received the afflicting intelligence of the death of his wife. He sought to comfort himself under this misfortune by the presence of his only daughter; but she was detained at Naples, against her will by some intrigues of her father's relations. A rupture having taken place in August, 1556 between the courts of Philip II and the pontiff Paul IV. Bernardo, considering himself insecure at Rome, sought the protection of the Duke of Urbino renowned for his patronage of men of letters. He sent Torquato to Bergamo. The promising student was then twelve years and a half old distinguished for the purity of his person, the elegance of his address, and the grace of his understanding. The merit of Bernardo procured for him such a favorable re-

- \* Forth from a mother's fostering breast  
 Fata plucks me in my helpless years;  
 With sighs I look back on her tears  
 Bething the lips her kisses press;  
 Alas! her pure and ardent prayers  
 The fugitive breeze now bliv' bears  
 No longer breathe we face to face,  
 Our arms entwined as knots in close embrace;  
 Ascanius or Camilla's like, my feet  
 Unstable seek a wandering air's retreat.



ception in the court of Urbino, that his son in a few months joined him there. The Duke became so impressed with the brilliancy of his talents, that he assigned him to his own son as a companion of his studies. His first honours were thus derived from the favours of a prince. The splendours of a palace left a lasting and fatal impression upon his ardent mind, and prepared him to seek for a happiness in courtly favours and dignities which they had not the power of bestowing upon his high and sensitive spirit.

Under this protection he abode for two years, partly in Urbino, and partly in Pesaro. In 1559 he followed his father to Venice, where his application to literature continued unremitted. Bernardo, himself a man of elegant taste, felt a natural pride and delight in the genius of his son. But his knowledge of the world, and perhaps his experience of the misery of a dependence in the Italian courts, determined him to urge Torquato to the exercise of his talents in a liberal profession. Even in that age the character of a poet in Italy retained too much of the servility and the dissoluteness of the ancient Troubadours. The services of a man of letters were generally claimed by some petty prince who aspired to the honour of being a patron of genius. The possessor of talent was thus too often kept about a palace in an unhappy state of undefined and undignified familiarity, harassed by the dependence, without receiving the certain rewards of a servant, exhibited for the amusement of noble guests, like a jester or a musician, or toyed with by the courtly dames, till his heated feelings were dashed back by some artifice of contemptuous scorn. To save his son from these miseries, the prudent father of Tor-

quato proposed to him the study of jurisprudence in the university of Padua, as the easiest road to riches and eminence. The youth set out upon his undertaking; but this pursuit was to him a harsh and crabbed task. The Institutes of Justinian were soon cast aside for more congenial studies, and he devoted himself to poetry as the mistress of his affections. The first fruit of his determination was the poem of *Rinaldo*; this was composed in ten months, and published in his eighteenth year. It manifested the force and elegance of his genius, and excited a reasonable expectation of what might be accomplished by the addition of a ripened judgment to his other powers. His father, who had at first evinced displeasure at what he considered a neglect of profitable studies, no longer resisted the determined bent of Torquato's mind, but left him to the uncontrolled direction of his own irresistible inclinations. The counsels of experience may guide those level faculties, in which good sense preponderates, to profitable employments; but there never was a youth of decided genius who wholly overruled his inexplicable impulse towards a particular excellence through any fears of impending distress, any prospect of future riches, or even to the strong monitions of paternal regard. Young Tasso is no solitary example of this force of nature.

About this period Torquato was invited to the university of Bologna by Pietro Donato Cesi. He was received with kindness and attention, continuing his studies with his accustomed assiduity. It was here that he conceived the thought of writing the great poem upon which his fame is principally founded. He applied himself to his happy scheme in his 19th year. Some remains of

his first attempt indicate the superior elegance and correctness of his versification in the complete copy of the '*Gerusalemme Liberata*'. In this city happened the first of those untoward events which had so powerful an influence upon his character and conduct. A suspicion arose that he was the author of a satire which had given considerable offence. An order was issued for his imprisonment. The poet not being found at his common abode, his books and papers were rudely seized, and delivered over to the criminal judge. They were afterwards returned to him, but he became so disgusted by this affront that he hastily quitted Bologna, and being invited by his friend Scipio Gonzaga, returned to Padua. His father having entered into the service of the Duke of Mantua, Torquato, straitened in his circumstances, was obliged to seek the patronage of Cardinal Luigi d'Este, the brother of Alfonso II, Duke of Ferrara, to whom he had dedicated his poem of '*Rinaldo*'. Under the protection of this noble ecclesiastic he first visited the court of Ferrara, and commenced that attachment to the House of Este which was so intimately allied with all the real and imaginary misfortunes of his future life.

Torquato arrived at the court of Ferrara in 1565. In this splendid abode he was surrounded by objects equally dangerous to his philosophy and his peace. His reception was pleasing to his youthful ambition. The Duke Alfonso entered into a friendly competition with his brother in the patronage of Tasso's ripening talents, and he was occasionally honoured and delighted by the kindness and approbation of two accomplished and beautiful princesses, sisters of the House of Este. To this dangerous friendship may be attributed the great misfortunes of his life. The

biographers of Tasso till within a very recent period, have considered that there was no evidence of the misplaced affection which the youthful poet was supposed to have entertained towards one of these princesses. But in a very able essay upon *The Love of Tasso &c.* published at Pisa in 1832, Professor Rosini has proved, with sufficient clearness, that the Princess Eleonora was really the object of the young poet's ambitious passion. The question is succinctly discussed by Mr Vissac, in a masterly article in the *Penny Cyclopædia*. He says Tasso was young and amorous: he had been for some time passionately in love with Laura Peperara, a lady of Mantua to whom he addressed many sonnets and other verses after the manner of Petrarch, styling her his Laura. This lady with whom he had probably become acquainted during a visit which he paid to his father at Mantua in 1564 came some years after to Ferrara as a lady of honour of the duchess, and was married to Count Turchi of Ferrara. But in the mean time Tasso appears to have been struck with the personal attractions and mental accomplishments of the Princess Eleonora, the duke's sister: and already in 1566 there is a sonnet by him, beginning *Nel tuo petto real da voi sparto* which is evidently addressed to a princess of a sovereign house. From that time he seemed to write amatory verses evidently addressed to the same person, whom he styles his *donna* or *admirer*. In some of them he mentions the name of Eleonora, but as there were so many ladies of that name at different times at the court of Ferrara, this has given rise to various surmises about the person meant. At last Tasso avowed in several ways his love for the princess, though, from the then existing usages of society

it was impossible that he could ever have obtained her hand. Most of the sonnets and other lyrics, which are evidently intended for this object of his second love, are conceived in a respectful and somewhat melancholy strain, as if the writer felt the hopelessness of his passion. The disparity of rank was in those times an insurmountable obstacle to any legitimate result of such an attachment, and the house of Este was one of the proudest in Italy. Like Petrarch, Tasso seems to have obtained friendship only in return for his love. But there are some of Tasso's compositions written between 1567 and 1570, in which he assumes the tone of a favoured lover. Such are the two sonnets 'Donna di me doppia vittoria aveste' and 'Prima colla beltà voi mi vinceste,' the dialogue between love and a lover, beginning 'Tu ch' i più chiusi affetti,' and the madrigal which begins 'Soavissimo bacio.' From the context, although no name is mentioned, they all evidently allude to the same object as the other amatory verses addressed to his 'donna.' There are also some autograph lines of Tasso discovered by Mai among the Falconieri MSS, and published by Betti at Rome (*Giornale Arcadico*, October, 1827), in which Eleonora is mentioned by name."

At the persuasion of Duke Alfonso, Tasso resumed his poem on the 'Recovery of Jerusalem,' which had been laid aside, like most of the brilliant conceptions of the greatest poets, for two years. Occupied by this interesting labour, he passed some time at Ferrara in much tranquillity. The death of his father soon disturbed his repose. He performed the last offices of piety to his parent at Ostia. On his return to Ferrara he lost a protectress by the marriage of the Princess Lucrezia with

the Duke d'Urbino. On this occasion he recited an oration at the opening of the academy of Ferrara, which is described as a splendid and noble composition.

Tasso continued in the court of Ferrara, employed in the composition of his Jerusalem, till 1571. In that year Cardinal Luigi, having resolved to visit France prevailed on Torquato, then rising into celebrity to accompany him. In the first interview of this noble ecclesiastic with his cousin Charles IX. King of France Tasso was presented as the poet of Godfrey and of the French heroes who signalized themselves at the conquest of Jerusalem. This sovereign bestowed upon him the most marked respect and several anecdotes are related to show the influence which his character had obtained over the mind of that cruel and treacherous tyrant. The poet refused all the honours and advancements which were offered to him remaining only a year at Paris, which he passed in the society of the poet Ronsard and other men of literary eminence. It is amongst the few blessings of Tasso's union that he was spared the misery of witnessing those infamous scenes of superstition — which till the end of time, will be the ineffaceable shame of the altar and throne of France.

After his return to Ferrara Tasso composed his *Aminta*. It was represented at Ferrara in 1573. Its success was proportioned to the beauty of an attempt in an almost untrodden path of poetical composition. It was translated into most of the languages of Europe; and had the still higher applause of becoming the model of the exquisite *Pastor Fido*. On the appearance of this beautiful imitation of his own pastoral, Tasso and of Guarini, with a rare and unaffected liberality united to a

proper sense of his own claims—"If he had not seen the 'Aminta' he would not have excelled it."

In 1574 Tasso had reached the 18th canto of the 'Gerusalemme Liberata'. In the progress of this great work he is reported to have availed himself of the military knowledge of the Duke Alfonso, to add a grace and spirit to his descriptions of skirmishes and battles. The whole poem indeed evinces an union of the most technical warlike knowledge, with the clearest perception in applying such an acquirement to the purposes of poetry. The 'Gerusalemme Liberata,' not only in this particular, but in every other propriety of character, scenery, and costume, combines the actual with the ideal in that tasteful alliance which none but the possessor of true genius can effect. This poem, which was destined to last as long as the language in which it is written, was at length completely published in 1575. The suddenness and extent of its popularity throughout Europe were perhaps never excelled even in periods when literary communication became more rapid, but its success excited a bitterness of criticism which mediocrity always escapes. The mind of Tasso was unable to bear up against these attacks, and they seem to have contributed, more than any other cause, to root in him that impatience of censure or suspicion which embittered the remaining portion of his life.

Indignant at the malevolence with which he was assailed, and wanting fortitude to trust his fame to that solemn award of time which malice and envy cannot impeach, he sought to relieve his anxiety by visiting some of the principal Italian cities. He accordingly passed a year in Padua, Bologna, Sienna, and Firenze, returning to





of the Duchess d'Urbino in her own chamber. This event happened in 1577. He was immediately arrested. Mr. Vieusseux thus notices the events which immediately followed this arrest —“From the place of his imprisonment Tasso wrote a submissive letter to the duke, begging his pardon, and the duke, appearing to forgive him, released him after a few days, and took him with him to his country-seat of Bel Riguardo about the end of June. What happened there between the duke and Tasso is not ascertained, but from some expressions of the poet, it appears that he was there closely and sternly examined by the duke, who had probably by this time in his possession Tasso's papers, ‘in order to get from him an acknowledgment of what, if allowed, would incense him against him.’ On the 11th of July the duke sent Tasso back to Ferrara under an escort, and shut him up in the convent of St. Francis, his secretary having written to the monks that he was mad, and must be treated as a madman. Tasso's love adventures, his real or pretended madness, and the causes of his long imprisonment, made much noise about Italy at the time, and they have been so much discussed and commented upon since, that they have acquired an historical importance, especially as they serve to illustrate the manners of the times. Duke Alfonso has been much abused, and, we think, without discrimination, for his treatment of the poet. There is a mystery about the whole story resembling that which hangs over Ovid's banishment. Professor Rosini has collected with the greatest patience and care the discordant opinions, as well as the evidence resulting from Tasso's own writings, published and unpublished, and from those of his contemporaries, and the conclusion



family, and was here living in ease and competence. Torquato, after a separation of so many years, was not likely to be known to the companion of his infant pleasures. He approached her in his disguise, feigning to be the bearer of a message from her brother, that he was in extreme danger of his life from the triumph of his enemies. He wore the mask so successfully, and depicted the imaginary danger in such powerful terms, that his sister was overpowered by her affection, and fainted at his feet. Satisfied of her love, he then discovered himself, and for some time found in her house those unostentatious comforts and endearing sincerities of which he had been long deprived. But his nature seems to have been incompatible with the enjoyment of tranquil happiness. He soon began to cherish the wish of returning to Ferrara. Mr Vieusseux says —“ Having by kind treatment recovered his health and his spirits, he went to Rome, where he applied through some agent of the Duke to be allowed to return to Ferrara. Duke Alfonso wrote in reply, that he was willing to receive Tasso again into his service, if he would allow himself to be treated by the physicians, but that if he continued his subterfuges, and to talk as he had done before, he would immediately turn him out of his territories, and never allow him to return. Tasso, upon this, returned to Ferrara in the spring of 1578, with the Cavaliere Gualengo. He was civilly but coldly received by the Duke, who gave him to understand that he ought now to try to compose himself and to lead a quiet life, and to avoid all excitement. He attempted to get an interview with the Princess Eleonora and the Duchess of Urbino, but was prevented.” His papers, too, had

been handed about with a freedom which went far beyond his notions of what was due to his own dignity; and in the apprehension that they would be published in a mutilated and incorrect form he justly desired to have them restored. His requests and his complaints were treated with equal neglect; and the result was that Torquato again left the court of Ferrara in indignation, protesting that he would rather serve any rival prince than endure indignities from the hands of those by whom he had been once loaded with courtesy and honour.

With these excited feelings he departed for Mantua. The sovereign of that state had bestowed upon Bernardo Tasso the favour of his patronage; and Torquato naturally expected that his own reputation would procure for him a benignant and dignified reception. He was disappointed. Neglect and poverty still awaited him and as a last resource, he was obliged to sell a ruby ring and a necklace of gold remembrances of honour or of love to enable him to set out for Padua and Venice. Massio Veniero, sympathizing the misery of the unfortunate poet, wrote to the Grand Duke of Tuscany to receive him at his court but whether the answer were delayed, or his inconstant humour again prevailed, he set out for the territories of the Duke d'Urbino. On his way thither he composed a simple and affecting canzone, addressed to the river Metauro, in which he deplored the misfortunes which had followed him from his birth, and anticipated the peace which that country might present to him. His hopes were not altogether vain; he enjoyed a temporary tranquillity; but suspicions and fears again clouded his mind, and he decided to place himself under the pro-

tection of the Duke of Savoy. He left Urbino, and having endured many of the miseries of fatigue and poverty, arrived at Torino in a pitiable condition. The great poet of Italy was reduced to the appearance of a wretched and degraded itinerant, and such was the garb of this favourite of the rich, the proud, and the beautiful, that he was driven from the gate of that city as a miserable and offensive vagabond. From this disgrace he was rescued by Angelo Ingegneri, a Venetian man of letters, who, casually passing by, recognised in the persecuted wanderer the renowned but unhappy Tasso. He was conducted to Philip, Marquis of Este, then residing at Torino, by whom he was kindly received, and his wants supplied. He was here introduced to Emanuel, Prince of Piedmont, who offered him the most liberal provision at his court. But his afflictions were at Ferrara, and to that abode of his honours and his afflictions he determined to return for the third time.

This resolution became to him a source of desperate and unassuaged misfortune. He arrived at Ferrara in February, 1579. Unhappily for Tasso this court was too much occupied by gorgeous preparations for the marriage of the reigning Prince, to find leisure or inclination to listen to the claims, or reward the worth, of the faithful though capricious poet. Torquato could neither procure an interview with the Prince or Princess, he was neglected by his former patrons and insulted by his ancient enemies. He became infuriated by this unexpected treatment, and publicly proclaimed his injuries with the bitter contempt which unguarded genius directs against the oppressors of the great, retracting the praise which he had once bestowed upon the House of Este, and tak-

ing up the tone of rage and indignant contempt. The consequences were as fatal as might have been expected from the absolute power of an enraged Italian prince. The Duke ordered Tasso to be treated as a lunatic, and to be confined in the hospital of St. Anne.

In this abode of human wretchedness in its most ghastly forms was the persecuted poet detained for more than seven years. Of the miseries which he here endured Tasso is himself the best evidence. In a letter to his friend Scipio Gonzaga he describes himself as having abandoned every thought of glory and honour resolving to think himself happy "if like common men, he might pass the remaining portion of his life in the liberty of some obscure hamlet; if not in health, at least not thus miserably sick; if not humiliated, at least not despised." — "My melancholy," he says, "increases through the fear of ill-fortune and the indignities which I suffer through the squalidness and dirt of my board, of my hair and of my dress, greatly annoy me; and above all solitude, my cruel and natural enemy afflicts me." What a picture is this of the torments inflicted upon the exquisitely sensitive mind of the imprisoned poet and the high-spirited gentleman! How unclouded might be that mind by the gloom of suspicion or the irritability of despair. It retained in all its force and brilliancy the power of affection, the glow of fancy, the love of truth, and the hatred of injustice. In the dungeon of St. Anne it was still the same ardent, proud, keen, and cultivated spirit, as in the saloon of luxury. The manner in which Tasso employed the long period of his dreary confinement is a proof of the soundness of his understanding. He retained the flow of his imagination which,

if too much indulged, might have been deadened and bewildered by the appalling contemplation of the wreck of the human mind, but he applied himself to the composition of dialogues, which should demand the exercise of sober and dispassionate inquiry, and inculcate useful and practical truth. The titles of these performances composed under such an extraordinary affliction are, 'Il Messaggero,' 'Del Piacere Onesto,' 'Il Gonzaga,' and 'Il Padre di Famiglia.' These proofs of his sanity were repeatedly exhibited at the court of his oppressor, as the strongest reason for his liberation. The Duke was still remorseless, and to the supplication of various princes for the freedom of this glory of Italy, he constantly answered that he would not give Tasso his liberty, but medicines enough for his restoration to health. The poet himself addressed canzonets to his powerful persecutors, setting forth his miseries, and imploring a relief from them. The Duke was inexorable. In a letter addressed to Alfonso, the afflicted and subdued prisoner says, "I throw myself at the feet of your clemency, merciful lord, and I entreat that you will pardon the false, and mad, and rash words for which I am imprisoned." If the confinement of Tasso was intended to repress his ambitious love, the restraint was carried to a criminal and unnecessary excess, for the Princess Eleonora died in 1581, and the poet was secluded from the world till 1586. During the latter years of his confinement its severities were mitigated. He was allowed to see his friends, and had the common comforts of life around him. It has even been maintained that a wretched cell at Ferrara, which used to be shown as the place of his original imprisonment, is not the identical place. The

evidence is not clear but it will be difficult even for tolerable proof to shake a long traditional belief. The late Mr Shelley in his *Posthumous Essays and Letters* has left the following beautiful description of a visit to Tasso's Cell at Ferrara:—

"There is here [Ferrara] a manuscript of the entire *Gerusalemme Liberata*, written by Tasso's own hand a manuscript of some poems, written in prison to the Duke Alfonso and the satires of Ariosto written also by his own hand and the Pastor Fido of Guarini. The *Gerusalemme* though it had evidently been copied and re-copied is interlined particularly towards the end with numerous corrections. The handwriting of Ariosto is a small, firm and pointed character exuding as I should say a strong and keen, but circumscribed energy of mind that of Tasso is large free, and flowing except that there is a checked expansion in the midst of its flow which brings the letters into a smaller compass than one expected from the length of the word. It is the symbol of an intense and earnest mind exceeding at times its own depth, and admonished to turn by the chillness of the winds of oblivion striking upon its adventurous feet. You know I always seek in what I see the manifestation of something beyond the present and tangible object and as we do not agree in physiognomy so we may not agree now. But my business is to relate my own impressions, and not to attempt to inspire others with them. Some of the MSS of Tasso were sonnets to his particular which contain a great deal of what is called flattery. If Alfonso's ghost were asked how he felt those praises now I wonder what he would say. But to me there is much more to pity than to condemn in these



entreaties and praises of Tasso Tasso's situation was widely different from that of any persecuted being of the present day, for, from the depth of dungeons, public opinion might now at length be awakened to an echo that would startle the oppressor But then there was no hope There is something irresistibly pathetic to me in the sight of Tasso's own handwriting, moulding expressions of adulation and entreaty to a deaf and stupid tyrant, in an age when the most heroic virtue would have exposed its possessor to hopeless persecution, and, such is the alliance between virtue and genius, which unoffending genius could not escape

“ We went afterwards to see his prison in the hospital of Sant' Anna, and I enclose you a piece of the wood of the very door which for seven years and three months divided this glorious being from the air and the light which had nourished in him those influences which he has communicated, through his poetry, to thousands The dungeon is low and dark, and, when I say that it is really a very decent dungeon, I speak as one who has seen the prisons in the Doge's palace of Venice But it is a horrible abode for the coarsest and meanest thing that ever wore the shape of man, much more for one of delicate susceptibilities and elevated fancies It is low, and has a grated window, and being sunk some feet below the level of the earth, is full of unwholesome damps In the darkest corner is a mark in the wall where the chains were rivetted, which bound him hand and foot After some time, at the instance of some Cardinal, his friend, the Duke allowed his victim a fire-place, the mark where it was walled up yet remains ”

During the confinement of Tasso many of his poems

crept into publication in a mutilated and deformed state. To the misfortune of his prison was added the difficulty which it imposed upon him in the protection of his interest and his fame. His friend and admirer Angelo Ingegneri, subsequently printed two editions more than the former but they still laboured with errors and omissions which disquieted the refined taste of their author. The celebrated Aldus published his lyrical and prose works in 1581. The world was prodigal of its applause but Tasso heard only the voice of lamentation.

Amidst the indescribable miseries of his unhappy condition the poet languished till 1586. At that period Vincenzo Gonzaga, son of the Duke of Mantua, applied so successfully for his liberation that in July of that year after a confinement of seven years, two months and some days, the pride of Italy was freed from his wretched and degrading imprisonment. How he departed himself to his prison was not known; but he determined to build no longer upon the favours of the court of Ferrara. In the month of 1586 he went with his liberator to Mantua, where the reigning Duke received him with a munificence and attention which were well calculated to obliterate the remembrance of his recent indignities.

The long confinement of Tasso had seriously impaired his health; and had in some degree weakened the powers of his mind, by exciting gloomy and disordered and visionary notions, which haunted him for the remainder of his life. Soon after his arrival at Mantua he thus wrote to a friend:—"I am sick of some infirmity sufficiently violent one which I have sought to Mantua of which liberty is the only alleviation, and of which I cannot expect to find any other solace. But

the greatest of all my other evils, and which appears to me something like a frenzy, is caused by the many troublesome thoughts and dreams and fantasies by which I am disturbed." The unhappy passions of the disappointed enthusiast had been too long left to prey upon themselves, and the gloomy severities which were inhumanly and ignorantly applied to the supposed wanderings of his mind, had nourished some faint portion of that malady which they were intended to eradicate.

But the powers of Tasso's mind, when looking out of himself, still retained all the soundness and brilliancy of his more happy years. He was invited to Genoa to lecture on the Ethics and Poetics of Aristotle, with an adequate reward, and he appears to have determined on embracing this course of honourable usefulness. To recover his strength he went to Bergamo, where the endearing kindness of his friends, and the pleasing recollections of his youth, appear to have restored him to health and tranquillity. On his return to Mantua he was still undecided as to the offers of the republic of Genoa. Duke Vincenzo having succeeded to the government of Mantua, Tasso found himself neglected amidst the more serious duties of his patron and liberator. He therefore resolved to go to Rome, whither he departed in 1587. His means of travel were very confined, and although he was received on his journey with abundant honours, we may judge of the unhappiness of his condition by a letter which is extant, addressed to Don Ferrante Gonzaga, dated the last day of October 1587, in which he begs his Excellency to give him ten crowns for alms<sup>1</sup>. His wants were liberally supplied, and he was provided with a good beast, which relieved him from the fatigue of a journey

on foot. He arrived at Rome; but his stay was short he departed for Naples. The enchanting beauties of this delightful city the pleasure which he felt in visiting the scenes of his first literary relations, the hospitable treatment which he received from many noble and learned inhabitants, and the spontaneous honours which were bestowed upon him, were unspeakable gratifications to his feeling heart and led him to anticipate a lasting asylum for his gilt and spirit—a retreat where he might devote himself to his poetical impulses, and accomplish the triumphs which his country expected from the maturity of his genius.

At the seat of his friend Batista Masano Marquis of Villa, his future biographer he passed the autumn of 1588. The sports of the field engaged much of his attention and he otherwise relieved his mind by the delights which he found in an elegant and accomplished society. But his soul had been deeply tinged with a belief in supernatural appearances, and he came habitually to affirm that a familiar spirit appeared to him, of the nature of that which is declared to have attended Socrates. In the supposed presence of this being he often sank into a profound abstraction and, even in the company of his friend Masano once maintained an animated conversation with this haughty inhabitant of an immaterial world—

Of providence, fore-knowledge, will, and fate ;”

with an earnestness and power which left no doubt of his own belief in the reality of his hallucinations. This may have been madness but it was the madness of an ardent and philosophical spirit, which felt that there was other evidence of the beauty and wisdom of the Supreme In-

telligence, beyond that of the senses, and which went to the extremes which such a belief may produce in a fervid and undisciplined imagination

On his return to Naples he abode at the house of the Count of Paleno but the father of this nobleman being displeased at his son receiving a descendant of a follower of the exiled Prince of Salerno, Torquato resolved to return to Rome Travelling without money, and in tattered garments, a fever attacked him on his way to the 'eternal city,' and he was constrained to take refuge in the hospital of Bergamasca Here he slowly recovered, and proceeded on his way The Grand Duke Ferdinand de Medici, hearing of the distresses of so great a man, generously invited him to his court He arrived at Firenze in 1590 But his inconstancy and melancholy still attended him, for he resolved to return to Rome, whither he set out in September of the same year, loaded with benefits and honours by Ferdinand, whose kindness might have won him to tranquillity, had not his own unconquerable gloom infused a bitter into every cup of happiness which fortune presented to him

The remaining years of his life were passed either at Rome or Naples They were not distinguished by any particular incidents, or greatly differed from the former course of his weary and afflicting pilgrimage Sick in body, disturbed in mind, full of fears and suspicions, yet affectionate to his friends and grateful to his benefactors, illustrious in his honours, but miserable in his poverty, in no place did he find repose or content The extent and the imperishable character of his fame were perhaps amongst his secret but most refreshing consolations About this period of his life a circumstance occurred

which must have afforded him a singular satisfaction. In his last journey to Rome, the party with which he travelled were fearfully alarmed by the depredations of a troop of banditti which infested a road through which they must pass. Marco di Salas, the captain of this troop having heard that the great poet of Italy was of the company fell of a sudden for so celebrated a name, sent to Torquato his associates that he and all his friends should pass in safety.

He arrived at Rome for the last time in November 1594. He was here introduced to Cardinal Ciriaco Aldobrandini. This ecclesiastic was so impressed with the majesty of Tasso's genius, that he interceded himself to procure for him the triumph of being solemnly crowned in the capitol with the laurel wreath, as Petrarch and others had been crowned. This glory was decreed to him by the Pope and the Senate. On his introduction to the Head of the church, the Holy Father with a grace of compliment seldom excelled, observed, That the merit of Torquato Tasso would confer as much honour on the laurel he was about to receive as the laurel had formerly conferred upon others. His good fortune delighted and astonished him. But he was not destined to wear the wreath which Petrarch had dignified. He fell sick, and he instinctively felt assured that his malady would interpose a final barrier between his honours and his calamities.

On the approach of his illness Tasso desired that he might be conveyed to the convent of Saint Onofrio. He had always claimed a vivid impression of religious obligation, and he felt a delight in the contemplation of being surrounded by pious men in his final moments.

From this last abode he wrote a beautifully pathetic letter to his friend Antonio Costantini, full of piety and charity, with an unfeigned resignation to what he considered as the certain indication of his approaching dissolution. His predictions were not vain. A fever seized him on the 10th of April, the malady was increased by the improper use of milk. He became in imminent danger. Remedies were prescribed to him, but he was convinced of their futility, and resisted their application with a mild but constant perseverance. The Pope's physician, who had attended him, announced that his last moments were approaching. He received the annunciation with firmness, and, lifting his eyes to heaven, thanked his God that he had conducted him, through so many tempests, to a safe and tranquil port. With such sentiments of fervent piety he awaited the hour of his death. He desired all the copies of his works that might be collected by his friends, to be transmitted to the flames. The invention of printing would have rendered the request of no avail, had his admirers even wished to commit this injustice upon his reputation. On the arrival of his patron, Cardinal Cinzio, with the Pope's benediction, he exclaimed—'This is the crown with which I hope to be crowned—not as a poet in the Capitol, but with the glory of the blessed in Heaven'—He died in the arms of Cardinal Cinzio.

Thus closed the eventful and unhappy career of Torquato Tasso, on the 25th of April, 1595. Although he desired that no pomp might be lavished on his remains, the last honours were paid to him in a manner that denoted the respect of his contemporaries. He was interred in the church of Saint Onofrio. A plain slab was

placed over his remains with a simple Latin inscription expressing—

"HERE LIE THE BONES OF TORQUATO TASSO."

Cardinal Bonifazio Nevillanus, some years after erected a tomb to his memory.

Bianca Mantua has left us a very minute description of the person and mental qualities of his immortal friend. Tasso was tall and well-proportioned; his skin fair his hair of a pleasing brown his head large and his forehead high; his eyebrows finely arched his eyes powerful and of a lively blue his nose large lips thin teeth white and regular; his neck long and well-proportioned; his breast elevated his breast and shoulders full and broad; his arms and legs long and muscular. He was famous for athletic exercises in which he excelled. His voice was clear and harmonious; his action graceful. Altogether nature had been as lavish in the completion of his body as his mind. The beauty of his person and the nobleness of his spirit, gave him all the attributes of a knight of romance and like the hero he described he was equally fitted to obtain the triumphs of camps or courts—an enemy's subjection, or a mistress's love.

Of the *fields* of his mind Mantua has presented us a still more favourable report. He was decidedly a man of preeminent genius; of ardent feelings of rapid imagination. He was, besides a profound and accomplished scholar. The extensive knowledge which the *Cerusalemme Liberata* alone displays and the great number of his other works, *unpacked* during a life of travel of poverty of sickness, of *impediments*, and of much other earthly vicissitude prove that his industry was almost



unequalled But he was not a sour or abstracted man of letters His temper was ardent, his ambition was towering, his passions were resistless He was therefore neither formed for the cloister nor the closet, he did not look for his rewards in the applause of academies, or the decrees of learned associations He was the poet of "fierce wars and faithful loves," he delighted to be surrounded with the descendants of the Tancreds and the Rinaldos, and to find the portraits of his Erminias and his Armidas in the saloons of the Italian courts He was not for the dry contests of academical disputations, or the sober dignities of the professor's chair—but he aspired to receive the dazzling meed of renown from the lips of nobility and beauty, to take his envied station, as the first poet of Italy and of the world,

"Where throngs of knights and barons bold,  
In weeds of peace, high triumphs hold,  
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes  
Rain influence, and judge the prize"

In this pursuit there must have been occasional disappointment, and disappointment to Tasso was misery In an age when the pride of birth was all-commanding, he thought to stand upon an equal elevation by the pride of genius, in an age when the distinctions of rank were inflexible, he perhaps also believed that they would yield to the beauty of person, to the elevation of heart, to the splendour of talent, and to the strength of love There can be little doubt that one master-spring of disappointed affection swayed his whole destiny, and made him the wayward, restless, self-abandoned, and most unhappy slave of presumptuous hopes, of bitter regrets, of agonizing remembrances, of superstitious paroxysms But for

this his industry might have secured him independence his noble and amiable spirit might have won him true and unshaken friends, and the especial blessing of equal and mutual affection his piety might have regulated his passions and ennobled his hopes and the world might have rejoiced to behold how the heavenly gifts of a feeling and elevated heart, and a rich and glowing imagination, may be converted by man to happiness for himself and blessings for his fellows.

Of the character of Tasso a poetical genius it is unnecessary here to say much. The *Gerusalemme Liberata* is the mine where we must principally search for the rich gems of his powerful and vigorous understanding. We shall not indeed often find those wonderful creations which belong to a Dante or a Shakspeare but we shall discover in an eminent degree, some of the highest attributes of the highest poetry. The minuteness and consistency of his delineations of character are unrivalled by any epic poet the interest of the story is kept alive by the happy art, sometimes going straight-forward with the main business and sometimes digressing by the most beautiful and affecting episodes. His descriptions of natural appearances are wonderfully varied and original the many charming delineations of morning are a sufficient proof that Tasso had looked with a poet's eye upon the ever-changing fresh, and beautiful face of nature. Tasso is the poet for young and ardent minds there is nothing gawdelling in his conceptions his heroes though somewhat exaggerated in their physical powers, are men of high and impassioned thoughts, of generous and dignified feelings they disgust us with no brutalities such as Homer permits they are brave enthusiasts and w

therefore forget the political injustice of the quarrel in which they are engaged Tasso may truly be called an heroic poet, he painted from his own noble mind, and he has left us portraits of Christian warriors which may be the lights of the military character in all ages his Godfrey, his Tancred, his Rinaldo, each stand a model,

“ Whom every man in arms should wish to be ”

# THE LIFE

## OF

### EDWARD FAIRFAX.

NEVER were the histories of two men more opposed to each other than those of Tasso and his English translator. The one for thirty years lingering with excited feelings and with the disappointments in the anti-chambers or banqueting-rooms of glittering courts, or travelling with a restless and unsatisfied spirit from one province to another, in purple or in rage—sometimes driven back as a vagabond and sometimes hailed as the glory and pride of Italy—seems never from his childhood to have tasted the slightest portion of domestic tranquillity or felt that charm of independence which his proud and ardent temper so impatiently desired. He was held down by a chain which he could never shake off. The vicissitudes of his fortune were remarkable and the whole life of his weary pilgrimage is therefore uncommonly lively and interesting. Fairfax on the contrary as if solemnly impressed by the example of the Italian poet with whose fame he had associated his own, seems to have devoted himself to the duties of a peaceful and dignified retirement. The rewards of war had no temptations for his retired spirit and after the publication of his *God-*

*frey of Bulloigne,* even the applause of the world appears to have been to him a vain and worthless object of ambition. Contented with his paternal inheritance, happy in his domestic relations, and occupied with the education of his children and his nephews, he indeed cultivated his philosophical and poetical genius, but his modest diffidence prevented him proposing an end for his labours beyond the instruction and amusement of himself and his family. He was surrounded by no dependants who noted his habits or his opinions, and in that age literary fame in England seldom entailed a curious and observant regard upon its possessor. The life of Tasso was agitated, miserable, and brilliant, that of Fairfax was serene, happy, and useful.\*

Edward Fairfax was the second son of Sir Thomas Fairfax, of Denton, in Yorkshire. Douglas† distinctly states, that he was born to Sir Thomas "by Dorothy his wife, daughter of George Gale, of Ascham Grange, Esq, Treasurer to the Mint at York." Brian Fairfax, in his account to Atterbury,‡ does not hint, of himself, at any supposition of Edward being an illegitimate son, and his mention of the friendship in which he lived with

\* The materials for the life of Fairfax are slight, and in some matters contradictory. They are principally comprised in a communication from Mr Brian Fairfax, a descendant of the poet, to Bishop Atterbury, in a notice by Dodsworth the antiquary, in his manuscript work, '*Sancti et Scriptores Ebor*,' in a short biographical account by Mrs. Cooper, in her '*Muses' Library*,' which she states to have been furnished to her by Fairfax's family, and in the Peerages of the times of Elizabeth and James I.

† Author of the '*Peerage*'

‡ Atterbury's *Epistolary Correspondence*, &c by Nichols, vol 1 p 374

his elder brother Sir Thomas the first Lord Fairfax almost precludes the probability of the correctness of such an opinion. Added to this Edward appears to have been received in his own family and in society with the same respect as his elder and younger brothers; their superior honours were bestowed upon them as a recompense for public services distinctions which the quiet and unassuming merit of a student could not challenge.

On the contrary Dodsworth a contemporary who is quoted by Brian Fairfax mentions him as "Edward Fairfax, of Fyrlstone Esq. in the forest of Hammetborough natural son of Sir Thomas Fairfax of Denton, in Yorkshire and brother to Sir Thomas Fairfax the first that was created Baron of Cameron 2 Car 1." It is a material corroboration of this assertion, that Brian Fairfax, who had access to the family papers, should pass it over without contradiction. Mrs. Cooper mentions his death in nearly the same words. The circumstance in itself is of little importance. Whether Edward were not the child of Dorothy wife of Sir Thomas Fairfax or whether this lady herself were not bound to her partner by the rites of the church we are assured that our poet was liberally educated by his father inherited an ample patrimony and was greatly esteemed by his successful and ennobled brother.

The inclinations of Edward Fairfax led him to cultivate his genius in the retirement of his father's abode. His writings evidently bespeak that his application to books must have been early and unremitting and the beauty and great variety of his descriptions of natural scenery showed that he had pursued the best study for the formation of a poet, with an enthusiastic feeling

His brothers devoted themselves to the career of arms. Thomas, who in 1591 was knighted before Rouen for his brave conduct in the army sent to the assistance of Henry IV of France, distinguished himself in Germany against the ambitious House of Austria, he was created Baron of Cameron, May 4, 1627, and died in his 80th year. Charles was a Captain, under Sir Francis Vere, at the battle of Neuport, in 1600, and commanded the English in the famous siege of Ostend, for some time before its surrender. He was there killed in 1604, having been previously wounded by a piece of the skull of a Marshal of France, who was slain near him by a cannon-ball.

Edward, having married, settled at Fuyistone as a private gentleman. The epochs of his life are so uncertain, that it is impossible to trace his literary progress in connection with his domestic circumstances. As an author he appeared at once before the world, with the great work upon which his fame has been established. His translation of 'Godfrey of Bulloigne' was first published in 1600. A previous attempt had been made to clothe the heroic Italian in an English dress. 'Godfrey of Bulloigne, or the Recoverie of Hierusalem, an heroical poeme, written in Italian by Seig Torquato Tasso, and translated into English by R C, Esq,' was printed for Christopher Hunt, of Fxeter, in 1594. R C is held to have been Richard Carew. Five Cantos only appeared of this translation. A writer in the 'Retrospective Review,' vol iii, says, "In Fairfax's translation, though, when compared with more modern attempts, it is abundantly faithful, we frequently find him varying from the strict sense of the original, while at the same time we feel loth to blame him for wandering, when his aberrations

tions lead us along such beautiful ways. Carew seems to have had more strict and confined notions of the boundaries beyond which it does not become a translator to show himself. He follows his prototype step by step, carefully placing his foot in the very print of Tasso's which necessarily gives him an appearance of constraint and difficulty. He adheres as much too religiously to his great original as Pope and the translators of his school have been too free."

The translation of Fairfax, in all probability received every encouragement which the somewhat scanty poetical readers of that age had in their power to bestow. It must have become very rapidly popular to have found a place in the specimens of celebrated poets in Allot's

England's Parnassus, printed in 1600. Hisdon,†† Brun, states, that "King James valued it above all other English poetry and King Charles, in the time of his confinement used to divert himself by reading it." The critics of a later period have not been sparing of their commendations. Edward Phillips, the nephew of Milton describes him, in his *Thesaurus Poeticus* as "one of the most judicious, elegant, and happy in his time most approved, of English translators, both for his choice of so worthily extolled as heroic poet as Torquato Tasso as for the exactness of his version, in which he is judged by some to have approved himself no less a poet than in what he hath written of his own genius. Winstanley describes him nearly in the same terms. Mrs Cooper after reproaching the neglect with which his *manuscript* had been treated by poetical bloggers, says— "This gentleman is the only writer down to D'Avenant, that needs no apology to be made for him on account of the age he



lived in, his diction being, generally speaking, so 'pure, so elegant, and full of graces, and the turn of his lines so perfectly melodious, that I hardly believe the original Italian has greatly the advantage in either, nor could any author, in my opinion, be justified for attempting Tasso anew, as long as his translation can be read"—But applause of a much higher character has been bestowed upon Fairfax The testimony of Waller and Dryden to his success in the harmony of verse would have been sufficient (had not the popular taste been too long corrupted by a languid monotony of numbers) to have repressed such pretences as those of Hoole to supersede Fairfax, by a versification "better adapted to the ear of all readers of English poetry, except of the very few who have acquired a taste for the phrases and cadences of those times when our verse, if not our language, was in its rudiments!"\* The decisive commendation of Fairfax, which the readers of English poetry now begin to understand, is contained in Dryden's Preface to his Fables It runs thus—"Spenser and Fairfax both flourished in the reign of Queen Elizabeth great masters in our language, and who saw much farther into the beauties of our numbers than those who immediately followed them Milton was the poetical son of Spenser, and Mr Waller of Fairfax, for we have our lineal descents and clans as well as other families Spenser more than once insinuates that the soul of Chaucer was transfused into his body, and that he was begotten by him two hundred years after his decease Milton has acknowledged to me that Spenser was his original, and

\* Preface to Hoole's Tasso

many besides myself have heard our *SAMUEL* Waller own, that he derived the harmony of his numbers from 'Godfrey of Balloigne' which was turned into English by Mr Fairfax."—The approbation of *HAMER* is of value to Fairfax, when we look at the historian's prejudices in

with others of his school, on the subject of our old English poets — "Fairfax" he says, "has translated Tasso with an elegance and ease and at the same time with an exactness which for that age are surprising" — Lastly we have the testimony of a congenial spirit to Fairfax's excellence of one who led the way in that revolution of taste which has restored our national poetry to its due importance. The learnedly-beautiful Collins has the following spirited praise of Tasso and his translator —

"In scenes like these, which, daring to depart  
From sober truth, are still to nature true  
And call forth fresh delight to Fancy's view  
Th' heroic muse employ'd her TASSO's art.  
How have I trembled, when, at Tangled stroke,  
Its gushing blood the gaping gulf pour'd!  
When each live plant with mortal aim is spoke  
And the wild blast upheav'd the vanish'd sword!  
How have I sat, when pip'd the pensive wind,  
To hear his harp by British FAIRFAX strung!  
Praising poet! whose undoubting mind  
Believ'd the magic wonders which he sung!  
Hence, at each sound, imagination glows;  
Hence, at each picture, vivid life starts born;  
Hence, his warm lay with softest swells flows;  
Melting it flows, pure, musical, strong, and clear  
And fills th' human heart, and wins th' harmonious  
ear! †

History of England, vol. v. 4to.

† Ode on the Highland Supernatitions.

The poetical industry of Fairfax was not exhausted in his 'Godfrey of Bulloigne' He appears, upon the authority of Dodsworth, to have written a metrical history of Edward the Black Prince This subject, which once presented itself to the judgment of Dryden as a worthy foundation for a British Epic, may have been heroically executed by Fairfax He also wrote twelve Eclogues, which he presented to the Duke of Richmond and Lennox, of which William, the son of the Duke, states in 1736, that they were written in the 1st year of James I, but had lain ten years neglected in his father's study, until Lodowic, the former Duke, desired a sight of them The author then transcribed them for his Grace's use That copy was seen and approved by many learned men, and Dr Theophilus Field, afterwards Bishop of Hereford, wrote commendatory verses upon them The encomium and the MS perished in the fire of the Banqueting-house at Whitehall, but the rough copies of the Eclogues were recovered Mrs Cooper states, that these productions were on important subjects, relating to the manners, characters, and incidents of the times in which Fairfax lived—"They are pointed," she says, "with many fine strokes of satire, dignified with wholesome lessons of morality and policy to those of the highest rank, and some modest hints even to Majesty itself The learning they contain is so various and extensive, that, according to the evidence of his son, who has written large annotations on each, no man's reading besides his own was sufficient to explain his references effectually" In the 'Muses' Library,' the fourth of these Eclogues is printed, by the permission of the family granted to Mrs Cooper It is evidently expressive of

Fairfax's religious opinions; and constitutes a masterly and in some parts admirably beautiful allegory of the expiation of sin and the redemption of Christianity.

The secluded and studious habits of Fairfax's life naturally led to religious and metaphysical speculations. His zeal for the reformed faith and his conviction, derived from unwarmed inquiry and accurate reasoning that the Church of England deduced its doctrines and discipline from apostolical institutions, provoked him to a controversy with Dorrell, a papist. His letters on this occasion have never been published; but they are described as being written with great ability and learning and distinguished by a moderation which has rarely characterised such controversialists. The force of his imagination, added to the abstractness of his conclusions, gave a wild and mystical character to many of his opinions. Falling in with the prevailing notions of his age he yielded his assent to the influence of political agents in the affairs of the world and perhaps as Collins has elegantly said of him

"Believ'd the magic wooders which he sung."

It was natural that his undoubting mind would desire to make converts to its own credence. He accordingly wrote a treatise on Divinity a MS copy of which was formerly in the possession of Mr Reed. It was entitled *A Discourse of Witchcraft*, as it was acted in the family of Mr Edward Fairfax, of Fuystone, in the county of York, in the year 1621. From the original copy written with his own hand. Of the tenour of this singular narrative we have no description. From a passage which has been extracted from it, we have the

author's own account of his religious opinions, these bespeak the same liberal, contented, and moderate mind which he displayed in the practice of his tranquil life. He says—"For myself, I am in religion neither a fantastic puritan nor a superstitious papist, but so settled in conscience that I have the sure ground of God's word to warrant all I believe, and the commendable ordinances of our English Church to approve all I practise, in which course I live a faithful Christian and an obedient subject, and so teach my family."

Edward Fairfax had several children, sons and daughters. The eldest, William, became, under the instruction of his father, a man of considerable learning. He greatly assisted the celebrated Mr Stanley in the compilation of the 'Lives of the Philosophers,' and also in his valuable commentary on *Æschylus*. Our poet also filled up the usefulness of his life by the education of his nephews. The elder of these, Ferdinand, the second Lord Fairfax, was the father of the celebrated parliamentary general, the second, Thomas, was a distinguished Jesuit, the third, William, was a lawyer of eminence, and father of Bryan, the correspondent of Atterbury, the fourth and fifth, William and John, were in the English army, and both fell at the same time in the service of their country, in 1641. The pupils of Edward Fairfax were doubtless fitted for the duties of life by sound learning, and excited to an honourable course of industry by that emulation which an instructor of genius knows how to inspire.

In the performance of such pleasing duties our poet lived till 1632. The precise period of his death is somewhat uncertain, but his biographers agree in fixing it

about this time. He was buried at Newhall between Denton and Kimberton, a plain marble stone was erected to his memory.

After the praises which have been so liberally bestowed on the poetical powers of Fairfax it will be unnecessary here to enter into a description of his merits. His best eulogium will suggest itself to the reader of taste in the perusal of these volumes. He will there find such a union of energy and sweetness of grace and fidelity as have rendered the *Revels of Jerusalem* indisputably the best translation in the English language. The few obsolete words and quaint turns of expression which sometimes occur can never justify any neglect which would overlook the unequalled spirit and harmony of the general performance. If the slight defects, not of the poet, but of the age are to consign Fairfax to oblivion, while the insipidities of Hooke are to be slept over and quoted, Spenser and Fletcher and even Shakspeare might be delivered up to the black letter critics while Addison and Tickell and Lonsdowne, and all the tribe of French Imitators, should be acknowledged as the masters of English verse. Happily such tastes have lost their empire among us and we may venture to predict that the knowledge and admiration of Fairfax will be added to the triumphs of our old noble school of pure and genuine poetry.

# GLOSSARY.

## A.

*Abayed*—awaked.  
*Affray*—affright.  
*Algate*—nevertheless.  
*Amating*—terrifying  
*Appaid*—rewarded, paid

## B

*Band*—bound.  
*Bases*—stockings.  
*Battaile* battle, battalion.  
*Batten*—fat.  
*Beild*—shelter  
*Bewraied*—discovered  
*Blaised*—published  
*Bourgeon*—shoot forth.  
*Brand*—sword  
*Brast*—burst.  
*Brust*—broken.  
*Busk'd*—prepared.

## C

*Cade*—domesticated.  
*Cantle*—a piece, a fragment.  
*Carknet*—a necklace  
*Chevisance*—achievement.  
*Churle*—a rustic

*Cobles*—stones used in sling-  
 ing  
*Cog*—a boat  
*Congé*—leave to depart  
*Copes*—covering for the head  
*Cornet*—company of horse.  
*Cumbers*—embarrassments.

## D

*Desave*—deceive  
*Dictamnium*—the plant dit-  
 tany  
*Dight*—clothed.  
*Doft*—put off  
*Don'd*—put on.  
*Dormant*—a large beam  
*Dripile*—weak

## E

*Eame*—uncle  
*Eath*—easy  
*Eft* soon  
*Eftsoons*—quickly  
*Eild*—age, period of life.  
*Emprise*—enterprise  
*Enorme* enormous

## P

*Found*—found.  
*Filed*—smooth.  
*Fels*—thrust.  
*Fam*—foes.  
*Face*—opposite.  
*Furrowed*—furrowed.  
*Furrow'd*—furrowed.  
*Frothy*—frothy.  
*Furrowed*—furrowed, crumpled.

## G

*Gilet-ries*—only  
*Gilt*—a vest.  
*Gilt*—sword.  
*Gilt*—growing.  
*Gilt*—groves.  
*Gilt*—favour good-will.

## H

*Hops*—brambles.  
*Horns*—ebony, of ebony.  
*Horn*—horn, put on, seized upon.  
*Horn*—horn.  
*Horn*—is called.  
*Horn*—hangs.  
*Horn*—a wood.  
*Horn*—jostle, rush, fight.

## K.

*Kent*—Kent.

## L.

*Lear'd*—learned.  
*Lear'd*—falsehood.  
*Lear*—language.  
*Lear*—wifely.  
*Lear*—dearer better rather.  
*Lear*—little.

## M.

*Mare*—Mare.  
*Mare*—cage, enclosed place.  
*Mare*—sort, or manner of.  
*Mare*—more.  
*Mare*—might, may.

## N

*Near*—near.  
*Nathless*—nevertheless.  
*Nill*—will not.  
*Nould*—would not.

## P

*Pardie*—a winding path, used  
 of military.  
*Pardie*—a fault.  
*Pardie*—companion.  
*Pardie*—fixed.  
*Pardie*—pain.  
*Pardie*—press.  
*Pardie*—ready.  
*Pardie*—spared.

## Q

*Quarrel*—an arrow.  
*Quarry*—an arrow.

## R.

*Reached*—reached.  
*Remove*—remove.  
*Row*—to pity.  
*Row*—surprised.  
*Row*—compassion.  
*Row*—in row.

## S.

*Scaldred*—parched.  
*Scath*—mischievous.



*Scotced*—cut  
*Seld*—seldom  
*Seely*—foolish  
*Sell*—saddle  
*Semblant*—figure, appearance  
*Sendal*—fine linen  
*Shaw*—thicket  
*Sheen*—bright  
*Shend*—injure, spoil  
*Sight*—sighed  
*Shewless*—useless  
*Smool*—smoke  
*Soun*—sound  
*Spall*—spy  
*Spright*, or *Sprite*—spirit, mind  
*Spring*—a grove  
*Stallworth*—brave, stout  
*Sterre*—parish  
*Stound*—price of time  
*Stour*—fight  
*Stoucers*—battles

## T

*Teen*—grief  
*Thorpe*—a village  
*Tofore*—before  
*Tooting*—peeping  
*Tout*—to look upon  
*Truchmen*—interpreters

## U

*Ugly*—terrific  
*Uncouth*—scarcely, with difficulty  
*Unrevolent*—unrevenged  
*Ure*—a wild ox

## V

*Vamure*—advanced wall  
*Ventail*—the fore part of a helmet, which lifts up

## W

*Wannish*—somewhat wan  
*Warray'd*—made war upon  
*Ween*—imagine  
*Wect*—to know  
*Wend*—go  
*Whilene*—some time before  
*Whilome*—formerly, of old  
*Windlays*—windings  
*Wist*—knew  
*Wlon*—dwell  
*Wond*—inhabited  
*Wood*—furious, savage.

## Y

*Ycleped*—called  
*Yode*—went  
*Yood*—went.  
*Ypight*—fixed



[Queen Elizabeth.]

## TO HER HIGH MAJESTY.

WIT's rich triumph, wisdom's glory  
Art's chronicle, learning's story,  
Tower of goodness, virtue, beauty,  
Forgive me, that presume to lay  
My labours in your clear eye's ray;  
This boldness springs from faith, zeal, duty

Her hand, her lap, her vesture's hem,  
Muse, touch not for polluting them;  
All that is her's is pure, clear, holy,  
Before her footstool humble lie,  
So may she bless thee with her eye;  
The sun shines not on good things solely

Olive of peace, angel of pleasure,  
What line of praise can your worth measure?  
Calm sea of bliss which no shore boundeth,  
Fame fills the world no more with lies,  
But, busied in your histories,  
Her trumpet those true wonders soundeth

O, Fame ! say all the good thou may'st,  
Too little is that all thou say'st  
What if herself herself commended ?  
Should we then know, ne'er known before,  
Whether her wit or worth were more ?  
Ah ! no, that book would ne'er be ended

Your Majesty's humble Subject,

EDWARD F. IRFAX.

# THE RECOVERY OF JERUSALEM

## BOOK I

### THE ASCENT

God sends his Angel to Terraced walls,	
Godfrey unites the Christian peers and knights,	12
And all the Lords and Princes sit	
Choose him their Duke to rule the wars and fight;	32
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In fear and trouble to resist provide.	81

### I

THE sacred walls and the godly knight  
 That the great sepulchre of Christ did free  
 I sing, much as assist his valour and farewell  
 And in that glorious war much suffered he:  
 In vain against him did his oppose her might  
 In vain the Turks and Muslims armed be  
 His soldiers wild to brawls and mutines pent  
 Reduced he to peace so heaven him blest.

### II.

O heavenly muse that not with fading lays  
 Deckest thy brow by th' Heliconian spring  
 But sittest crown'd with stars immortal rays  
 In heaven, where legions of bright angels sing  
 Inspire life in my wit my thoughts upraise  
 My verse ennoble and forgive the thing  
 If fictions light I mix with truth divine  
 And fill these lines with others' parables than thine.

## III.

Thither thou know'st the world is best inclined  
Where luring Parnass most his sweet imparts,  
And truth convey'd in verse of gentle kind,  
To read perhaps will move the dullest hearts,  
So we, if children young diseas'd we find,  
Anoint with sweets the vessel's foremost parts,  
To make them taste the potions sharp we give,  
They drink deceived, and so deceiv'd they live

## IV

Ye noble princes, that protect and save  
The pilgrim muses, and their ship defend  
From rock of ignorance, and error's wave,  
Your gracious eyes upon this labour bend,  
To you these tales of love and conquests brave  
I dedicate, to you this work I send,  
My muse hereafter shall perhaps unfold  
Your fights, your battles, and your combats bold

## V

For if the Christian princes ever strive  
To win fair Greece out of the tyrant's hands,  
And those usurping Ismaelites deprive  
Of woeful Thrace, which now captived stands,  
You must from realms and seas the Turks forth drive,  
As Godfrey chased them from Judah's lands,  
And in this legend, all that glorious deed  
Read, whilst you arm you arm you, whilst you read

## VI

Six years were run, since first, in martial guise,  
The Christian lords warray'd the eastern land,  
Nice by assault, and Antioch by surprise,  
Both fair, both rich, both won, both conquer'd stand,  
And thus defended they, in noblest wise,  
'Gainst Persian knights and many a valiant band,  
Tortosa won, lest winter might them shend,  
They drew to holds and coming spring attend

## VII.

The sullen season now was come and gone  
That forc'd them, late, from their noble war  
When God Almighty from his lofty throne  
Set in those parts of heaven that purest are  
As far above the clear stars every one  
As it is hence up to the highest star  
Look'd down and all at once th' world beheld  
Each land each city country town and feld.

## VIII.

All things be view'd, at last in Syria stay'd  
Upon the Christian lord his eyes were  
That wondrous look wherein th' he oft survey'd  
Men's secret thoughts that most can ail lie  
He cast on purport Geoffrey that away'd  
To drive the Turks from Nica's holy walls  
And, full of zeal and faith, extorted light  
All worldly honour empire treasure might.

## IX.

In Baldwin next he spied another thought  
Whom spirits proud to vain ambition move:  
Tancréd he saw his life's joy set at nought  
So woo-begone was he with pains of love  
Demand the conquer'd folk of Antioch brought  
The gentle yoke of Christian rule to prove  
He taught them laws statutes, and customs new  
Arts, crafts obedience and religion true.

## X.

And with such care his busy work he piled  
That to nought else his setting thoughts he bent.  
In young Rinaldo fierce desires he spied  
And noble heart of rest impatient,  
To wealth or so /ign power he nought applied  
His wits but all to virtue excellent  
Patterns and rules of skill and usage hold  
He took from Guelpho, and his fathers old

## XL.

Thus, when the Lord discover'd had and seen  
 The hidden secrets of each worthy's breast,  
 Out of the hierarchies of angels sheen  
 The gentle Gabriel called he from the rest,,  
 'Twixt God and souls of men that righteous been  
 Ambassador is he, for ever blest,  
 The just commands of heaven's eternal King,  
 'Twixt skies and earth, he up and down doth bring

## XII.

To whom the Lord thus spake, Godfredo find,  
 And in my name ask him, why doth he rest?  
 Why be his arms to ease and peace resign'd?  
 Why frees he not Jerusalem distress'd?  
 His peers to counsel call, each baser mind  
 Let him stir up, for, chieftain of the rest  
 I choose him here, the earth shall him allow,  
 His fellows late shall be his subjects now

## XIII.

This said, the angel swift himself prepar'd  
 To execute the charge impos'd aright  
 In form of airy members fair embar'd,  
 His spirits pure were subject to our sight,  
 Like to a man in show and shape he far'd,  
 But full of heav'nly majesty and might,  
 A stripling seem'd he thrice five winters old,  
 And radiant beams adorn'd his locks of gold

## XIV.

Of silver wings he took a shining pair,,  
 Fringed with gold, unweary'd, nimble, swift,  
 With these he parts the winds, the clouds, the air,  
 And over seas and earth himself doth lift;  
 Thus clad, he cut the spheres and circles fair,  
 And the pure skies with sacred feathers clift,  
 On Libanon at first his foot he set,  
 And shook his wings with rory May-dews wet



[Lith. sculp.]



## XV

Then to Tortosa's confines swiftly sped  
The sacred messenger, with headlong flight,  
Above the eastern wave appeared red  
The rising sun, yet scanty half in sight,  
Godfrey e'en then his morn devotions said,  
As was his custom, when, with Titan bright,  
Appear'd the angel, in his shape divine,  
Whose glory far obscured Phœbus' shine

## XVI

Godfrey (quoth he), behold the season fit  
To war, for which thou waited hast so long,  
Now serves the time, if thou o'erslip not it,  
To free Jerusalem from thrall and wrong  
Thou with thy lords in counsel quickly sit,  
Comfort the feeble, and confirm the strong,  
The Lord of Hosts their general doth make thee,  
And for their chieftain they shall gladly take thee

## XVII

I, messenger from everlasting love,  
In his great name thus his behests do tell,  
Oh! what sure hope of conquest ought thee move!  
What zeal, what love, should in thy bosom dwell!  
This said, he vanish'd to those seats above,  
In height and clearness which the rest excel,  
Down fell the Duke, his joints dissolv'd asunder,  
Blind with the light, and stricken dead with wonder

## XVIII

But, when recover'd, he consider'd more  
The man, his manner, and his message said,  
If erst he wished, now he longed sore  
To end that war, whereof he lord was made  
Nor swell'd his breast with uncouth pride therefore,  
That heav'n on him above this charge had laid,  
But, for his great Creator would the same,  
His will increas'd, so fire augmenteth flame

## XIX.

The captains call'd forthwith from every tent,  
Unto the rendezvous he them invites,  
Letter on letter, post on post he sent,  
Entreatance fair with counsel he unites;  
All, what a noble usage could augment,  
The sleeping spark of valour what incites  
He us'd, that all their thoughts to honour rul'd  
Some prais'd, some pray'd some counselled all pleased.

## XX.

The captains, soldiers all (save Hoemond) came,  
And pitch'd their tents, some in the fields without,  
Some of green boughs their slender cabins frame  
Some lodged were Tortosa's streets about  
Of all the host the chief of worth and name  
Assembled been, a senate grave and stout  
Then Godfrey after silence kept a space  
Lift up his voice and spake with princely grace.

## XXI.

Warriors, whom God himself elected hath  
His worship true in Zion to restore  
And still | call'd from danger harm and death  
By many a sea and many an unknown shore  
You have subjected lately to his faith  
Some provinces rebellious long before  
And, after conquests great have in the same  
Erected trophies to his cross and name.

## XXII.

But not for this our homes we first forsook,  
And from our native soil have march'd so far:  
Nor us to dangerous seas have we betook  
Expos'd to hazard of so far-sought war  
Of glory vain to gain an idle smock,  
And lands possess'd that wild and barbarous are:  
That for our conquests were too mean a prey  
To shed our bloods, to work our souls' decay

## XXIII,

But this the scope was of our former thought,  
Of Sion's fort to scale the noble wall,  
The Christian folk from bondage to have brought,  
Wherein, alas, they long have lived thrall,  
In Palestine an empire to have wrought  
Where godliness might reign perpetual,  
And none be left, that pilgrims might deny  
To see Christ's tomb, and promis'd vows to pay.

## XXIV

What to this hour successively is done  
Was full of peril, to our honour small,  
Nought to our first designment, if we shun  
The purpos'd end, or here lie fixed all  
What boots it us these wars to have begun  
Or Europe rais'd to make proud Asia thrall,  
If our beginnings have this ending known,  
Not kingdoms rais'd, but armies overthrown?

## XXV

Not as we list erect we empires new  
On frail foundations, laid in earthly mould,  
Whereof our faith and country be but few,  
Among the thousands stout of pagans bold,  
Where nought behoves us trust to Greece untrue,  
And western aid we far remov'd behold,  
Who buildeth thus, methinks, so buildeth he,  
As if his work should his sepulchre be

## XXVI

Turks, Persians, conquer'd, Antiochia won,  
Be glorious acts, and full of glorious praise,  
By heav'n's mere grace, not by our prowess, done,  
Those conquests were achiev'd by wondrous ways.  
If now from that directed course we run  
The God of battles thus before us lays,  
His loving kindness shall we lose, I doubt,  
And be a by-word to the lands about

## XXII.

Let not these blessings then, sent from above  
 Abused be or spilt in profane wise,  
 But let the issue all dependent prove  
 To good beginnings of each enterprise;  
 The gentle means might our journey move  
 Now every passage plain and open lies  
 What lets us then the great Jerusalem  
 With valiant squadrons round about to hem?

## XXIII.

Lords, I protest; and hearken all to it,  
 Ye times and ages, future, present, past;  
 Hear all ye blessed in the heavens that sit  
 The time for this achievement hasteneth fast:  
 The longer rest worse will the season fit,  
 Our surety shall with doubts be o'erset,  
 If we foreslow the siege I well suspect  
 From Egypt will the pagans succour'd be.

## XXIV.

This said, the hermit Peter rose and spake  
 (Who sat in counsel those great lords among)  
 At my request this war was undertake,  
 In private cell who erst liv'd closed long  
 What Godfrey wills, of that no question make  
 There erst no doubts where truth is plain and strong,  
 Your acts I trust will all expound his speech,  
 Yet one thing more I would you gladly teach.

## XXV.

These strifes, unless I far mistake the thing,  
 And discords rais'd oft in disorder'd sort,  
 Your disobedience and ill - - -  
 Of actions, lost for want of due support,  
 Refer I justly to a further spring  
 Spring of ambition strife, opposition tort,  
 I mean - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -  
 In thought, opinion, worth, estate, uneven

## XXXI

Where divers Lords divided empire hold,  
Where causes be by gifts, not justice, tried,  
Where offices be falsely bought and sold,  
Needs must the lordship there from virtue slide  
Of friendly parts one body then uphold,  
Create one head the rest to rule and guide,  
To one the regal power and sceptre give,  
That henceforth may your king and sovereign live

## XXXII

And therewith staid his speech O gracious muse,  
What kindling motions in their breasts do fry !  
With grace divine the hermit's talk infuse,  
That in their hearts his words may fructifie ,  
By this a virtuous concord they did choose,  
And all contentions then began to die ,  
The princes with the multitude agree,  
That Godfrey ruler of those wars should be.

## XXXIII

This power they gave him, by his princely right  
All to command, to judge all, good and ill,  
Laws to impose to lands subdued by might,  
To maken war both when and where he will,  
To hold in due subjection every wight,  
Their valours to be guided by his skill ,  
This done, report displays her tell-tale wings,  
And to each ear the news and tidings brings

## XXXIV

She told the soldiers, who allow'd him meet  
And well deserving of that sovereign place ,  
Their first salutes and acclamations sweet  
Received he, with love and gentle grace ,  
After, their reverence done, with kind regret  
Requited was with mild and cheerful face,  
He bids his armies should, the following day,  
On those fair plains, their standards proud display.

## XXXV

The golden sun rose from the silver wave  
 And with his beams enamel'd every green,  
 When up arose each warrior bold and brave  
 Glist'ring in filed steel and armour sheen  
 With jolly plumes their crests adorn'd they have,  
 And all tofore their chieftain master'd been;  
 He, from a distance cast his riehing sight  
 On every footman, and on every knight.

## XXXVI

My mind, time's enemy oblivion's foe  
 Discover true of each note-worthy thing  
 O let thy glorious might avail me so  
 That I each troop and captain great may sing  
 That in this glorious war did famous grow  
 Forgot till now by time's evil handling  
 This work, derived from thy treasure dear  
 Let all times hearken, never ago out-wear

## XXXVII

The French came foremost battalions and bold,  
 Late led by Hugo, brother to their king,  
 From France the Isle that rivers four enfold  
 With rolling streams descending from their spring  
 But Hugo dead, the lilly fair of gold,  
 Their united ensign, they tofore them bring  
 Under Clotharius great, a captain good,  
 And hardy knight, sprung of princes blood.

## XXXVIII.

A thousand were they in strong armour clad  
 Next whom there marched forth another band,  
 That number nature and instruction had  
 Like them, to fight far off or charge at hand,  
 All valiant Normans, by Lord Robert led,  
 The native Duke of that renowned land  
 Two Bishops next their standards proud uphear  
 Call'd Edward and William and good Ademare.

## XXXX

Their jolly notes they chanted loud and clear,  
 On merry mornings, at the mass divine,  
 And horrid helms high on their heads they bear,  
 When their fierce courage they to war incline,  
 The first four hundred horsemen gathered near  
 To Orange town, and lands that it confine  
 But Ademare the Poggian youth brought out,  
 In number like, in hard assays as stout

## XL

Baldwin his ensign fair did next despread  
 Among his Boulougniers of noble fame,  
 His brother gave him all his troops to lead  
 When he commander of the field became  
 The Count Carinto did him straight succeed,  
 Grave in advice, well skill'd in Mars his game,  
 Four hundred brought he, but so many thrice  
 Led Baldwin, clad in gilden arms of price

## XII

Guelpho next them the land and place possess'd,  
 Whose fortunes good with his great acts agree,  
 By his Italian sue, from th' house of Est  
 Well could he bring his noble pedigree,  
 A German born, with rich possessions blest,  
 A worthy branch sprung from the Guelphian tree,  
 'Twixt Rhene and Danubie the land contain'd  
 He rul'd, where Suaves and Rhetians whilom reign'd.

## XIII

His mother's heritage was this and right,  
 To which he added more by conquest got,  
 From thence approv'd men of passing might,  
 He brought, that death or danger feared not;  
 It was their wont in feasts to spend the night,  
 And pass cold days in baths and houses hot,  
 Five thousand late, of which now scantily are  
 The third part left, such is the chance of war

## XLIII

The nation then with cloy'd locks and fair  
 That dwell between the seas and Ardennes wood  
 Where Moselle streams and Rhene the meadows wear  
 A barren soil for grain for pasture good,  
 Their banners with them, who oft  
 Their earthen bulwarks 'gainst the ocean flood  
 The flood elsewhere that ships and larks devour,  
 But there drowns cities, walls, towers and towers.

## XLIV

Both in one troop and but a thousand all  
 Under another Robert fierce they run  
 Then the English squadron soldiers stout and tall  
 By William led, their spears light as young men,  
 These archers be and with them come withal  
 A people near the northern pole that won,  
 Whom Ireland sent from loughs and forests hoar  
 Divided far by sea from Europe's shore

## XLV

Tancred's next, nor small, but then all was one  
 Rinaldo except, a hero of greater might;  
 With majesty his noble countenance shone  
 His were his thoughts, his heart was bold in fight,  
 No shameful vice his worth had so much  
 His fault was love by unadvised sight,  
 Bred in the dangers of adventurous arms  
 And nurs'd with griefs with many woes and labours.

## XLVI

Fame tells, that on that over-blessed day  
 When Christian swords with Pagan blood were died,  
 The furious prince Tancred from that fray  
 His coward foes chased through forests wide  
 Till tired with the fight, the heat, the way  
 He sought some place to rest his weary side,  
 And drew him near a silver stream, that play'd  
 Among wild herbs under the greenwood shade.



## XLVII

A Pagan damsel there unwares he met,  
 In shining steel, all save her visage fair,  
 Her hair unbound she made a wanton net  
 To catch sweet breathing from the cooling air  
 On her at gaze his longing looks he set,  
 Sight, wonder, wonder, love, love bled his care,  
 O love, O wonder, love new born, new bred,  
 Now grown, now arm'd, this champion captive led.

## XLVIII

Her helm the virgin don'd, and but some wight  
 She fear'd might come to aid him as they fought,  
 Her courage yearn'd to have assaul'd the knight,  
 Yet thence she fled, unaccompanied, unsought,  
 And left her image in his heart ypight,  
 Her sweet idea wander'd through his thought,  
 Her shape, her gesture, and her place in mind  
 He kept, and blew love's fire with that wind

## XLIX

Well might you read his sickness in his eyes,  
 Their banks were full, their tide was at the flow,  
 His help far off, his hurt within him lies,  
 His hopes unsprung, his cares were fit to mow  
 Eight hundred horse, from Champaign came, he guies,  
 Champaign, a land where wealth, ease, pleasure grow,  
 Rich nature's pomp and pride, the Tirrhene main  
 There woos the hills, hills woo the vallies plain

## L

Two hundred Greeks came next, in fight well tried,  
 Not surely arm'd in steel or iron strong,  
 But each a glave had pendant by his side,  
 Their bows and quivers at their shoulders hung,  
 Their horses well inured to chace and ride,  
 In diet spare, untir'd with labour long,  
 Ready to charge and to retire at will,  
 Though broken, scatter'd, fled, they skirmish still.

## LI

Tatine their guide and except Tatine none  
 Of all the Greeks went with the Christian host :  
 O sin, O shame, O Greece as d alone !  
 Did not this fatal war affront thy coast ?  
 Yet sittest thou an idle looker-on,  
 And glad attendest which side won or lost  
 Now if thou be a bond slave vile become  
 No wrong is that but God a most righteous doom.

## LII.

In order last but first in worth and fame  
 Unfear'd in fight untir'd with hurt or wound  
 The noble squadron of ad'venturers came  
 Terrors to all that tread on A sia's sand ;  
 Cease Orpheus of thy Minois Arthur shame  
 To boast of Launcelet or thy talis' round  
 For these whom antique times with laurel dress'd  
 These far exceed them, thee and all the rest.

## LIII.

Dodon of Cousa was their guide and lord,  
 And for of worth and birth alike they been,  
 They chose him captain by their free accord  
 For he most acts had done most battles seen  
 Grave was the man in years in looks in word,  
 His locks were gray yet was his courage green,  
 Of worth and might the noble badge he bore  
 Old scars of glorious wounds receiv'd of yore.

## LIV

After came Eustace well esteemed man  
 For Godfrey's sake his brother and his own ;  
 The king of Norway's heir Gerando then  
 Proud of his father's titles and his crown ;  
 Roger of Bahavill and Engerlan  
 For hardy knights approved were and known ;  
 Besides were number'd in that warlike train  
 Rambald Gentonlo, and the Gerards twain.

## LV.

Ubaldo then, and puissant Rosimond  
Of Lancaster the heir, in rank succeed,  
Let none forget Obizo of Tuscan lond,  
Well worthy praise for many a worthy deed,  
Nor those three brethren, Lombards fierce, and yond,  
Achilles, Sforza, and stern Palameed,  
Nor Otton's shield he conquer'd in those stowers,  
In which a snake a naked child devours

## LVI

Guaseher and Raiphe in valour like there was,  
The one and other Guido, famous both,  
Gernier and Eberard to overpass  
In foul oblivion would my muse be loth,  
With his Gildippes dear, Edward, alas,  
A loving pair, to war among them go'th,  
In bond of virtuous love together tied,  
Together sei'd they, and together died

## LVII

In school of love are all things taught we see,  
There learn'd this maid of arms the ireful guise,  
Still by his side a faithful guard went she,  
One true love knot their lives together ties,  
No wound to one alone could dang'rous be,  
But each the smart of other's anguish tries,  
If one were hurt, the other felt the sore,  
She lost her blood, he spent his life therefore

## LVIII

But these and all Rinaldo far exceeds,  
Star of this sphere, the diamond of this ring,  
The nest, where courage with sweet merey breeds,  
A comet, worthy each eye's wondering,  
His years are fewer than his noble deeds,  
His fruit is ripe soon as his blossoms spring,  
Armed, a Mars might coyest Venus move,  
And if disarm'd, then God himself of Love

## LIX.

Sophia by Adige the my bank him bore  
Sophia the fair *parish* to Bertokla great,  
Fit mother for that pearl and before  
The tender lump was weaned from the teat,  
The Princess Mand him took in virtue's lore  
She brought him up fit for each worthy feat.  
Till of these wars the golden trumpet he hears  
That soundeth glory fame, *music* in his ears.

## LX.

And then, though scarcely three times five years old,  
He fled alone by many an unknown coast  
O'er *Aegean* seas by many a Greekish bold,  
Till he arrived at the Christian host  
A noble flight, adventuresome, brave and bold  
Whereon a valiant prince might justly boast,  
Three years he serv'd in field when scout begin  
Few golden hairs to deck his ivory chin.

## LXI.

The *business* past, their valiant sires fill  
The hands on foot, and *Reynard* them before,  
Of Toulouse lord from lands near Pirene hill,  
By Garonne *lands* and salt sea billows worn,  
Four thousand foot he brought, well arm'd, and skill  
Had they all pains and travel to have born,  
Stout men of arms and with their guide of *now*  
Like Troy's old town defend'd with Ilion's tower

## LXII.

Next Stephen of Amboise did five thousand lead  
The men he press'd from Tours and *Ille* but late,  
To hard *many* unfit, unsure at need,  
Yet arm'd to point in well temper'd plate  
The hand did like itself the people breed,  
The soil is gentle smooth, soft delicate,  
Doldly they *charge* but soon retire for doubt,  
Like fire of straw soon kindled, soon burnt out.

## LXIII

The hard Alce to marched, and with him  
 The leader brought six thousand Switzers bold;  
 Audacious were their looks, their faces grim,  
 Strong eyes lay on the Alpine cliffs they hold,  
 Their horses and colts had e, to armour train  
 They change their metal, cast in warlike mould,  
 And with this band late herds and flocks that guide,  
 Now kings and realms he threaten'd and defied


## LXIV

The glorious standard fast to heav'n they spread,  
 With Peter's keys ennobled, and his crown,  
 With it seven thousand stout Camillo led,  
 Lumber'd in walls of iron brown,  
 In this adventure and occasion, glad  
 So to revive the Romans' old renown,  
 Or prove at least to all of wiser thought  
 Their hearts were fertile land, although unwrought.

## LXV

But now was passed every regiment,  
 Each band, each troop, each person, worth regard,  
 When Godfrey with his lords to counsel went,  
 And thus the Duke his princely will declar'd  
 I will, when day next clears the tinnment,  
 Our ready host in haste be all prepar'd  
 Closely to march to Sion's noble wall,  
 Unseen, unheard, or undescried at all

## LXVI

Prepare you then, for travail strong and light,   
 Pierce to the combat, glad to victory  
 And with that word and warning soon was dight  
 Each soldier, longing for near coming glory,  
 Impatient be they of the morning bright,  
 Of honour so them prick'd the memory  
 But yet their chieftain had conceiv'd a fear  
 Within his heart, but kept it secret there.

## LXVII

For he by faithful spall was assur'd  
 That Egypt's king was far and on his way,  
 And to arrive at Gaza old procur'd  
 A fort, that on the Syrian frontiers lay;  
 Nor think he that a man to wars enur'd  
 Will ought forebore or in his journey stay  
 For well he knew him for a dangerous foe;  
 An herald call'd he then, and spoke him so:

## LXVIII.

A pinnace take thee swift as shaft from bow  
 And speed thee Henry to the Greekish main,  
 There should arrive as I by letters know  
 From one that never aught reports in vain,  
 A valiant youth, in whom all virtues flow  
 To help us this great conquest to obtain  
 The Prince of Dames he is, and brings to war  
 A troop with him from under the Arctic star

## LXX.

And, for I doubt the Greekish messenger shy  
 Will use with him some of his wonted craft,  
 To stay his journey, or divert away  
 Elsewhere his forces, his first journey last  
 My herald go, and endeavour well to try,  
 See that these messengers be not uscraft,  
 But send him thence with such convenient speed,  
 As with his honour stands and with our need.

## LXXI.

Return not thou but leger stay behind  
 And move the Greekish prince to send us aid  
 Tell him his kingly promises doth him bind  
 To give us succour by his constant aid  
 This aid, and thus instruct, his letters sign'd  
 The lucky herald took nor longer staid  
 But sped him thence to do his lord's behest  
 And thus the Duke redoubled his thoughts to rest.

## LXXI

Aurora bright her chrystal gates unbarr'd,  
 And bridegroom-like forth-step'd the glorious sun,  
 When trumpets loud and clarions shrill were heard,  
 And every one to rouse him fierce begun,  
 Sweet music to each heart for war prepar'd,  
 The soldiers glad by heaps to harness run,  
 So, if with drought endanger'd be their grain,  
 Poor ploughmen joy, when thunders promise rain

## LXXII

Some shirts of mail, some coats of plate put on,  
 Some don'd a cuirass, some a corslet bright,  
 An hawberk some, and some a habergeon,  
 So every one in arms was quickly dight,  
 His wonted guide each soldier tends upon,  
 Loose in the wind waved their banners light,  
 Their standard royal towards heaven they spread,  
 The cross triumphant on the Pagans dead.

## LXXIII

Meanwhile the car that bears the light'ning brand,  
 Upon the eastern hill was mounted high,  
 And smote the glist'ring armies as they stand,  
 With quiv'ring beams which daz'd the wond'ring eye,  
 That Phaeton-like it fired sea and land,  
 The sparkles seem'd up to the skies to fly,  
 The horses neigh, and clatt'ring armours sowne,  
 Pursue the echo over dale and down

## LXXIV



Their general did with due care provide  
 To save his men from ambush and from train,  
 Some troops of horse that lightly armed ride,  
 He sent to scour the woods and forests main,  
 His pioneers their busy work applied,  
 To even the paths and make the highways plain,  
 They fill'd the pits, and smooth'd the rougher ground,  
 And open'd every strait they closed found

## LXXV

They meet no forces gathered by their foe  
 No towers, defend'd with rampire mote or wall,  
 No *timber* no wood no mountains could furrow  
 Their hasty pace or stop their *march* at all;  
 So when his banks the prince of rivers Po,  
 Doth overflow, he breaks, with hideous fall  
 The mossy rocks and trees *o'erwhelm* with age  
 Nor aught withstands his fury and his rage.

## LXXVI

The king of Tripoli in every hold  
 Shut up his men *munition* and his *treasure*,  
 The *straggling* *troops* sometimes *avail* he would,  
 Save that he durst not move them to *displeasure*.  
 He staid their rage with presents gifts, and gold  
 And led them through his land at ease and leisure,  
 To keep his realm in peace and rest he chose  
 With what conditions Godfrey list impose

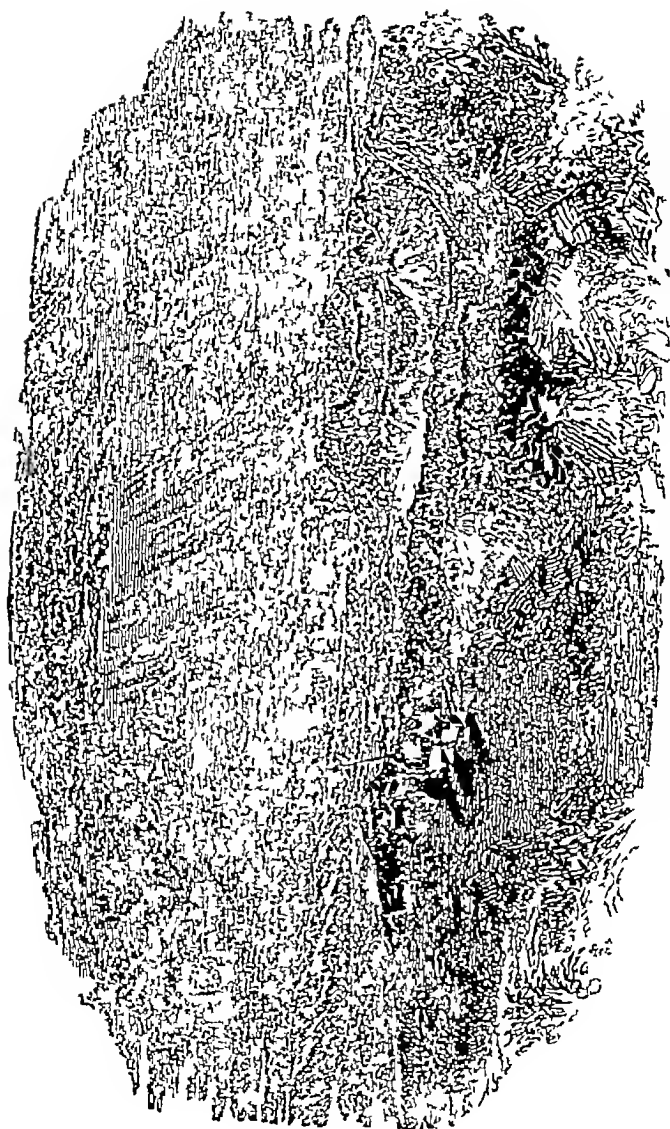
## LXXVII

Those of Mount Seir, that neighboureth by east  
 The holy city, faithful folk each one,  
 Down from the hill descended most and least,  
 And to the Christian Duke by heaps they gone,  
 And welcome him and his, with joy and fear,  
 On him they smile on him they gaze alone  
 And were his guides, as faithful, from that day  
 As *Hercules* that leads the sun his way

## LXXVIII

Along the sands his armies safe they guide,  
 By ways *accustom'd*, to them well known before;  
 Upon the tumbling billows freighted ride  
 The armed ships, coasting along the shore  
 Which for the camp might every day provide  
 To bring *munition* good and victuals store  
 The Isles of Greece sent in *provision* meet,  
 And store of wine from Selos came and Crete.





## LXXIX.

Great Neptune grieved much, scalls the lood  
Of ships, hulks, gallees, barks and brigantines  
In all the mid-earth seas was left no rood

When in the Pagan his bold sails untwines,  
Spread was the horn Armado wide and broad  
From Venice, Genoa, and towns which them confine  
From Holland, England, France and Sicill sent,  
And all for Judah ready bound and bent

## XXX

All these together were crumpled, and knit  
With surest bonds of love and friendship strun-  
Together sail'd they fraught with all things fit  
To be done by land that might belong  
And when occasion serv'd disturbed it,  
Then sail'd the Asian coasts and lakes along  
Thither with speed their hasty course they plied,  
Where Christ the Lord for our offences died.

## XXXI

The brazen trump of iron-winged Fame,  
That mingl'eth faithful troth with forged lies  
Foretold the Heathen how the Christians came  
How thither and the conquests every like,  
Of every knight it sound' the worth and name,  
Each troop, each band, each squadron it descries,  
And threat'eth death to those, fire, sword, and slaughter  
Who held captiv'd Israel's fairest daughter

## XXXII

The fear of ill exceeds the evil we fear  
For so our present harms still most alarm us,  
Each mind is press'd, and open every ear  
To hear new tidings, though they no way joy us.  
This secret rumour whisper'd every where  
About the town, these Christians will destroy us  
The aged king his coming evil that knew  
Did mind thoughts in his false heart renew

## TAXXIII

This aged prince, ycleped Aladine,  
 Ruled in care, new sovereign of this state,  
 A tyrant erst, but now his fell engine  
 His graver age did somewhat mitigate,  
 He heard the western lords would undermine  
 His city's wall, and lay his towers prostrate.  
 To former fear he adds a new-come doubt,  
 Treason he fears within, and force without

## TAXXIV

For nations twain inhabit there and dwell,  
 Of sundry faith, together in that town,  
 The lesser part on Christ believed well,  
 On Termagant the more, and on Mahowne :  
 But when this king had made his conquest fell,  
 And brought that region subject to his crown,  
 Of burdens all he set the Paynims large,  
 And on poor Christians laid the double charge

## TAXXV

His native wrath reviv'd with this new thought,  
 With age and years that weaken'd was of yore,  
 Such madness in his cruel bosom wrought,  
 That now, than ever, blood he thirsteth more,  
 So stings a snake that to the fire is brought,  
 Which harmless lay benumb'd with cold before,  
 A lion, so, his rage renewed hath,  
 Though tame before, if he be mov'd to wrath

## TAXXVI

I see, quoth he, some expectation vain,  
 In these false Christians, and some new content,  
 Our common loss they trust will be their gain,  
 They laugh, we weep, they joy, while we lament,  
 And more, perchance by treason or by train,  
 To murder us they secretly consent,  
 Or otherwise to work us harm and woe,  
 To ope the gates, and so let in our foe

## LXXX II.

But lest they should effect their cursed will,  
 Let us destroy this sejourner on his nest  
 Both young, and old let us this people kill  
 The tender infant at their mothers breast  
 Their houses burn, their holy temples fill  
 With bodies slain, of those that lov'd them best;  
 And on that tomb they hold so much in price  
 Let us offer up their priests to sacrifice

## LXXX III

Thus thought the tyrant in his trait'rous mind,  
 But durst not follow what he had decreed  
 Yet if the Jews not some merry find  
 From cowardice not rash did that proceed  
 His noble foes durst not his craven kind  
 Exasperate, by such a bloody deed;  
 For if he need what grace could then be got,  
 If thus of peace he broke or loos'd the knot?

## LXXXIV

His villain heart his cursed rage restrain'd,  
 To other thoughts he lent his fierce desire  
 The suburbs, first that with the earth he plain'd  
 And burnt their buildings with devouring fire;  
 Loth was the wretch the Jerusalemites should have gain'd  
 Or help, or ease, by finding sought attire;  
 Cedron, Bethsaida, and each wat'ring cist,  
 Emposson'd he, both fountains springs and wells.

## XC.

So wary wise this child of darkness was,  
 The city's self he strongly fortifies  
 Three sides by acie it well defended has,  
 That's only weak that to the northward lies;  
 With mighty bars of long enduring brass,  
 The steel-bound doors, and iron gates he ties,  
 And lastly legions armed well provides,  
 Of subjects born and hired aid besides.

## BOOK II.

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## I

WHILE thus the tyrant bends his thoughts to arms,  
 Ismeno 'gan tofore his sight appear,  
 Ismen, dead bones laid in cold graves that warms,  
 And makes them speak, smell, taste, touch, see, and hear,  
 Ismen, with terror of his mighty charms,  
 That makes great Dis in deepest hell to fear,  
 That binds and looseth souls condemn'd to woe,  
 And sends the devils on errands to and fro'

## II

A Christian once, Macon he now adores,  
 Nor could he quite his wonted faith forsake,  
 But in his wicked arts both oft implores  
 Help from the Lord, and aid from Pluto blake ;  
 He, from deep caves by Acheron's dark shore,  
 Where circles vain and spells he us'd to make,  
 T' advise his king in these extremes is come,  
 Architophell so counsell'd Absalom

## III.

My liege he says, the camp fast hither moves  
 The axe is laid unto this cedar's root  
 But let us work as valiant men bebores,  
 For boldest hearts good fortune helpeth out;  
 Your princely care your kingly wisdom proves  
 Well have you labour'd well surceen'd about,  
 If each perform his charge and duty so,  
 Nought but his grave here conquer shall your foe.

## IV

From surest castle of my secret cell  
 I come partaker of your good and ill,  
 What wondrous sage or witch's sacred spell  
 May profit us all that perform I will;  
 The sprites hush'd, from bliss that whilom fell,  
 Shall to your service bow constrain'd by skill  
 But how we must begin this enterprise  
 I will your highness thus in brief advise.

## V

Within the Christians church, from sight of skies,  
 An hidden altar stands, far out of sight  
 On which the image was adored lies  
 Of Christ's dear mother call'd a virgin bright  
 An hundred lamps ye burn before her eyes;  
 She in a slender veil of threl'dight,  
 On every side great plenty doth behold  
 Of offerings brought myrrh, frankincense and gold.

## VI.

This idol would I have remov'd away  
 From thence, and by your princely hand transport  
 In Mascon's sacred temple safe it lay  
 Which then I will enchant in wondrous sort  
 That while the image in that church doth stay  
 No strength of arms shall win this noble fort  
 Or shake this wall; such passing might  
 Have spells and charms, if they be said aright.

## VII

Advised thus, the king impatient  
Flew in his fury to the house of God,  
The image took, with words unreverent  
Abus'd the prelates, who that deed forbod,  
Swift with his prey away the tyrant went,  
Of God's sharp justice nought he fear'd the rod,  
But in his chapel vile the image laid,  
On which th' enchanter charms and witchcrafts said.

## VIII

When Phœbus next unclos'd his wakeful eye,  
Uprose the sexton of that place prophane,  
And miss'd the image where it us'd to be,  
Each-where he sought in grief, in fear, in vain,  
Then to the king his loss he 'gan descrie,  
Who sore enraged kill'd him for his pain,  
And straight conceiv'd, in his malicious wit,  
Some Christian bade this great offence commit.

## IX

But whether this were act of mortal hand,  
Or else the Prince of Heav'n's eternal pleasure,  
That of his mercy would this wretch withstand,  
Nor let so vile a chest hold such a treasure,  
As yet conjecture hath not fully scann'd,  
By godliness let us this action measure,  
And truth of purest faith will fitly prove,  
That this rare grace came down from heav'n above.

## X

With busy search the tyrant 'gan invade  
Each house, each hold, each temple, and each tent,  
To them the fault or faulty one bewrai'd,  
Or hid, he promis'd gifts or punishment,  
His idle charms the false enchanter said,  
But in this maze still wander'd and mis-went,  
For heaven decreed to conceal the same,  
To make the miscreant more to feel his shame

## XI.

But when the angry king drew -'d not  
 What guilty hand this sacrifice had wrought  
 His ireful countenance boil'd in -'s, since hot  
 Against the Christians whom he faulters thought;  
 All ruth, compassion, mercy he forgot  
 A staff to beat that dog he long had sought:  
 Let them all die, quoth he, both great and small,  
 So shall the offender perish sure withall.

## XII.

To spill the wine with poison mix'd who durst?  
 Slay then the righteous with the lawless one  
 Destroy this field, that yieldseth -'s but tares  
 With thorns this vineyard all is overgrown  
 Among those wretches is not one that cares  
 For us, our laws, or our religion  
 Up, up, dear subjects, fire and weapon take  
 Burn, murder, kill these traitors for my sake

## XIII.

This Herod thus would Bethlehem's infants kill;  
 The Christians soon these dreadful news receive  
 The tramp of death sounds to their bearing shrill,  
 Their weapon, faith, their fortress was the grave  
 They had no courage, time, device, or will  
 To fight, to fly, excuse, or pardon crave  
 But stood prepared to die, yet help they find  
 Whence least they hope, such knots can heav'n unbind.

## XIV.

Among them dwelt, her parents joy and pleasure  
 A maid whose fruit was ripe not over year'd  
 Her beauty was her dotage's treasure;  
 The field of love with plough of virtue ear'd  
 Her labour goodness, godliness her leisure  
 Her house the heav'n by this full moon eye clear'd  
 For there, from lover's eyes withdrawn alone  
 With virgin beams this spotless Cynthia shone



## XV.

But what avail'd her resolution chaste,  
Whose soberest looks were whetstones to desire ?  
Nor love consents that beauty's field lie waste ;  
Her visage set Olindo's heart on fire  
O subtile love ! a thousand wiles thou hast,  
By humble suit, by service, or by hire,  
To win a maiden's hold, a thing soon done,  
For nature fram'd all women to be won

## XVI

Sophronia she, Olindo hight the youth,  
Both of one town, both in one faith were taught,  
She fair, he full of bashfulness and truth,  
Lov'd much, hop'd little, and desired nought ,  
He durst not speak, by suit to purchase ruth,  
She saw not, mark'd not, wist not what he sought ;  
Thus lov'd, thus serv'd he long, but not regarded,  
Unseen, unmark'd, unpitied, unrewarded

## XVII

To her came message of the murderment,  
Wherein her guiltless friends should hopeless sterve,  
She that was noble, wise, as fair and gent,  
Cast how she might their harmless lives preserve ,  
Zeal was the spring whence flow'd her hardiment,  
From maiden's shame yet was she loth to swerve  
Yet had her courage ta'en so sure a hold,  
That boldness, shamefast , shame had made her bold

## XVIII

And forth she went, a shop for merchandize,  
Full of rich stuff, but none for sale exposed,  
A veil obscur'd the sun-shine of her eyes,  
The rose within herself her sweetness closed,  
Each ornament about her seemly lies,  
By curious chance, or careless art, composed ,  
For what the most neglects, most curious prove,  
So beauty's help'd by nature, heaven, and love

## XIX.

Admir'd of all on went this noble maid  
 Until the purple of the king she gained  
 Nor for he swell'd with ire was she afraid,  
 But his fierce wrath with such a grace sustained  
 I come, quoth she (but be thine anger staid,  
 And much less rage against faintless souls restrained),  
 I come to show thee and to bring thee both  
 The wight whose fact hath made thy heart so wroth.

## XX.

Her modest boldness and that light'ning ray  
 Which her sweet beauty kindled on his face  
 Had strook the prince with wonder and dismay  
 Changed his cheer and clear'd his usual grace  
 That had her eyes dispos'd their looks to play  
 The king had never been in love's slaving care;  
 But joy and beauty doth not fancy move  
 A frown forbids a smile ere wroth love.

## XXI.

It was well, wonder and delight,  
 Although not love, that moved his cruel sense,  
 Tell on quoth he, unfold the chance awhile,  
 Thy people's lives I grant for ransom.  
 Then she Behold the faultier here in sight,  
 This hand committed that supposed offence,  
 I took the blame, mine that fault, that fact,  
 Mine be the glory of that infamous act.

## XXII.

This spotless lamb thus offered up her blood  
 To save the rest of Christ's selected fold;  
 O noble lie! was ever truth so good?  
 Blest be the lips that such a leasing told  
 Thoughtful awhile remain'd the tyrant wood,  
 His native wrath he gave a space withhold  
 And said That thou die soon I will,  
 What aid? what counsel hadst thou in that ill?

## XVIII

My lofty thoughts, she answer'd him, envied  
Another's hand should work my high desire,  
The thirst of glory can no partner bide,  
With mine own self I did alone conspire  
On thee alone, the tyrant then replied,  
Shall fall the vengeance of my wrath and ire  
'Tis just and right, quoth she, I yield consent,  
Mine be the honour, mine the punishment

## XXIV

The wretch of new enraged at the same,  
Ask'd where she hid the image so convey'd  
Not hid, quoth she, but quite consum'd with flame,  
'The idol is of that eternal maid,  
For so at least I have preserv'd the same  
With hands profane from being eft betray'd  
My lord, the thing thus stolen demand no more,  
Here see the thief, that scorneth death therefore

## XXV

And yet no theft was this, yours was the sin,  
I brought again what you unjustly took,  
This heard, the tyrant did for rage begin  
To whet his teeth, and bend his frowning look,  
No pity, youth, fairness, no grace could win,  
Joy, comfort, hope, the virgin all forsook,  
Wrath kill'd remorse, vengeance stopt mercy's breath,  
Love's thrall to hate, and beauty slave to death

## XXVI

Ta'en was the damsel, and without remorse,  
The king condemn'd her, guiltless, to the fire,  
Her veil and mantle pluck'd they off by force,  
And bound her tender arms in twisted wire  
Dumb was this silver dove, while from her corse  
These hungry kites pluck'd off her rich attire,  
And for some-deal perplexed was her sprite,  
Her damask late now chang'd to purest white

## XXVII.

The news of this mishap, | wd far and near  
 The people run both young and old to gaze;  
 Olindo also ran, and ran to fear  
 His lady was some partner in this case  
 But when he found her bound strip'd from her gear  
 And no tormentors really saw in place  
 He broke the throege and into present breast,  
 And thus bewake the king in rage and haste:

## XXVIII.

Not so, not so this girl shall bear away  
 From me the honour of so noble seat  
 She durst not, did not, could not, so convey  
 The massy substance of that idol great;  
 What sleight had she the wardens to betray?  
 What strength to heave the goddess from her seat?  
 No, no my lord, she fails but with my wind;  
 (Ah thus he lov'd, yet was his love unkind.)

## XXIX.

He added further Where the shining glass  
 Lets in the light amid your temple's side  
 By broken by ways did I inward pass  
 And in that window made a postern wide,  
 Nor shall therefore this ill-advised lass  
 Usurp the glory should this fact betide  
 Mine be these bonds, mine be these flames so pure,  
 O glorious death, more glorious sepulture.

## XXX.

Sophronia rais'd her modest looks from ground,  
 And on her lover bent her eye-sight mild;  
 Tell me what fury what conceit unbound,  
 I smite here to death so sweet a child?  
 Is not in me sufficient wrongs found  
 To bear the anger of this tyant wild?  
 Or hath fond love thy heart so unbound?  
 Wouldst thou not live nor let me die alone?

## XXXX

Thus spake the nymph, yet spake but to the wind,  
She could not alter his well-settled thought.  
O miracle! O strife of wondrous kind!

Where love and virtue such contention wrought,  
Where death the victor had for meed assign'd,  
Their own neglect each other's safety sought,  
But thus the king was more provok'd to ire,  
Their strife for bellows serv'd to anger's fire

## XXXXI

He thinks (such thoughts self-guiltiness finds out)  
They scorn'd his power, and therefore scorn'd the pain:  
Nay, nay, quoth he, let be your strife and doubt,  
You both shall win, and fit reward obtain  
With that the serjeant bent the young man stout,  
And bound him likewise in a worthless cham,  
Then back to back fast to a stake both ties,  
Two harmless turtles, dight for sacrifice

## XXXXII

About the pile of fagots, sticks and hay,  
The bellows rais'd the newly-kindled flame,  
When thus Olindo, in a doleful lay,  
Begun too late his bootless plants to frame  
Be these the bonds? Is this the hop'd-for day  
Should join me to this long-desired dame?  
Is this the fire alike should burn our hearts?  
Ah! hard reward for lovers' kind desarts!

## XXXXIII

Far other flames and bonds kind lovers prove,  
But thus our fortune casts the hapless die,  
Death hath exchang'd again his shafts with love,  
And Cupid thus lets borrow'd arrows fly  
O Hymen say, what fury doth thee move  
To lend thy lamps to light a tragedy?  
Yet this contents me that I die for thee,  
Thy flames, not mine, my death and torment be

## XXXV

Yet happy were my death, mine ending blest,  
 My torments easy full of sweet delight,  
 If this I could obtain, that breast to breast  
 Thy bosom might receive my yielded spirit  
 And thine with it, in heav'n's pure clothing drest,  
 Through clearest skies might take united flight.  
 Thus he complain'd, whom gently she perceiv'd,  
 And sweetly spake him thus, that so her lov'd:

## XXXVI

Far other plaints dear friend, tears and laments  
 The time, the place, and our estates require  
 Think on thy sins, which man's old foe permits  
 Before that judge that quites each soul his hire  
 For his name suffer for no pain he merits  
 Him, whose just justice to his throne aspire:  
 Behold the heavens, thither thine eyesight bend,  
 Thy looks, sighs, tears, for intercession send.

## XXXVII

The pagans loud cried out to God and man,  
 The Christians mourn'd in silent lamentation;  
 The tyrant's self a thing ungodly began  
 To feel his heart relent, with mere compassion  
 But not dispos'd to ruth or secrecy than,  
 He sped him thence, home to his habitation:  
 Sophronia stood not griev'd nor discontented  
 By all that saw her but herself lamented.

## XXXVIII

The lovers, standing in this doleful wise,  
 A warrior bold unawares call'd near  
 In mouth arms yel'd, and strange doings,  
 From countries far but now arriv'd there;  
 A savagely on her helmet lies  
 The famous badge Clorinda us'd to bear;  
 That wou'd in every warlike stout to win,  
 By which bright sign well known was that fair inn.

## XXXIX

She scorn'd the arts these seely women use,  
Another thought her nobler humour fed,  
Her lofty hand would of itself refuse  
To touch the dainty needle, or nice thread,  
She hated chambers, closets, seeret mews,  
And in broad fields preserv'd her maidenhead  
Proud were her looks, yet sweet, though stern and stout,  
Her dame a dove thus brought an eagle out

## XL.

While she was young, she us'd with tender hand  
The foaming steed with froarie bit to steer,  
To tilt and tourney, wrestle in the sand,  
To leave with speed Atlanta swift arreare,  
Through forests wild and unfrequented land  
To chace the lion, boar, or rugged bear,  
The satyrs rough, the fawns and faeries wild,  
She chased oft, oft took, and oft beguil'd

## XLI

This lusty lady came from Persia late,  
She with the Christians had encountered oft,  
And in their flesh had opened many a gate  
By which their faithful souls their bodies left,  
Her eye at first presented her the state  
Of these poor souls, of hope and help bereft,  
Greedy to know, as is the mind of man,  
Their cause of death, swift to the fire she ran

## XLII

The people made her room, and on them twain  
Her piercing eyes their fiery weapons dart,  
Silent she saw the one, the other plain,  
The weaker body lodg'd the nobler heart  
Yet him she saw lament, as if his pain  
Were grief and sorrow for another's smart;  
And her keep silence so, as if her eyes  
Dumb orators were to entreat the skies

## XLIII.

Clorinda chang'd to ruth her warlike mood,  
 Few silver drops her counsel cheeks depaint,  
 Her sorrow was for her that speechless stood  
 Her silence more than all'd than his complaint  
 She ask'd an aged man seem'd grave and good,  
 Come say me sire quoth she, what hard counsel  
 Would murder here love's queen, and beauty's king?  
 What fault or fate doth to this death them bring?

## XLIV

Thus she enquir'd and answer short he gave,  
 But such as all the chance at large disclosed  
 She wondered at the case, the virgin brave  
 That both were guiltless of the fault supposed  
 Her noble thought cast how she might them save,  
 The on suit or battle she reposed  
 Quick to the fire she ran, and quench'd it out,  
 And thus bespake the sergeants and the rout

## XLV

Be there not one among you all that dare  
 In this your hateful office might proceed  
 Till I return from court, nor take you care  
 To reap displeasure for not making speed  
 To do her will the men themselves pursue  
 In their faint hearts her looks such terror brood  
 To court she went, their pardon would she get,  
 But on the way the courteous king she met.

## XLVI.

Sir king quoth she, my name Clorinda hight,  
 My fame perchance hath pierc'd your ears ere now,  
 I come to try my wonted power and might,  
 And will defend this land, this town and you  
 All hard y esteem I eath and light,  
 Great acts I reach to to small things I bow  
 To fight in field, or to defend this wall,  
 Point what you list, I nought refuse at all.



## XLVII

To whom the king    What land so far remote,  
     From Asia's coasts, or Phœbus' glist'ring rays,  
 O glorious virgin, that recordeth not  
     Thy fame, thine honour, worth, renown and praise ?  
 Since on my side I have thy succours got,  
     I need not fear in these mine aged days,  
 For in thine aid more hope, more trust, I have,  
 'Than in whole armies of these soldiers brave.

## XLVIII

Now Godfrey stays too long, he fears I ween,  
     Thy courage great keeps all our foes in awe,  
 For thee all actions far unworthy been,  
     But such as greatest danger with them draw,  
 Be you commandress therefore, princess, queen,  
     Of all our forces, be thy word a law  
 Thus said, the virgin 'gan her beav'our vale,  
 And thank'd him first, and thus began her tale.

## XLIX

A thing unus'd, great monarch, may it seem,  
     To ask reward for service yet to come,  
 But so your virtuous bounty I esteem,  
     That I presume for to entreat, this groom  
 And seely maid from danger to redeem,  
     Condemn'd to burn by your impartial doom,  
 I not excuse, but pity much their youth,  
 And come to you for mercy and for ruth

## L.

Yet give me leave to tell your highness this,  
     You blame the Christians, them my thoughts acquite,  
 Nor be displeas'd, I say you judge amiss,  
     At every shot look not to hit the white,  
 All what th' enchanter did persuade you is  
     Against the lore of Macon's sacred right,  
 For us commandeth mighty Mahomet,  
 No idols in his temples pure to set

## XL

To him therefore this wonder done refer  
 Give him the praise and honour of the thing  
 Of us the gods benign so useful are,  
 Lest customs change into their church we bring  
 Let Iamen with his squares and leagues war,  
 His weapons be the staff, the glass, the ring  
 But let us manage war with blows, like knights,  
 Our praise in arms, our honour Ben in fights.

## XLI

The virgin held her peace when this was said  
 And though to pity never fram'd her thought,  
 Yet, for the king admir'd the noble maid,  
 His purpose was not to deny her sight  
 I grant them life, quoth he, your prayers aid  
 Against these Frenchmen hath their pardon bought;  
 Nor further seek what their offences be,  
 Guiltless I quite guilty I set them free.

## XLII

Thus were they loos'd, happy of! — kind  
 Ofinda blessed be this act of thine  
 True witness of thy great and heavenly mind  
 Where sun, moon, stars, of love, faith, virtue, shine.  
 So forth they went, and left pale death behind  
 To joy the bliss of — and joys divine  
 With her he would have died with him content  
 Was she to live, that would with her have bent.

## XLIII

The king, as wicked thoughts are most suspicious  
 Suppos'd too fast this tree of life grew  
 O blessed Lord! why should this Pharaoh vicious  
 Thus try — — — — — upon thy Hebrews true?  
 Who to perforce his will, vile and malicious  
 Exiled these, and all the faithful crew,  
 All that were strong of body, stout of mind,  
 But kept their wives and children pledge behind

## LV

A hard division, when the harmless sheep  
Must leave their lambs to hungry wolves in charge,  
But labour's virtue's watching, ease her sleep,  
Trouble best wind that drives salvation's barge,  
The Christians fled, whither they took no keep,  
Some strayed wild among the forests large,  
Some to Emmaus, to the Christian host,  
And conquer would again their houses lost.

## LVI

Emmaus is a city small, that lies  
From Sion's walls distant a little way,  
A man that early on the morn doth rise,  
May thither walk ere third hour of the day  
Oh! when the Christian lords this town espies,  
How merry were their hearts, how fresh, how gay  
But, for the sun inclined fast to west,  
That night there would their chieftain take his rest.

## LVII

Their canvas castles up they quickly rear,  
And build a city in an hour's space,  
When lo! disguised in unusual gear,  
Two barons bold approachen 'gan the place,  
Their semblance kind, and mild their gestures were,  
Peace in their hands, and friendship in their face,  
From Egypt's king ambassadors they come,  
Them many a 'squire attends, and many a groom

## LVIII

The first Aletes, born in lowly shed  
Of parents base, a rose sprung from a brier,  
That now his branches over Egypt spread,  
No plant in Pharaoh's garden prospered higher,  
With pleasing tales his lord's vain ears he fed,  
A flatterer, a pickthank, and a liar,  
Curst be estate got with so many a crime,  
Yet this is oft the stair by which men climb.

## LIX.

Argantes called in that other knight,  
 A stranger came he late to Egypt's land,  
 And there advanced was to honour's height,  
 For he was stout of courage, strong of hand  
 Bold was his heart, and restless was his sprite,  
 Fierce stern outsguards, keen as sharpen'd brand,  
*Servant* of God, *scorn* to himself a friend,  
 And prick'd his *career* on his weapon's end.

## LX.

These two *embassadors* made they might be heard,  
 Nor was their just petition long decried;  
 The gallants quickly made their court of guard,  
 And brought them in where sat their famous guide;  
 Whose kingly look his princely mind declared,  
 Where nobleness, virtue, truth, and valour bide:  
 A slender courtesy made Argantes bold,  
 So as one prince salute another would.

## LXI.

Aleto laid his right hand on his heart,  
 Bent down his head, and cast his eyes full low;  
 And a *response* made with courtly grace and art,  
 For all that humble lore to him was know  
 His sober lips then did he softly part,  
 Whence of pure rhetoric whole *abundant* outflow  
 And thus he said, while on the *Christian* lords  
 Down fell the mildew of his sugar'd words:

## LXII.

O only worthy whom the earth all fears!  
 High God defend thee, with his heavenly shield  
 And humble so the hearts of all thy peers,  
 That their stiff necks to thy sweet yoke may yield  
 These be the sheaves that honour's law all bears,  
 The seed thy valiant acts, the world the field,  
 Egypt the headland is, where heaped lies  
 Thy fame, worth, justice, wisdom, victories.

## LXIII

These, altogether, doth our sovereign hide  
 In secret storehouse of his princely thought,  
 And prays he may in long accordance bide  
 With that great worthy, which such wonders wrought,  
 Nor that oppose against the coming tide  
 Of proffered love, for that he is not taught  
 Your Christian faith, for, though of divers kind,  
 The loving vine about her elm is twin'd

## LXIV

Receive, therefore, in that unconquered hand,  
 The precious handle of this cup of love,  
 If not religion, virtue be the band  
 'Twixt you to fasten friendship, not to move  
 But, for our mighty king doth understand,  
 You mean your power 'gainst Judah land to prove,  
 He would, before this threat'ned tempest fell,  
 I should his mind and princely will first tell.

## LXV

His mind is this, he prays thee be contented  
 To joy in peace the conquests thou hast got,  
 Be not thy death, or Sion's fall lamented,  
 Forbear this land, Judea trouble not;  
 Things done in haste at leisure be repented,  
 Withdraw thine arms, trust not uncertain lot,  
 For oft we see what least we think betide,  
 He is thy friend 'gainst all the world beside.

## LXVI

True labour in the vineyard of thy Lord,  
 Ere prime thou hast th' imposed day-work done,  
 What armies conquer'd, perish'd with thy sword!  
 What cities sack'd! what kingdoms hast thou won!  
 All ears are maz'd, while tongues thine acts record,  
 Hands quake for fear, all feet for dread do run,  
 And though new realms you may to thralldom bring,  
 No higher can your praise, your glory spring



## LXXVI

Tell me, if, great in counsel, arms, and gold,  
 The Prince of Egypt war 'gainst you prepare,  
 What if the valiant Turks and Persians bold  
 Unite their forces with Cassano's heir?  
 Oh! then, what marble pillar shall uphold  
 The falling trophies of your conquests fair?  
 'Trust you the monarch of the Greekish land?  
 That reed will break, and breaking, wound your hand

## LXXVII

The Greekish faith is like that half-cut tree,  
 By which men take wild elephants in Ind,  
 A thousand times it hath beguiled thee,  
 As firm as waves in seas, or leaves in wind  
 Will they, who erst denied you passage free,  
 (Passage to all men free, by use and Lind)  
 Fight for your sake? or on them do you trust  
 To spend their blood, that could scarce spare their dust?

## LXXVIII

But all your hope and trust perchance is laid  
 In these strong troops, which thee environ round,  
 Yet foes unite are not so soon dismay'd,  
 As when their strength you erst divided found  
 Besides, each hour thy bands are weaker made,  
 With hunger, slaughter, lodging on cold ground,  
 Meanwhile the Turks seek succours from our king,  
 Thus fade thy helps, and thus thy cumbers spring

## LXXIX

Suppose no weapon can thy valour's pride  
 Subdue, that by no force thou may'st be won,  
 Admit no steel can hurt or wound thy side,  
 And be it heav'n hath thee such favour done,  
 'Gainst famine yet what shield canst thou provide?  
 What strength resist? what sleight her wrath can shun  
 Go, shake thy spear, and draw thy flaming blade,  
 And try if hunger so be weaker made

## LXXV

Th' inhabitants each pasture and each plain  
 Destroyed have, each field to waste is laid  
 In fenced towers built and laid their grain  
 Before thou cam'st this kingdom to invade  
 These horse and foot how canst thou then sustain?  
 Whence comes thy store? whence thy provision made?  
 Thy ships to bring it are, perchance assign'd  
 Oh! that you live so long as please the wind!

## LXXVI.

Perhaps thy fortune doth controul the wind,  
 Doth loose or bind their blasts in secret cave;  
 The sea, perverse, cruel and deaf by kind  
 Will bear thy call and still her raging wave  
 But if our armed gallees be assign'd  
 To aid those ships which Turks and Persians have  
 Say then, what hope is left thy slender fleet?  
 Dost flocks of crows a flight of eagles meet?

## LXXVII.

My lord a double conquest must you make  
 If you achieve renown by this enterprise:  
 For if our fleet your navy chase or take  
 For want of victuals all your camp then dies;  
 Or if by land the field you once forsake,  
 Then vain by sea were hope of victories:  
 Nor could your ships restore your lost estate  
 For steed once stolen we shut the door too late.

## LXXVIII.

In this estate, if thou esteemest light  
 The joyful kindness of th' Egyptian king  
 Then give me leave to say this weight  
 Remains thee not, in whom such virtues spring:  
 But heav'n's hand to guide thy mind aright  
 To gentle thoughts that peace and quiet bring;  
 So that poor Asia her complaints may cease,  
 And you enjoy your conquest got, in peace.



## LXXXIX

Nor ye that part in these adventures have,  
Part in his glory, partners in his harms,  
Let not blind fortune so your minds desave,  
To stir him more to try these fierce alarms,  
But, like the sailor, 'scaped from the wave,  
From further peril, that his person arms  
By staying safe at home, so stay you all,  
Better sit still, men say, than rise to fall

## LXXX

This said Aletes and a murmur rose  
That show'd dislike among the Christian peers,  
Their angry gestures with dislike disclose  
How much his speech offends their noble ears  
Lord Godfrey's eye three times environ goes,  
To view what count'nance every warrior bears,  
And lastly on th' Egyptian baron staid,  
To whom the duke thus, for his answer, said

## LXXXI

Ambassador, full both of threats and praise,  
Thy doubtful message hast thou wisely told,  
And, if thy sovereign love us, as he says,  
Tell him he sows to reap an hundred-fold,  
But where thy talk the coming storm displays  
Of threat'ned warfare, from the Pagans bold,  
To that I answer, as my custom is,  
In plainest phrase, lest mine intent thou miss

## LXXXII

Know, that till now, we suff'ered have much pain,  
By lands and seas, where storms and tempests fall,  
To make the passage easy, safe and plain,  
That leads us to this venerable wall,  
That so we might reward from heav'n obtain,  
And free this town, from being longer thrall,  
Nor is it grievous to so good an end,  
Our honours, kingdoms, lives, and goods to spend

Not hope of praise, nor thirst of worldly good  
 Enticed us to follow this corrupt  
 The heavenly father keep his sacred brood  
 From foul infection of so great a vice:  
 But by our zeal aye be that plague withstood,  
 Let not those pleasures us to sin entice  
 His grace, his mercy and his powerful hand  
 Will keep us safe from hurt, by sea and land.

This is the spur that makes our chariots run;  
 This is our harbour safe from danger's floods  
 This is our hold, the blustering winds to shun  
 This is our guide through deserts, forests, woods  
 This is our summer's shade our winter's sun  
 This is our wealth, our treasure, and our goods;  
 This is our engine, lances that overthrow,  
 Our spear that hurts, our sword that wounds our foes.

## LXXXV

Our courage hence, our hope our valour shall  
 Not from the trust we have in shield or spear  
 Not from the succours France or Greece brings,  
 On such weak posts we list no buildings rear  
 He can defend us from the power of kings,  
 From chance of war that makes weak hearts to fear;  
 He can these hungry troops with manna feed,  
 And make the seas—land, if we need.

## LXXXVI

But if our sins us of his help depriv'd,  
 Or his high justice let no mercy fall;  
 Yet should our deaths us some contentment give,  
 To die, where Christ receiv'd his burial;  
 So might we die, not envying them that live;  
 So would we die, not un-buried all  
 Nor Turks, nor Christians. If we perish such,  
 Have cause to joy or to complain too much.

## LXXVII.

Think not that wars we love, and strife affect,  
 Or that we hate sweet peace, or rest deny,  
 Think not your sovereign's friendship we reject,  
 Because we list not in our conquests stay  
 But, for it seems he would the Jews protect,  
 Pray him from us that thought aside to lay,  
 Nor us forbid this town and realm to gain,  
 And he in peace, rest, joy, long mote he reign

## LXXVIII

This answer given, Atlantes wild drew nax,  
 Trembling for ire, and waxing pale for rage,  
 Nor could he hold, his wrath encreas'd so far,  
 But thus, enflam'd, bespake the captain sage.  
 Who scorneth pecee shall have his fill of war,  
 I thought thy wisdom should thy fury 'swage,  
 But well you show what joy you take in fight,  
 Which makes you prize our love and friendship light.

## LXXIX

This said, he took his mantle's foremost part,  
 And 'gan the same togethr fold and wrap;  
 Then spake again, with fell and spitefull heart  
 (So lions roar, enclos'd in train or trap,)  
 Thou proud despiser of inconstant Mart,  
 I bring thee war and peace clos'd in this lap,  
 Take quickly one, thou hast no time to muse,  
 If peace, we rest, we fight, if war thou chuse

## XCL

It seemed fury, discord, madness fell  
 Flow from his lap, when he unfolds the same  
 His glaring eyes with anger's *fiery* swell,  
 And like the brand of foul Alecto flame,  
 He look'd like huge Typhoeus look'd from hell  
 Again to shake heav'n's everlasting frame;  
 Or him that built the tower on Shinar  
 Which threat'neth battle 'gainst the morning star

## XCII.

Godfredo then depart, and bid your king  
 Haste hither *aid*, or else, within short while,  
 (For gladly we accept the war you bring)  
 Let him expect us on the banks of Nile.  
 He *celebrated* them then with banqueting  
 And *gave presents to those Pagan* *rich*  
 Alces had a helmet, rich and gay  
 Late found at Nice, *g* the conquer'd prey

## XCIII.

Argent a sword, whereof the web was steel  
 Pommel, rich stone; hilts, gold, approv'd by touch,  
 With rarest work *—ship* all forged steel,  
 The curious art excell'd the substance much;  
 Thus fair rich, sharp, to see, to have, to feel,  
 Glad was the Paladin to enjoy it such  
 And said, How I this gift can use and wield  
 Soon shall you see, when first we meet in field.

## XCIV

Thus took they congee, and the angry knight  
 Thus to his fellow periled on their way  
 Go thou by day but let me walk by night  
 Go thou to Egypt, I at Sion stay,  
 The answer given thou canst unfold aright  
 No need of me, what I can do or say  
 Among these arms I will go wreak my spate  
 Let Paris court it, Hector lov'd to fight.

## XCV

Thus he, who late arriv'd a messenger,  
Departs a foe, in act, in word, in thought,  
The law of nations, or the lore of war,  
If he transgress, or no, he recketh nought  
Thus parted they, and ere he wandered far  
The friendly star-light to the walls him brought.  
Yet his fell heart thought long that little way,  
Griev'd with each stop, tormented with each stay

## XCVI

Now spread the night her spangled canopy,  
And summon'd every restless eye to sleep  
On beds of tender grass the beasts down lye,  
The fishes slumb'ring in the silent deep,  
Unheard was serpent's hiss, and dragon's cry,  
Birds left to sing, and Philomene to weep,  
Only that noise heav'n's rolling circles kest,  
Sung lullaby, to bring the world to rest.

## XCVII

Yet neither sleep, nor ease, nor shadows dark,  
Could make the faithful camp or captain rest,  
They long'd to see the day, to hear the lark  
Record her hymns and chaunt her carols blest,  
They yearn'd to view the walls, the wished mark  
To which their journeys long they had address'd,  
Each heart attends, each longing eye beholds  
What beam the eastern window first unfolds

## BOOK III.

## THE ASSAULT.

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And make strong engines to	It the town. 74

## I.

This purple morning left her crimson bed,  
 And don'd her robes of pure vermillion hue  
 Her amber locks she crown'd with roses red  
 In Eden's flowery gardens gathered new  
 When through the camp a martial shrill was heard;  
 Arm, arm, they cried arm, arm, the trumpet's blow;  
 Their merry noise pursued the joyful blast,  
 So hark small bees, before their arms they cast.

## II.

Their captain rules their courage, guides their host,  
 Their forwardness he staid with gentle rein  
 And yet more easily were the feat,  
 To stop the current near Charybdis' main,  
 Or calm the blustering winds on mountains great,  
 Than fierce desires of warlike hearts restrain;  
 He rules them yet, and ranks them in their haste,  
 For well he knows disorder'd speed makes waste.

## III

Feath'rd their thoughts, their feet in wings were dight,

Swiftly they march'd, yet were not tir'd thereby,

For willing minds make heaviest burdens light,

But when the gliding sun was mounted high,

Jerusalem, behold, appear'd in sight

Jerusalem they view, they see, they spy,

Jerusalem with merry noise they greet,

With joyful shouts, and acclamations sweet

## IV

As when a troop of jolly sailors row,

Some new found land and country to discover,

Through dingy roue seas and under starry now,

Thrall to the fickle wave, and toothless sky,

If once the wished shore begin to show,

They all salute it with a joyful cry,

And each to other shew the land in haste,

Forgetting quite their pains and peril past

## VII

Their naked feet trod on the dusty way  
 Follow thy people of their zealous guide;  
 Their scarfs, their crests, their plumes, and feathers gave  
 They quickly doff and willing laid aside;  
 Their moulted hearts their wonted pride lay  
 Along their weary cheeks warm tears down slide  
 And then such secret speech as this, they said,  
 While to himself, each one himself bewailed:

## VIII

Flower of goodness, root of lasting bliss,  
 Thou well of life whose streams were purple blood  
 That flowed here, to cleanse the foul stains  
 Of sinful man behold this brinish flood  
 That from my melting heart distilled is;  
 Reveal in grief these tears O Lord so good  
 For never we tuck with sin so clogged  
 Had fitter time, or greater cause to mourn.

## IX

This while the wary king looked over  
 From tops of Sion's towers, the hills and dales  
 And saw the dust the fields and pastures cover  
 As when thick mists arise from moory vales:  
 At last the sun-bright shields he gan discover  
 And glist'ring helms, for violence none that falls;  
 The metal shone like lightning bright in skies,  
 And man and horse smelt the dust descends.

## X

Then loud he cries, Oh, what a dust ariseth!  
 Oh, how it shines with shields and lances clear!  
 Up, up, to arms for valiant heart despoth  
 The threat'ned storm of death, and danger near;  
 Behold your foes: then further thus deviseth  
 Haste haste, for vain delay comes with fear  
 These horrid clouds of dust, that yonder fly  
 Your coming foes do hide and hide the sky



## XI

The tender children, and the fathers old,  
The aged matrons, and the virgin chaste,  
That durst not shake the spear, nor target hold,  
Themselves devoutly in their temples plac'd,  
The rest, of members strong and courage bold,  
On hardy breasts their harness don'd in haste,  
Some to the walls, some to the gates them dight,  
Their king meanwhile directs them all aright.

## XII

All things well ord'red, he withdrew with speed  
Up to a turret high, two ports between,  
That so he might be near at every need,  
And overlook the lands and furrows green,  
Thither he did the sweet Erminia lead,  
That in his court had entertained been,  
Since Christians Antioch did to bondage bring,  
And slew her father, who thereof was king

## XIII

Against their foes Clorinda sallied out,  
And many a baron bold was by her side,  
Within the postern stood Argantes stout  
To rescue her, if ill mote here betide  
With speeches brave she cheer'd her warlike rout,  
And with bold words them heart'ned as they ride,  
Let us by some brave act, quoth she, this day  
Of Asia's hopes the ground-work found and lay

## XIV

While to her folk thus spake the virgin brave,  
Thereby, behold, forth past a Christian band,  
Towards the camp that herds of cattle drive,  
For they that morn had forraid all the land,  
The fierce virago would that booty save,  
Whom their commander singled hand for hand,  
A mighty man at arms, who Gurdo light,  
But far too weak to match with her in fight

## XV

They met, and low in dust was Guardo laid,  
 Twixt either army from his sell down kent  
 The Pagans about for joy and hopeful said,  
 Those good lay-laulogs would have endings blest:  
 Against the rest on went the noble maid,  
 She broke the helm, and pierc'd the armed breast  
 Her men the paths rode through made by her sword  
 They pass the stream where she had found the ford.

## XVI.

Soon was the prey out of their hands recover'd  
 By step and step the Frenchmen gan retire  
 Till on a little hill at last they bow'd  
 Whose length pass'd them from Clorinda's ire  
 When as a tempest that hath long been cover'd  
 In watery clouds, breaks out with sparkling fire  
 With his buoy squadron Lord Tamar also came;  
 His heart with rage his eyes with courage flame:

## XVII.

Most-great the spear was which the gallant bore,  
 That in his warlike pride he made to shake  
 As winds tall cedar-tops on mountains bore  
 The king that wood'ed at his lady spoke  
 To her that near him seated was before,  
 Who felt her heart with love's hot fever quake,  
 Well should it thou know quoth he, each Christian knight  
 By long acquaintance though in armor's light.

## XVIII.

Say, who is he shows so great worthiness,  
 That rides so rank, and bends his lance so fell?  
 To this the princess said nor more nor less,  
 Her heart with sighs, her eyes with tears did swell:  
 But sighs and tears she wisely could suppress,  
 Her love and joy she dissembled well  
 And strove her love and hot desire to cover  
 Till heart with sighs, and eyes with tears run over

## XIX

At last she spake, and with a crafty sleight  
 Her secret love disguis'd in clothes of hate,  
 Alas, too well, she says, I know that knight,  
 I saw his force and courage proved late,  
 Too late I view'd when his power and might  
 Shook down the pillar of Cassano's state,  
 Alas, what wounds he gives! how fierce, how fell!  
 No physic helps them cure, nor magic's spell

## XX.

Tancred he hight, O Macon, would he wear  
 My thrall, ere fates him of this life deprive!  
 For to his hateful head such spite I bear,  
 I would him reave his cruel heart on live  
 Thus said she, they, that her complainings hear,  
 In other sense her wishes credit give  
 She sigh'd withall, they construed all amiss,  
 And thought she wish'd to kill, who long'd to kiss

## XXI

This while forth prick'd Clorinda from the throng,  
 And 'gainst Tancredie set her spear in rest,  
 Upon their helms they crack'd their lances long,  
 And from her head her gilden casque he kest,  
 For every lace he broke and every thong,  
 And in the dust threw down her plumed crest,  
 About her shoulders shone her golden locks,  
 Like sunny beams on alabaster rocks

## XXII

Her looks with fire, her eyes with lightning blaze,  
 Sweet was her wrath, what then would be her smile?  
 Tancred, whereon think'st thou? what dost thou gaze?  
 Hast thou forget her in so short a while?  
 The same is she, the shape of whose sweet face  
 The god of love did in thy heart compile  
 The same that left thee by the cooling stream,  
 Safe from sun's heat, but scorch'd with beauty's beam

## XXIII.

The prince well knew her though her painted shield  
 And golden helm he had not mark'd before ;  
 She sav'd her head, and with her axe well steel'd,  
 Assail'd the knight but her the knight fulsom ;  
 Gainst other foes he prov'd him through the field,  
 Yet she for that refrained ne'er the more,  
 But following Turn thee cried in ireful woe ;  
 And so at once she threats to kill him twice

## XXIV

Not once the baron lift his armed hand  
 To strike the maid but gazing on her eyes,  
 Where lordly Cupid seem'd in arms to stand  
 No way to ward or stun her blows he tries  
 But softly says, No stroke of thy strong hand  
 Can vanquish Tamer'd but thy conquest lies  
 In those fair eyes which fiery weapons dart,  
 That find no lighting-place except this heart.

## XXV

At last resolv'd, although he hop'd small grace  
 Yet ere he died to tell how much he loved,  
 For pleasing words in wuums ears find place  
 And gentle hearts with humble suit are moved  
 O thou, quoth he, withhold thy wrath a space  
 For if thou long to see my valour prov'd  
 Were it not better from this warlike rout  
 Withdrawn somewhat alone to fight it out ?

## XXVI.

So singled may we both our way go try  
 Clarinda to that motion yielded glad,  
 And helmsless to the forest and green glo,  
 Whither the prince right pensive went and sad  
 And there the virgin gam him soon defy  
 One blow she stricken and he warded had,  
 When he cried Hold and ere we prove our might,  
 First hear thou some conditions of the fight.

## XXVII

She staid, and desp'rate love had made him bold  
 Since from the fight thou wilt no respite give,  
 The cov'nants be, he said, that thou unfold  
 This wretched bosom, and my heart out rive,  
 Giv'n thee long since, and if thou, cruel, would  
 I should be dead, let me no longer live,  
 But pierce this breast, that all the world may say,  
 The eagle made the turtle-dove her prey

## XXVIII

Save with thy grace, or let thine anger kill,  
 Love hath disarm'd my life of all defence;  
 An easy labour harmless blood to spill,  
 Strike then, and punish where is none offence  
 Thus said the prince, and more perchance had will  
 To have declar'd, to move her cruel sense,  
 But, in ill time, of Pagans thither came  
 A troop, and Christians that pursu'd the same

## XXIX

The Pagans fled before their valiant foes,  
 For dread or craft, it skills not that we knew,  
 A soldier wild, careless to win or lose,  
 Saw where her locks about the damsel flew,  
 And at her back he proffereth, as he goes,  
 To strike where her he did disarmed view  
 But Tancred cry'd, Oh, stay thy cursed hand,  
 And, for to ward the blow, lift up his brand

## XXX

But yet the cutting steel arrived there,  
 Where her fair neck adjoin'd her noble head,  
 Light was the wound, but through her amber hair,  
 The purple drops down railed bloody red,  
 So rubies set in flaming gold appear  
 But Lord Tancredie pale with rage, as lead,  
 Flew on the villain, who to flight him bound,  
 The smart was his, though she receiv'd the wound

## XXXL

The villain flies—he, full of rage and ire,  
 Pursues, she stood and wood red on them both,  
 But yet to follow them shew'd no desire  
 To stray so far she would perchance be loth,  
 But quickly turn'd her fierce as flaring fire  
 And on her foes wreaked her anger's wrath  
 On every side she kills them down again,  
 And now she flies, and now she turns again:

As the swift ure, by Volga's rolling flood  
 Chase'd through the plains the mastiff curs to scorn,  
 Flies to the muzzle of some neighbour wood  
 And often turns again his dreadful horn  
 Against the dogs imbrued in sweat and blood  
 That bite not, till the beast to flight is run  
 Or as the Moors at their stung steeds run  
 Defenc'd, the flying balls unhurt to shun:

## XXXII

So ran Clorinda, so her foes pursued,  
 Until they both approach'd the city's wall  
 When lo, the Pagans their fierce wrath unroll'd  
 Cast in a ring about they wheel'd all,  
 And gainst the Christians' backs and sides they shew'd  
 Their courage fierce and to new combat fall;  
 When down the hill Argem came to fight  
 Like angry Mars to aid the Trojan knight

## XXXIV

Furious, tofore the foremost of his rank,  
 In sturdy steel forth step'd the warrior bold;  
 The first he smote down from his saddle sunk,  
 The next, under his steed, lay on the mould;  
 Under the Saracen's spear the worthies shrank,  
 No breast-plate could that cursed tree outhold,  
 When that was broke, his precious sword he drew  
 And whom he hit, he felled hurt, or slow

## XXXV

Clorinda slew Ardelio, aged knight,  
Whose graver years would for no labour yield,  
His age was full of puissance and might,  
Two sons he had to guard his noble eild,  
The first, far from his father's care and sight,  
Call'd Alcandro, wounded lay in field,  
And Poliphern, the younger, by his side  
Had he not nobly fought, had surely died

## XXXVI

Tancred by this, that strove to overtake  
The villain that had hurt his only dear,  
From vain pursuit at last returned back,  
And his brave troop discomfit saw well near,  
Thither he spurr'd, and 'gan huge slaughter make,  
His shock no steed, his blow no knight could bear,  
For dead he strikes him whom he lights upon,  
So thunders break high trees on Libanon

## XXXVII

Dudon his squadron of adventurers brings,  
To aid the worthy and his tired crew,  
Before the res'due young Rinaldo flings,  
As swift as fiery lightning kindled new  
His argent eagle with her silver wings  
In field of azure, fair Erminia knew,  
See there, sir king, she says, a knight as bold  
And brave, as was the son of Peleus old

## XXXVIII

He wins the prize in just and tournament,  
His acts are numberless, though few his years,  
If Europe six like him to war had sent  
Among these thousands strong of Christian peers  
Syna were lost, lost were the Orient,  
And all the lands the southern Ocean wears,  
Conquer'd were all hot Afric's tawny kings,  
And all that dwell by Nilus' unknown springs

## X

Rinaldo is his name his armed fist

Breaks down stone walls when rams and engines fail;  
But turn your eyes, because I would you wist

What lord that is, in green and golden mail;  
Dudon be hight, who gildeth as him list

Th' adventures troop, whose yeeld doth fail  
High birth, grave years, and practice long in war  
And fearless heart, make him renowned far

## XL

See that big man, that all in lawn is bound,

Clamando call'd, the king of Navarra's son  
A prouder knight treads not on grass or mud,  
His pride hath lost the praise his yarmen won  
And that kind pair in white all armed round,

Is Edward and Gildippes who began  
Through love the hazard of force war to prove,  
Famous for arms but famous more for love.

## XLI

While thus they tell their fortunes & worthiness,

The slaughter rageth in the plain at large;  
Towered and young Rinaldo break the press,  
They bruise the helm, and pierce the sevenfold target;  
The troop by Dudon led perform'd no less,  
But in they come and give a furious charge:

Argantes self fell'd at one single blow  
Inglorious bleeding lay on earth full low

## XLII

Nor had the battles ever risen more,

But that Rinaldo's horse ev'n then down fell,  
And with the fall his leg press'd so sore,

That for a space there must he alights dwell.  
Meanwhile the pagan troops were nigh forlorn,

Swiftly they fled, glad they escap'd so well  
Argantes, and with him Clorinda stout,  
For bank and bulwark serv'd to save the rout.



## XIII

These fled the last, and with their force sustained  
The Christians' rage, that followed them so near;  
Their scatt' red troops to safety well they trained,  
And while the res'due fled the brunt these bear,  
Dudon pursu'd the victory he gained,  
And on Tigranes nobly broke his spear,  
Then with his sword headless to ground him cast,  
So gard'ners branches lop that spring too fast.

## XIV

Algazer's breastplate, of fine temper made,  
Nor Corban's helmet, forg'd by magic art,  
Could save their owners, for Lord Dudon's blade  
Cleft Corban's head, and pierc'd Algazer's heart;  
And their proud souls down to th' infernal shade,  
From Amurath and Mahomet depart,  
Nor strong Argantes thought his life was sure,  
He could not safely fly, nor fight secure

## XLV

The angry pagan bit his lips for teen,  
He ran, he stay'd, he fled, he turn'd again,  
Until at last unmark'd, unview'd, unseen,  
When Dudon had Almansor newly slain,  
Within his side he sheath'd his weapon keen,  
Down fell the worthy on the dusty plain,  
And lifted up his feeble eyes unneath,  
Oppress'd with leaden sleep of iron death

## XLVI

Three times he strove to view heav'n's golden ray,  
And rais'd him on his feeble elbow thrice,  
And thrice he tumbled on the lowly lay,  
And three times clos'd again his dying eyes,  
He speaks no word, yet makes he signs to pray,  
He sighs, he faints, he groans, and then he dies.  
Argantes proud to spoil the corpse disdain'd,  
But shook his sword with blood of Dudon stain'd

## XLVII

And turning to the Christian knights he cried  
 Lordings behold this bloody reeking blade  
 Last night was given me by your noble guide;  
 Tell him what proof thereof this day is made;  
 Needs must this please him well that is his pride  
 That I so well can use this martial trade  
 To whom so rare a gift he did present  
 Tell him the workman fits the instrument.

## XLVIII

If further proof hereof he long to see  
 Say it still thrives, and would his heart-blood drink  
 And if he haste not to encounter me  
 Say I will find him when he least doth think;  
 The Christians at his words was I be,  
 But he to shun their ire doth safely shrink  
 Under the shelter of the neighbour wall  
 Well guarded with his troops and soldiers all.

## XLIX

Like storms of hail the shafts fell down from high  
 Cast from the bulwarks, banners, ports, and towers  
 The shafts and quarries from their engines fly  
 As thick as falling drops in April showers  
 The French withdrew they list not press too nigh  
 The Saracens escaped all the powers.  
 But now Ibrahim from the earth up-leapt,  
 Where by the leg his steed had long him kept.

## L

He came and breathed vengeance from his breast  
 Against him that noble Dodon late had slain,  
 And being come thus spake he to the rest:  
 Warriors why stand you so long here in vain?  
 Pale death our valiant leader hath oppressed  
 Come wreak his loss whom bootless you complain.  
 These walls are weak they keep but winds out,  
 No rampier can withstand a village stout.

## LI

Of double iron, brass, or adamant,  
Or, if this wall were built of flaming fire,  
Yet should the pagan vile a fortress want,  
To shroud his coward head safe from mine ire  
Come follow then, and bid base fear avaunt,  
The harder work deserves the greater hire  
And with that word close to the walls he starts,  
Nor fears he arrows, quarries, stones, or darts

## LII

Above the waves as Neptune lift his eyes  
To chide the winds, that Trojan ships oppress'd,  
And with his count'nance calm'd seas, winds, and skies.  
So look'd Rinaldo, when he shook his crest  
Before those walls, each pagan fears and flies  
His dreadful sight, or trembling stay'd at lest  
Such dread his awful visage on them cast,  
So seem poor doves at goshawks' sight aghast

## LIII

The herald Sigier now from Godfrey came,  
To will them stay and calm their courage hot,  
Retire, quoth he, Godfrey commands the same,  
To wreak your ire this season fitteth not  
Though loth, Rinaldo stay'd and stopt the flame  
That boiled in his hardy stomach hot,  
His bridled fury grew thereby more fell,  
So rivers stopp'd above their banks do swell

## LIV

The bands retire, not dang'red by their foes  
In their retreat, so wise were they and wary,  
To murder'd Dudon each lamenting goes,  
From wonted use of ruth they list not vary,  
Upon their friendly arms they soft impose  
The noble burden of his corpse to carry  
Meanwhile Godfredo from a mountain great  
Beheld the sacred city and her seat

## LX

Jerusalem is seated on two hills

Of height unlike and turned side to side

The space between a gentle valley fills,

From mount to mount expanded fair and wide;

Three sides are sure intar'd, with crags and hills

The rest is easy ascent to rise and glide:

But mighty bulwarks fence that plainer part

So art helps nature nature strength-both aid.

## LXI.

The town is stor'd of troughs and cisterns made

To keep fresh water, but the country seems

Devoid of grass unfit for ploughmen's trade

Not fertile, moist with rivers, wells, and streams

There grow few trees to make the summer's shade

To shield the parched land from scorching beams

So close that a wood stands six miles from the town,

With aged cedars dark and shadows brown.

## LVII

By east, among the dusty valleys glide

The silver streams of Jordan's crystal flood;

By west the midland sea with boulders strew'd

Of sandy shores where Joaze's willow stood;

By north, Samaria stands and on that side

The golden calf was rear'd in Bethel wood

Bethlem by south where Christ incarnate was,

A pearl in steel a diamond set in brass.

## LVIII.

While thus the Duke on every side descried

The city's strength, the walls and gates about,

And saw where least the name was fortified

Where weakest seem'd the walls to keep him out;

Erminia, as he arm'd rode him spy'd

And thus bespake the heathen tyrant stout:

See Godfrey there in purple clad and gold

His stately port, and princely look behold:

## LIX

Well seems he born to be with honour crown'd,  
So well the lore he knows of regiment,  
Peerless in fight, in counsel grave and sound,  
The double gift of glory excellent,  
Among these armies is no warrior found  
Graver in speech, bolder in tournament,  
Raimond pardie in counsel match him might,  
Tancred and young Rinaldo like in fight

## LX

To whom the king; he likes me well therefore,  
I knew him whilom in the court of France,  
When I from Egypt went ambassador,  
I saw him there break many a sturdy lance,  
And yet his chin no sign of manhood bore,  
His youth was forward, but with governance,  
His words, his actions, and his portance brave,  
Of future virtue timely tokens gave

## LXI

Presages, ah, too true, with that a space  
He sigh'd for grief, then said, Fain would I know  
The man in red, with such a knightly grace,  
A worthy lord he seemeth by his show,  
How like to Godfrey looks he in the face!  
How like in person! but some deal more low  
Baldwin, quoth she, that noble baron hight,  
By birth his brother, and his match in might

## LXII

Next look on him that seems for council fit,  
Whose silver locks bewray his store of days,  
Raimond he hight, a man of wondrous wit,  
Of Tholouse lord, his wisdom is his praise,  
What he forethinks doth (as he looks for) hit,  
His stratagems have good success always  
With gilden helm beyond him rides the mild  
And good Prince William, England's king's dear child

## LXIII.

With him is Coelpbo as his noble mate  
 In birth, in acts, in arms alike the rest  
 I know him well, since I beheld him late  
 By his broad shoulders and his squared breast;  
 But my proud foe that quite hath ruin'd  
 My high estate and Antioch's joy,  
 I see not, the wood, that to death did bring  
 Mine aged lord, my father and my king

## LXIV

Thus talk'd they: meanwhile Godfredo went  
 Down to the troops that in the valley staid  
 And for in vain he thought the labour spent  
 To assail those parts that to the mountains laid  
 Against the northern gate his force he lent,  
 'Gainst it he camp'd, 'gainst it his engines play'd;  
 All felt the fury of his angry power  
 That from those gates lies to the corner tower

## LXV

The town's third part was this, or little less  
 Fore which the Duke his glorious ensigns set,  
 For so great weapons had that fortress,  
 That round it could not be embraced  
 With any siege (nor Babel's king I guess  
 That whilome took it such an army led)  
 But all the ways he kept, by which his foe  
 Might to or from the city come or go.

## LXVI

His care was next to cast the trenches deep  
 So to his resting camp by night  
 Lest from the city while his soldiers sleep,  
 They might assail them with untimely fight.  
 This done he went where lords and peers weep,  
 With dire complaints about the murder'd knight  
 Where Dedon dead lay slaughter'd on the ground  
 And all the soldiers sat lamenting round.

## LXVII

His wailing friends adorn'd the mournful bier  
With woeful pomp, whereon his corpse they laid,  
And when they saw the Bulloigne prince draw near,  
All felt new grief, and each new sorrow made,  
But he, withouten show or change of cheer,  
His springing tears within their fountains staid,  
His rueful looks upon the corpse he cast  
Awhile, and thus bespake the same at last

## LXVIII

We need not mourn for thee, here laid to rest,  
Earth is thy bed, and not thy grave, the skies  
Are for thy soul the cradle and the nest,  
There live, for here thy glory never dies  
For like a Christian knight and champion blest,  
Thou didst both live and die, now feed thine eyes  
With thy Redeemer's sight, where crown'd with bliss  
Thy faith, zeal, merit, well deserving is

## LXIX

Our loss, not thine, provokes these plants and tears,  
For when we lost thee, then our ship her mast,  
Our chariot lost her wheels, their points our spears,  
The bird of conquest her chief feather cast  
But though thy death far from our army bears  
Her chiefest earthly aid, in heav'n yet plac'd  
Thou wilt procure us help divine, so reaps  
He, that sows godly sorrow, joy by heaps

## LXX

For if our God the Lord Armipotent  
Those armed angels in our aid down send,  
That were at Dothan to his prophet sent,  
Thou wilt come down with them, and well defend  
Our host, and with thy sacred weapons bent  
'Gainst Sion's fort, these gates and bulwarks rend,  
That so thy hand may win this hold, and we  
May in these temples praise our Christ for thee

## LXXI.

Thus he complain'd but now the sable shade  
 Ycleped night, had thick enshadow'd  
 The sun, in veil of dooble darkness made:  
 Sleep eased care rest brought complaint to bed.  
 All night the wary Duke drew his bed  
 How that high wall should best be built;  
 How his strong walls he might aptly frame  
 And whence get timber fit to build the same

## LXXII.

Up with the link the useful Duke arose  
 A mourning chief at Dadon's burial  
 Of javans and a pile his friends companion  
 Under a hill of oaks with oaks tall;  
 Beside the house a fruitful palm-tree grew,  
 Fanobled close by this great funeral  
 Where Dadon's corpse they softly laid in ground;  
 The priests sang hymns, the soldiers wept around.

## LXXIII.

Among the boughs they here and there let low  
 Emblems and arms, as witness of his praise  
 Which he from pagan lords that did them owe  
 Had won in prosperous fights and happy days:  
 His shield they fixed on the bole below  
 And there this distich under writ, which says—  
 This palm with stretched arms doth on the wall  
 The champion Dadon's glorious name dead.

## LXXIV

This work performed with all convenient good  
 Godfrey his carpenters and men of skill  
 In all the camp, sent to an aged wood  
 With convoy meet to guard them safe from ill:  
 Within a valley deep this forest stood  
 To Christian eyes unseen, unknown, until  
 A Syrian told the Duke who thither sent  
 Those chosen workmen that for timber went.



## LXXXV

And now the axe rag'd in the forest wild,  
The echo sighed in the groves unseen,  
The weeping nymphs fled from their bowers exil'd,  
Down fell the shady tops of shaking trees,  
Down came the sacred palms, the ashes wild,  
The funeral cypress, holly ever green,  
The weeping fir, thick beech, and sailing pine,  
The married elm fell with his fruitful vine

## LXXXVI

The shooter yew, the broad-leav'd sycamore,  
The barren plantain, and the walnut sound,  
The myth that her foul sin doth still deplore,  
The alder owner of all wat'rish ground,  
Sweet juniper, whose shadow hurteth sore,  
Proud cedar, oak the king of forests crown'd  
Thus fell the trees, with noise the deserts roar,  
The beasts their caves, the birds their nests forlore

## BOOK IV

## THE ABSTRACT

Sat on his throne and saw us sworn both all  
 And saw them forth to walk the (Dun) in view;  
 False Hydrunt their aid from hold & call 33  
 And saw'st Armada to retrace his fall 33  
 She tells her birth, her father and her fall 33  
 A kind, all-wise and wise the workmen on  
 That they can at her enterprise to prove; 33  
 She wins them with death, craft, beauty, love

## I.

While thus their work went on with lofty speed  
 And reared came their learned fronts a blaze  
 The ancient foe to man and mortal need  
 In warlike eyes upon them bent and stare;  
 And when he saw their labours well as J  
 He wroth for rage and threat and dire mischance,  
 He chok'd his curse to himself he spake  
 Such noise wild bulls that softly bellow make

## II.

At last, musing in his damned thought  
 To find some let to stop their warlike feat,  
 He gave command his Juns he'll be enough  
 Before the throne of his infernal seat.  
 O Lord! as if it were a thing of nought  
 God to resist or change his purpose great,  
 Who on his foes doth thunder in his ire  
 Whose arrows hailstones be and rods of fire.

## III

The dreary trumpet blew a dreadful blast,  
And rumbled through the lands and kingdoms under,  
Through wasteness wide it roar'd, and hollows vast,  
And fill'd the deep with horror, fear, and wonder,  
Not half so dreadful noise the tempests cast,  
That fall from skies with storms of hail and thunder,  
Nor half so loud the whistling winds do sing,  
Broke from the earthen prisons of their king

## IV

The Peers of Pluto's realm assembled been  
Amid the palace of their angry king,  
In hideous forms and shapes 't'ofore unseen,  
That fear, death, terror, and amazement bring,  
With ugly paws some trample on the green,  
Some gnaw the snakes that on their shoulders hing,  
And some their forked tails stretch forth on high,  
And tear the twinkling stars from trembling sky

## V

There were Sileno's foul and loathsome rout,  
There Sphinxes, Centaurs, there were Gorgons fell,  
There howling Scyllas yawling round about,  
There serpents hiss, there seven-mouthed Hydras yell,  
Chimera there spews fire and brimstone out,  
And Polyphemus blind supporteth hell,  
Besides ten thousand monsters therein dwells,  
Mis-shap'd, unlike themselves, and like nought else

## VI

About their Prince each took his wonted seat  
On thrones red hot, y built of burning brass,  
Pluto in midst heav'd his trident great,  
Of rusty iron huge that forged was,  
The rocks on which the salt sea billows beat,  
And Atlas tops the clouds in height that pass,  
Compar'd to his huge person, mole-hills be,  
So his rough front, his horns so lifted he

## VII.

The tyrant proud frown'd from his lofty cell,  
 And with his looks made all his monsters tremble  
 His eyes, that full of rage and venom swell,  
 Two lions seem, that men to arms       hiss,  
 His salted locks, that on his bosom fell,  
 On rugged mountains briars and thorns resemble  
 His yawning mouth that foamed clotted blood,  
 Gap'd like a whirlpool wide in Stygian flood.

## VIII.

And as mount Ætna vaults sulphur out,  
 With clefts of burning cracks, and fire, and smoke  
 So from his mouth flew kindled coals about,  
 Hot sparks and smells that man and beast would choke  
 The musky fog pasted durst not whine for doubt,  
 Still were the Furies while their Scythian spoke,  
 And swift Cyclops staid his unarm'd stirr,  
 While thus the murderer thumbr'd out his will:

## IX.

Ye powers infernal, worthier far to sit  
 Above the sun, whence you your offspring take,  
 With me that whirlwinds through the welkin flit,  
 Down tumbled headlong to this empty lake,  
 Our former glory still       remember it,  
 Our bold attempts and war we once did make  
 Against Him that rules above the starry sphere,  
 For which like traitors we lie damnd here.

## X.

And now first met of clear and gladd'ning sky  
 Of Titan's brightness that so glorious is,  
 In this deep darkness, lo! we helpless lie,  
 Hopeless again to joy our former bliss,  
 And more, which makes my griefs to multiply  
 That sinful creature man created is,  
 And in our place the heavens possess he must,  
 Vile man! begot of clay and born of dust.

## XI

Nor this suffic'd, but that he also gave  
His only Son, his darling, to be slain,  
To conquer so hell, death, sin, and the grave,  
And man condemned to restore again,  
He brake our prisons, and would algates save  
The souls that here should dwell in woe and pain,  
And now in Heav'n with Him they live always,  
With endless glory crown'd and lasting praise.

## XII.

But why recount I thus our passed harms ?  
Remembrance fresh makes weak'ned sorrows strong,  
Expulsed were we with injurious arms,  
From those due honours us of right belong  
But let us leave to speak of these alarms,  
And bend our forces 'gaunst our present wrong,  
*Ah ! see you not how He attempted bath*  
To bring all lands, all nations to his faith !

## XIII.

Then let us careless spend the day and night,  
Without regard what haps, what comes or goes,  
Let Asia subject be to Christians' might,  
A prey be Sion to her conquering foes,  
Let her adore again her Christ aright,  
Who her before all nations whilome chose,  
In brazen tables be his lore ywrit,  
And let all tongues and lands acknowledge it.

## XIV

So shall our sacred altars all be his,  
Our holy idols tumbled in the mold,  
To him the wretched man, that sinful is,  
Shall pray, and offer incense, myrrh, and gold ;  
Our temples shall their costly deckings miss,  
With naked walls and pillars freezing cold,  
Tribute of souls shall end and our estate,  
Or Pluto reign in kingdoms desolate

## XV

Oh! be not then the cause perish'd clean  
 That whilome dwelt within your haughty thought  
 When, arm'd with hining fire and weapons keen,  
 Against the angels of proud hea'n we fought  
 I grant we fell on the Phlegrean green,  
 Yet good our cause was, though our fortune nought;  
 For chance hath oft th' ignominious part,  
 We lost the field, yet lost we not our heart.

## XVI.

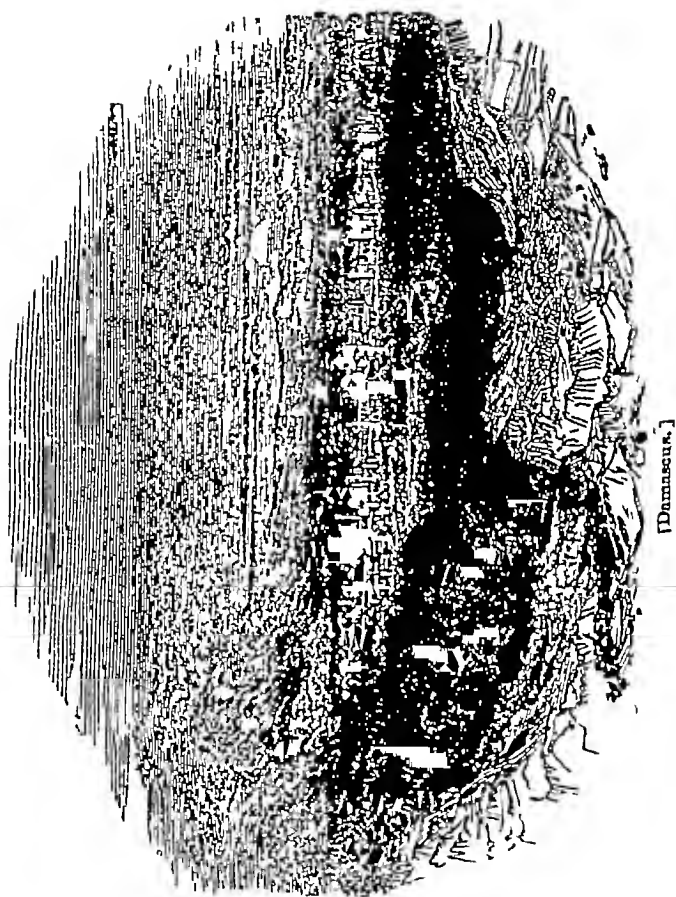
Go then, my strength, my hope, my spirits, go  
 These wretched rebels with your power withstand,  
 Pluck up these weeds, lest they overgrow  
 The gentle garden of the Hebrews' land  
 Quench out this spark before it kindle so  
 That Asia burn consumed with the brand.  
 Use open force, or secret guile unsied  
 For craft is virtue against a foe debed.

## XVII.

Among the knights and worthies of their train  
 Let some like out-laws wander uncouth ways,  
 Let some be slain in field, let some again  
 Make oracles of women's yea and nays,  
 And pine in foolish love; let some complain  
 On Godfrey's rule, and mutinies against him raise;  
 Turn each one's sword against his fellow's heart  
 Thus kill them all, or spoil the gilded part.

## XVIII

Before his words the tyrant ended had  
 The lesser devils arose with ghastly roar,  
 And thronged forth about the world to gad;  
 Each land they filled, river, lake, and shore,  
 The goblins, fairies, fiends, and furies mad,  
 Ranged in flow'ry dales, and moor, and heath  
 And under every trembling leaf they sit,  
 Between the solid earth and welkin fit.



[Damascus.]

## XIX

About the world they spread both far and wide,  
 Filling the thoughts of each ungodly heart  
 With secret mischief, slyer hate, and pride,  
 Wounding lost souls with sin's empoison'd dart.  
 But say my Muse, whence first they tried  
 To hurt the Christian lords, and from what part  
 Thou know'st of things *perfidus* and so long ago,  
 This latter age bears little truth or none.

## XX.

The town Damascus and the lands about  
 Ruled Hidsart, a wily grave and sage,  
 Acquainted well with all the *h* and rout  
 Of Plato's reign, even from his tender age  
 Yet of this war he could not figure out  
 The wished ending or *success* *perfidus*;  
 For neither stars above, nor powers of hell,  
 Nor skill nor art, nor charms nor devil could tell.

## XXI.

And yet he thought, O vain conceit of man!  
 Which as thou wishest judgest things to come,  
 That the French host to sure destruction run  
 Condemned quite by heav'n's eternal doom:  
 He thinks no force withstand or vanquish can  
 Th' Egyptian strength, and therefore would that some  
 Both of the prey and glory of the fight,  
 Upon his Syrian folk should haply light.

## XXII.

But for he held the Frenchman's worth in price,  
 And fear'd the doubtful gain of bloody war  
 He, that was closely sly and slyly wise,  
 Cast how he might annoy them most from far  
 And as he gain upon this point devise,  
 (As counsellors in ill still nearest are)  
 At hand was Satan ready ere men need,  
 If once they think to make them do the deed.



## XXIII

He counsel'd him how best to hunt his game,  
 What dart to cast, what net, what toil to pitch  
 A niece he had, a nice and tender dame,  
 Peerless in wit, in nature's blessings rich,  
 To all deceit she could her beauty frame,  
 False, fair, and young, a virgin and a witch,  
 To her he told the sum of this emprise,  
 And prais'd her thus, for she was fair and wise :

## XXIV

My dear, who underneath these locks of gold,  
 And native brightness of thy lovely hue,  
 Hidest grave thoughts, ripe wit, and wisdom old,  
 More skill than I, in all mine arts untrue,  
 'To thee my purpose great I must unfold,  
 This enterprise thy cunning must pursue,  
 Weave thou to end this web which I begin,  
 I will the distaff hold, come thou and spin

## XXV.

Go to the Christians' host, and there assay  
 All subtle sleights that women use in love,  
 Shed brinish tears, sob, sigh, entreat, and pray,  
 Wring thy fair hands, cast up thine eyes above,  
 For mourning beauty hath much power, men say,  
 The stubborn hearts with pity frail to move,  
 Look pale for dread, and blush sometime for shame,  
 In seeming troth thy lies will soonest frame

## XXVI.

Take with the bait Lord Godfrey; if thou may'st,  
 Frame snares of looks, trains of alluring speech,  
 For if he love, the conquest then thou hast  
 Thus purpos'd war thou may'st with ease impeach,  
 Else lead the other lords to deserts waste,  
 And hold them slaves far from their leader's reach  
 Thus taught he her, and for conclusion saith,  
 All things are lawful for our lands and faith.

## XXII.

The sweet Armida took this charge on hand,  
 A tender piece, for beauty, sex and age.  
 The sun was smother'd underneath the land  
 When she began her wondrous pilgrimage  
 In silken weeds she taught to wither  
 And conquer knights in warlike equipage.  
 Of their night-ambling dame the Syrians prated,  
 Some good, some bad, as they her lov'd or hated.

## XXVIII.

Within few days the nymph arriv'd there,  
 Where t' Godfrey had his tents uplight;  
 Upon her strange attire, and visage clear  
 Gazed each soldier, gazed every knight:  
 As when a comet doth in skies appear  
 The people stand amaz'd at the light,  
 So wonder'd they and each at other wight,  
 What mister wight she was, and whence y'laught.

## XXX.

Yet never eye to Cupid's service vow'd  
 Held a face of such a lovely pride  
 A thine veil her amber locks did abroad,  
 That strove to cover what it could not hide  
 The golden sun behind a silver cloud,  
 So shew'd out his beams on every side  
 The marble goddess, set at Goido's, naked,  
 She seem'd, were she uncloth'd, or that awak'd.

## XXXI.

The gentle wind swing her tresses play,  
 And curl'd up those & wavy riches short;  
 Her painful eye to spread his beams decays,  
 But keeps his shot where Cupid keeps his fort;  
 The rose and lily on her cheek assays  
 To paint true fairness out in bravest sort  
 Her lips, where blooms nought but the single rose,  
 Still blush for still they kiss while still they close.

## XXXI

Her breasts, two hills o'erspread with purest snow,  
 Sweet, smooth and supple, soft and gently swelling,  
 Between them lies a milken dale below, [dwelling,  
 Where love, youth, gladness, whiteness make their  
 Her breasts half hid, and half were laid to show,  
 Her envious vesture greedy sight repelling  
 So was the wanton clad, as if thus much  
 Should please the eye, the rest unseen the touch

## XXXII

As when the sunbeams dive through Tagus' wave,  
 To spy the storehouse of his springing gold,  
 Love-piercing thought so through her mantle drave,  
 And in her gentle bosom wander'd bold  
 It view'd the wondrous beauty virgins have,  
 And all to fond desire with vantage told.  
 Alas! what hope is left to quench the fire,  
 That kindled is by sight, blown by desire

## XXXIII

Thus past she, praised, wish'd, and wond'ered at,  
 Among the troops who there encamped lay,  
 She smil'd for joy, but well dissembled that  
 Her greedy eye chose out her wished prey,  
 On all her gestures seeming virtue sat,  
 Towards th' imperial tent she ask'd the way  
 With that she met a bold and lovesome knight,  
 Lord Godfrey's youngest brother, Eustace hight

## XXXIV

This was the fowl that first fell in the snare,  
 He saw her fair, and hop'd to find her kind,  
 The throne of Cupid hath an easy stair,  
 His bark is fit to sail with every wind,  
 The breach he makes no wisdom can repair  
 With rev'rence meet the baron low inclin'd,  
 And thus his purpose to the virgin told,  
 For youth, use, nature, all had made him bold

## XXXV

Lady If thou becom'st a stife so low,  
 In whose sweet looks each sacred beauty shine,  
 For never yet did heav'n such grace bestow  
 On any daughter born of Adam's line,  
 Thy name let us, though far unworthy know  
 Unfold thy will, and whence thou art in fine,  
 Lest my gaudious boldness learn too late,  
 What honours due become thy high estate.

## XXXVI

Sir knight, quoth she, your praises reach too high  
 Above her merit you ~~enden so,~~  
 A hapless maid I am, both born to die,  
 And dead to joy, that live in care and woe,  
 A virgin helpless, fugitive perdue,  
 My native soil and kingdom thus forego  
 To seek Duke Godfrey's aid, such store men tell  
 Of virtuous ruth doth in his bosom dwell.

## XXXVII

Conduct me then that mighty Duke before,  
 If you be courteous, sir as well you seem.—  
 Content, quoth he since of one womb ybore,  
 We levillins are, your fortune good calumet  
 T' encounter me, whose word is alleth more  
 In Godfrey's hand than you haply deem,  
 Mine aid I grant, and his I promise too,  
 All that his might, or my sword, can do.

## XXXVIII

He led her easily forth when this was said,  
 Where Godfrey sat ~~at~~ his lords and peers;  
 She rev'rence did, then blush'd as one dismay'd  
 To speak, for secret wants and inward fears  
 It seem'd a beautiful shame her ~~poaches~~ staid.  
 At last the courteous Duke her gently cheers;  
 Silence was made, and she began her tale.  
 They sit to hear thus sung the night all day :

## XXIX.

Victorious prince, whose honourable name  
Is held so great among our pagan kings,  
That to those lands thou dost by conquest tame,  
That thou hast won them some content it brings,  
Well known to all is thy immortal fame,  
The earth thy worth, thy foe thy praises sings,  
And painims wronged come to seek thine aid,  
So doth thy virtue, so thy power persuade

## XX

And I, though bred in Macon's heath'nish lore,  
Which thou oppressest with thy puissant might,  
Yet trust thou wilt an helpless maid restore,  
And repossess her in her father's right  
Others in their distress do aid implore  
Of kin and friends, but I in this sad plight  
Invoke thy help my kingdom to invade,  
So doth thy virtue, so my need persuade

## XXI

In thee I hope, thy succours I invoke,  
To win the crown whence I am dispossess,  
For like renown awaiteth on the stroke  
To cast the haughty down, or raise th' oppress,  
Nor greater glory brings a sceptre broke,  
Than doth deliv'rance of a maid distress'd  
And since thou canst at will perform the thing,  
More is thy praise to make than kill a king

## XXII

But if thou wouldst thy succours due excuse,  
Because in Christ I have no hope nor trust,  
Ah! yet for virtue's sake thy virtue use,  
Who scorneth gold because it lies in dust?  
Be witness, heav'n, if thou to grant refuse,  
Thou dost forsake a maid in cause most just,  
And for thou shalt at large my fortunes know,  
I will my wrongs, and their great treasons show

## XLIII.

Prince Arbican that reigned in his life  
 On fair De — —, was my noble sire,  
 Born of mean race he was, yet got to wife  
 The queen Charicla, such was the fire  
 Of her hot love, but soon the fatal knife  
 Had cut the thread that kept their joys entire,  
 For so mishap her cruel lot had cast,  
 My birth her death my first day was her last.

## XLIV

And ere five years had fully come and gone  
 Since his dear spouse to hasty death did yield  
 My father also died, consumed with moan,  
 And sought his love amid the Elysian field,  
 His — — and me poor orphan, left alone.  
 Mine uncle g — — in my tender elfd;  
 For well he thought, if mortal men have faith,  
 In brother's breast true love his — — hath.

## XLV

He took the charge of me, and of the — —,  
 And with kind shows of love so brought to pass,  
 That through Damascus great report was blown  
 How good, how just, how kind mine uncle was  
 Whether he kept his wicked hate unknown,  
 And hid the serpent in the flow'ring grass,  
 Or that true faith did in his bosom won,  
 Because he meant to match me with his son.

## XLVI.

Which son, within short while did undertake  
 Degree of knighthood, as became him well  
 Yet never durst be for his lady's sake  
 Break sword or lance advanc'd in lofty cell  
 As fair he was as Citherea's make,  
 As proud as he that signeth with bell  
 In fashions new and in love unkind,  
 For Cupid deluges not wound a — — kind.

## XLVII

This paragon should queen Armida wed,  
 A goodly swain to be a princess' pbeer,  
 A lovely partner of a lady's bed,  
 A noble head a golden crown to wear!  
 His glosing sire his errand daily said,  
 And sugar'd speeches whisp'red in mine ear,  
 To make me take this darling in mine arms,  
 But still the adder stopp'd her tears from charms

## XLVIII

At last he left me with a troubled grace,  
 Through which transparent was his inward spite,  
 Methought I read the story in his face  
 Of these mishaps that on me since have light  
 Since that, foul spirits haunt my resting place,  
 And ghastly visions break my sleep by night,  
 Grief, horror, fear, my fainting soul did kill,  
 For so my mind foreshow'd my coming ill

## XLIX

Three times the shape of my dear mother came,  
 Pale, sad, dismay'd, to warn me in my dream  
 Alas! how far transformed from the same,  
 Whose eyes shone erst like Titan's glorious beam —  
 Daughter, she says, fly, fly, behold thy damo  
 Foreshows the treasons of thy wretched came,  
 Who poison 'gainst thy harmless life provides —  
 This said, to shapeless air unseen sho glides

## L.

But what avail high walls or bulwarks strong,  
 Where fainting cowards have the peece to guard?  
 My sex too weak, mine age was all too young,  
 To undertake alone a work so hard,  
 To wander wild the desert woods among,  
 A banish'd maid, of wonted ease debarr'd,  
 So grievous seem'd, that leifer were my death,  
 And there t' expire where first I drew my breath

## LX.

I feared deadly evil if long I staid,  
 And yet to fly had neither will nor power  
 Nor durst my heart declare it was a dread  
 Lest so I hasten might my dying hour :  
 Thus restless waited I, unhappy maid !  
 What hand should first pluck up my springing bow ?  
 Even as the wretch, condemn'd to lose his life,  
 Awaits the falling of the murd'ring knife.

## LXI.

In these extremes (for so my fortune would  
 Peril me to my further ill)  
 One of my noble father's sons came old,  
 That for his goodness bore his child good will,  
 With store of tears this tale began unfold,  
 And said, my guardian would his pupil kill  
 And that himself if possible made he kept,  
 Should give me poison dire ere next I slept.

## LXII.

And further told me, if I wish'd to live,  
 I must save myself by secret flight  
 And offer'd then all that he could give  
 To aid his mistress, banish'd from her right.  
 His words of comfort fear to exile drive,  
 The dread of death made lesser dangers light  
 So we agreed, when the shadows dim  
 Obscur'd the earth, I should depart with him.

## LXIII.

Of close wraps the aged pious dame,  
 Blacker than e'er, her sable mantle spread,  
 When with two trusty monks in great distress,  
 Both from my uncle and my realm I fled.  
 Oft look'd I back, but hardly could suppress  
 Those streams of tears mine eyes un-  
 For when I looked on my kingdom lost,  
 It was a grief, a death an hell to meet



## LV.

My steeds drew on the burden of my limbs,  
But still my looks, my thoughts, drew back as fast  
So fare the men that, from the haven's brims,  
Far out to sea by sudden storm are cast.  
Swift o'er the grass the rolling chariot swims,  
Through ways unknown, all night, all day, we haste  
At last, nigh tir'd, a castle strong we fand,  
The utmost border of my native land,

## LVI

The fort Arontes was, for so the knight  
Was call'd that my deliv'rance thus had wrought  
But when the tyrant saw, by mature flight  
I had escap'd the treasons of his thought,  
The rage increased in the cursed wight,  
'Gainst me, and him that me to safety brought,  
And us accus'd, we would have poisoned  
Him, but desried, to save our lives we fled.

## LVII

And that, in lieu of his approved truth,  
To poison him I hired had my guide,  
That he dispatched, mine unbridled youth  
Might range at will, in no subjection tied,  
And that each night I slept (O foul untruth!)  
Mine honour lost, by this Arontes' side —  
But heav'n I pray send down revenging fire,  
When so base love shall change my chaste desire!

## LVIII

Not that he sitteth on my regal throne,  
Nor that he thirst to drink my lukewarm blood,  
So grieveth me as this despite alone,  
That my renown, which ever blameless stood,  
Hath lost the light wherewith it always shone  
With forged lies he makes his tale so good,  
And holds my subjects' hearts in such suspense,  
That none take armour for their queen's defence.

## LXX.

And though he doth my regal throne possess  
 Clothed in purple, crown'd with burnish'd gold  
 Yet is his hate, his rancour ne'er the less,  
 Since nought smothereth malice when tis old:  
 He threats to burn Arcton's fastness,  
 And murder him unless he yield the hold  
 And me, and mine, thus, not with war, but death;  
 Thus unmitig'd hatred endless is my death

## LXI.

And so he trusts to wash away the stain  
 And hide his shameful fact with mine effusion;  
 And with he will restore the throne again  
 To its late honour and due excellence  
 And therefore would I should be slayer slain  
 For while I live his right is in suspicion—  
 This is the cause my guileless life is sought,  
 For on my ruin is his safety wrought.

## LXII.

And let the tyrant have his heart's desire,  
 Let him perform the cruelty he seeks;  
 My guileless blood must quench the wretched fire,  
 On which my endless tears were bootless spent,  
 Unless thou help. To thee now and sire,  
 I fly a virgin, orphan, innocent;  
 And let these tears that on thy feet distill,  
 Redeem the drops of blood he thirsts to spill.

## LXIII.

By these thy glorious feet that tread secure  
 On necks of tyrants, by thy conquests brave,  
 By that right hand, and by those temples pure  
 Thou seekst to free from Macon's lore, I crave  
 Help for this sickness, none but thou canst cure  
 My life and kingdom let thy mercy save  
 From death and ruin: but in vain I prove thee,  
 If right if truth if justice cannot move thee,

## LXIII

Thou, who dost all thou wishest at thy will,  
And never willest ought but what is right,  
Preserve this guiltless blood they seek to spill,  
Thine be my kingdom, save it with thy might.  
Among these captains, lords, and knights of skill,  
Appoint me ten approved most in fight,  
Who, with assistance of my friends and kin,  
May serve my kingdom lost again to win

## LXIV

For lo, a knight that hath a gate to ward,  
A man of chiefest trust about his king,  
Hath promised so to beguile the guard,  
That me and mine he undertakes to bring  
Safe where the tyrant haply sleepeth hard  
He counsell'd me to undertake this thing,  
Of thee some little succour to entreat,  
Whose name alone accomplish can the feat —

## LXV

This said, his answer did the nymph attend,  
Her looks, her sighs, her gestures all did pray him,  
But Godfrey wisely did his grant suspend,  
He doubts the worst, and that awhile did stay him,  
He knows, who fears no God, he loves no friend,  
He fears the heathen false would thus betray him  
But yet such ruth dwelt in his princely mind,  
That, 'gainst his wisdom, pity made him kind

## LXVI

Besides the kindness of his gentle thought,  
Ready to comfort each distressed wight,  
The maiden's offer profit with it brought,  
For if the Syrian kingdom were her right,  
That won, the way were easy which he sought,  
To bring all Asia subject to his might,  
There might he raise munition, arms, and treasure,  
To work th' Egyptian king and his displeasure

## LXVII.

Thus was his noble heart long time betwixt  
 Fear and ~~unhappy~~ not ~~to~~ if ~~it~~ nor denying  
 Upon his eyes the dame her lookings fix'd  
 As if her life and death lay on his saying;  
 Some tears she shed with sighs and sobbings mix'd,  
 As if her hope were dead if ~~such~~ his delaying  
 At last her ~~will~~ it suit the Duke deny'd  
 But with sweet words thus would content the maid:—

## LXVIII.

If not in ~~the~~ ~~the~~ of our God we fought,  
 In ~~no~~ quarrel if this sword were shaken  
 Well might thou gather in thy gentle thought  
 So fair a Princess should not be forsaken;  
 But since these ~~times~~, from the world's end brought  
 To free this ~~land~~ ~~land~~ town have undertaken  
 It were unfit we turn'd our strength away  
 And victory even in her ~~unhappy~~ stay

## LXIX.

I promise thee, and on my princely word  
 The burden of thy wish and hope ~~express~~,  
 That when this chosen temple of the Lord  
 Her holy doors shall to his saints ~~unlocked~~  
 In rest and peace then this victorious sword  
 Shall execute due ~~vengeance~~ ~~vengeance~~ on thy foes:  
 But if for pity of a worldly dame  
 I left this work, such pity were my shame.—

## LXX.

At this the Princess bent her eyes to ground,  
 And stood unmov'd, though not ~~unconscious~~ ~~unconscious~~ a space;  
 The secret bleeding of her ~~heart~~ ~~heart~~ wound  
 Shed heav'nly dew upon her angel's face.—  
 Poor wretch, quoth she, in tears and ~~anguish~~ ~~anguish~~ ~~drawn~~ ~~drawn~~  
 Death be thy peace the grave thy resting place,  
 Since such thy hap, that, best thou ~~mayest~~ ~~mayest~~ find,  
 The gentlest heart on earth is prov'd unkind

## I XXXI

Where none attends what boots it to complain ?

Men's froward hearts are mov'd with women's tears,  
As marble stones are pierc'd with drops of rain ,

No plaints find passage through unwilling ears  
The tyrant haply would his wrath restrain,

Heard he these prayers ruthless Godfrey hears ,  
Yet not thy fault is this , my chance, I see,  
Hath made ev'n pity pitiless in thee

## I XXXII.

So both thy goodness and good hap denay'd me,

Grief, sorrow, mischief, care, hath overthrown me ;  
The star that rul'd my birth-day hath betray'd me,

My genius sees his charge, but dares not own me ;  
Of queen-like state my flight hath disarray'd me ,

My father died ere he five years had known me ,  
My kingdom lost, and lastly resteth now ,  
Down with the tree sith broke is every bough

## I XXXIII

And, for the modest lore of maidenhood

Bids me not sojourn with these armed men,

O ! whither shall I flee ? What secret wood

Shall hide me from the tyrant ? Or what den,  
What rock, what vault, what cave can do me good ?

No, no, where death is sure, it resteth then  
To scorn his power, and be it therefore seen,  
Armida liv'd, and died, both like a queen —

## I XXXIV

With that she look'd as if a proud disdain

Kindled displeasure in her noble mind ,

The way she came she turn'd her steps again,

With gestures sad, but in disdainful kind ,

A tempest railed down her cheeks amain,

With tears of woe, and sighs of anger's wind ;  
The drops her footsteps wash whereon she treads,  
And seems to step on pearls or crystal beads

## LXXV

Her cheeks on which this streaming nectar fell  
 'Still d through the lunbeck of her diamond eyes,  
 The roses white and red resembled well  
 Whereon the rosy May-dew sprinkled lies,  
 When the fair morn first blusheth from her cell  
 And breatheth balm from opened pansies  
 Thus sigh'd thus mourn'd thus wept, this lovely youth,  
 And in each drop bathed a grace new.

## LXXVI.

Thrice twenty Cupids unyoked flew  
 To gather up this liquor ere it fall  
 And of each drop an arrow forged new ;  
 Else, as it came snatch'd up the crystal ball  
 And at rebellious hearts for wild-fire threw  
 O wondrous love ! thou mak'st gain of all ;  
 For if she weeping sit, or smiling stand  
 She bends thy bow or kindleth else thy brand.

## LXXVII

This forged plait drew forth unfeigned tears  
 From many eyes, and pierc'd each worthy's heart ;  
 Each one condoletb with her that her hears  
 And of her grief would help her bear the smart :  
 If Godfrey aid her not, not one but swears  
 Some tyg ~~was~~ gave him rock, on roughest part,  
 'Midst the rude crags, on Alpine cliffs aloft :  
 Hard is that heart which beauty makes not soft.

## LXXVIII

But jolly Emmon in whose breast the brand  
 Of love and pity kindled had the flame  
 While others softly whisper'd under hand,  
 Before the Duke, with comely boldness, came :—  
 Brother and lord, quoth he, too long you stand  
 In your first purpose yet ~~is~~ ~~as~~ ~~to~~ ~~france~~  
 Your thoughts to ours and lend this virgin aid :  
 Thanks are half lost when good turns are delay'd.

## LXXIX

And think not that Eustace's talk assays  
 To turn these forces from this present war,  
 Or that I wish you should your armies raise  
 From Sion's walls, my speech tends not so far,  
 But we that venture all for fame and praise,  
 That to no charge nor service bounden are,  
 Forth of our troop may ten well spared be  
 To succour her, which nought can weaken thee

## LXXX

And know they shall in God's high service fight,  
 That virgins innocent save and defend,  
 Dear will the spoils be in the heaven's sight,  
 That from a tyrant's hateful head we rend  
 Nor seem I forward in this lady's right,  
 With hope of gain or profit in the end,  
 But, for I know he arms unworthy bears,  
 To help a maiden's cause that shuns or fears

## LXXXI.

Ah! be it not pardio declar'd in France,  
 Or elsewhere told where court'sy is in prize,  
 That we forsook so fair a chevisance,  
 For doubt or fear that might from flight arise  
 Else, here surrender I both sword and lance,  
 And swear no more to use this martial guise,  
 For ill deserves he to be term'd a knight,  
 That bears a blunt sword in a lady's right —

## LXXXII

Thus parled he, and with confused sound  
 The rest approved what the gallant said.  
 Their general the knights encompass'd round,  
 With humble grace and earnest suit they pray'd —  
 I yield, quoth he, and bo it happy found  
 What I have granted, let her have your aid,  
 Yours be the thanks, for yours the danger is  
 If aught succeed, as much I fear amiss

## LXXXIII.

But, if with you my words may credit find,  
 Oh! temper then this heat unquakes you so.—  
 Thus much he said but they with fancy blind  
 Accept his grant and let his counsel go.  
 What works not beauty! men's relenting mind  
 Is eath to move with plaints and shows of woe:  
 Her lips cast forth a chain of sugar'd words  
 That captiv'd led most of the Christian lords.

## LXXXIV.

Eustace recall'd her and bewails her thus:—  
 Beauty's chief darling! let these sorrows be  
 For such assistance shall you find in us  
 As with your need or will may best agree.—  
 With that she cheer'd her furbow'd dolorous,  
 And smil'd for joy that Phobus blush'd to see;  
 And had she deign'd her veil for to remove,  
 The god himself once more had fallen in love.

## LXXXV.

With that she broke the silence once again,  
 And gave the knight great thanks in little speech;  
 She said she would his handmaid poor remain,  
 So far as honour's laws receiv'd no breach.  
 Her humble gestures made the residue plain,  
 Dumb eloquence speaks as long more than speech.  
 This women know, and thus they use the guise  
 To enchant the valliant and beguile the wise.

## LXXXVI.

And when she saw her enterprise had got  
 Some wiabed mean of quick and good proceeding  
 She thought to strike the lion that was hot;  
 For every action hath its hour of speeding.  
 Medea or false Circe I could not  
 So far the shapes of men, as her eyes speeding  
 Alter'd their hearts, and with her shrews round  
 In lust their minds their laws in love she drown'd.



## LXXXVII

All wily sleights that subtle women know,  
 Hourly she us'd to catch some lover new  
 None ken'd the bent of her unsteadfast bow,  
 For with the time her thoughts her looks renew  
 From some she cast her modest eyes below,  
 At some her gazing glances roving flew,  
 And while she thus pursued her wanton sport,  
 She spurr'd the slow, and rein'd the forward short

## LXXXVIII

If some, as hopeless that she would be won,  
 Forbore to love, because they durst not move her,  
 On them her gentle looks to smile begun,  
 As who say, she is kind, if you dare prove her  
 On ev'ry heart thus shone this lustful sun,  
 All strove to serve, to please, to woo, to love her,  
 And in their hearts that chaste and bashful were,  
 Her eye's hot glance dissolv'd the frost of fear.

## LXXXIX

On them, who durst with fing'ring bold assay  
 To touch the softness of her tender skin,  
 She look'd as coy as if she list not play,  
 And made as things of worth were hard to win,  
 Yet temper'd so her 'daintiful looks away,  
 That outward scorn shew'd store of grace within.  
 Thus with false hope their longing hearts she fir'd,  
 For hardest gotten things are most desir'd

## XC

Alone sometimes she walk'd in secret, where  
 To ruminate upon her discontent,  
 Within her eyelids sat the swelling tear,  
 Not poured forth, though sprung from sad lament,  
 And with this craft a thousand souls well near  
 In snares of foolish ruth and love she hent,  
 And kept as slaves, by which we fitly prove,  
 That witless pity breedeth fruitless love

## XCL

Sometimes, as if her hope unloosed had  
The chains of grief wherein her thoughts lay fetter'd  
Upon her minions look'd she blithe and glad;  
In that deceitful look so was she better'd  
Not glorious Titan in his brightness clad  
The sunshine of her face in lustre better'd;  
For when she list to cheer her beauties so,  
She smil'd away the clouds of grief and woe

## XCII

Her double charms of smiles and sugar'd words  
Lulled on sleep the virtue of their senses;  
Reason small aid 'gainst those assaults affords,  
Wisdom no warrant from those sweet offences  
Cupid's deep rivers have their shallow fords  
His griefs bring joys his loves recompences  
He breeds the sore and cures us of the pain;  
Achilles lance that wounds and heals again,

## XCIII.

While thus she them torments 'twixt frost and fire  
'Twixt joy and grief 'twixt hope and restless fear  
The sly enchantment felt her gain the higher  
There were her flocks that golden flocks bear:  
But if some one durst utter his desire  
And by complaining make his griefs appear;  
He labour'd hard rocks with plaints to move  
She had not learn'd the gunnet then of love

## XCIV

For down she bent her beauteous eyes to gaze,  
And down'd the weed of women's modest grace  
Down from her eyes welled the pearls round  
Upon the bright enamel of her face:  
Such honey drops on jasper flow'rs are found  
When Phœbus holds the crimson morn in chase:  
Full seem'd her looks of anger and of shame  
Yet pity shone transparent through the same.

## XCV

If she perceived by his outward checr,  
That any would his love by talk bewray,  
Sometimes she heard him, sometimes stop'd her ear,  
And played fast and loose the live-long day  
Thus all her lovers kind deluded were,  
Their earnest suit got neither yea nor nay,  
But like the sort of weary huntsmen fare,  
That hunt all day and lose at night the hare

## XCVI

These were the arts by which she captived  
A thousand souls of young and lusty knights,  
These were the arms wherewith love conquered  
Their feeble hearts subdued in wanton fights  
What wonder if Achilles were misled,  
Or great Alcides, at their ladies' sights,  
Since these true champions of the Lord above  
Were thralls to beauty, yelden slaves to love?

## BOOK V

## THE ARMY SLEET

Godfredo scorns Hinakdo should aspire	
To rule that charge for which he seeks and strives,	13
And slanders him so far that in his ire	26
The wronged knight his foe of life dequies	31
Far from the camp the slayer doth retire	40
Nor lets himself be bound in chains or gyves.	42
Arnide departs content; and from the seas	79
Godfrey hears news which him and his displease.	86

## I.

WHILE thus Arnide false the knights misled  
 In wand'ring errors of deceitful love;  
 And thought, besides the champions promised  
 The other lordings in her aid to move  
 In Godfrey's thought a strong contention bred  
 Who fittest were this hazard great to prove  
 For all the worthies of th' advent'rous band  
 Were like in birth, in power, in strength of hand.

## II.

BUT first the Prince, by grave advice, decreed  
 They should some knight choose at their own election,  
 That in his charge Lord Duden might succeed,  
 And of that glorious troop should take protection  
 So none should grieve, as, displeased with the deed,  
 Nor blame the cause of their new subjection  
 Besides, Godfredo shou'd by this device  
 How much he held that regiment in price.

## III

He call'd the worthies then, and spake them so —  
Lordings, you know I yielded to your will,  
And gave you licence with this dame to go,  
To win her kingdom, and that tyrant kill  
But now again I let you further know,  
In following her it may betide you ill,  
Refrain therefore, and change this forward thought,  
For death unsent for, danger comes unsought

## IV

But if to shun these perils, sought so far,  
May seem disgraceful to the place you hold,  
If grave advice and prudent counsel are  
Esteem'd detractors from your courage bold,  
Then know, I none against his will debar,  
Nor what I granted erst I now withhold,  
But be mine empire, as it ought of right,  
Sweet, easy, pleasant, gentle, meek, and light

## V

Go then or tarry, each as likes him best,  
Free pow'r I grant you on this enterprise,  
But first, in Dudon's place, now laid in chest,  
Choose you some other captain stout and wise  
Then ten appoint among the worthiest,  
But let no more attempt this hard emprise,  
In this my will content you that I have,  
For pow'r constrain'd is but a glorious slave —

## VI

Thus Godfrey said, and thus his brother spake,  
And answer'd for himself and all his peers —  
My Lord, as well it fitteth thee to make  
These wise delays, and cast these doubts and fears,  
So 'tis our part at first to undertake,  
Courage and haste beseeem our might and years,  
And this proceeding with so grave advice,  
Wisdom in you, in us were cowardice.

## III

He call'd the worthies then, and spake them so —

Lordings, you know I yielded to your will,  
And gave you licence with this dame to go,  
To win her kingdom, and that tyrant kill  
But now again I let you further know,  
In following her it may betide you ill,  
Refrain therelore, and change this forward thought,  
For death unsent for, danger comes unsought

## IV

But if to shun these perils, sought so far,  
May seem disgraceful to the place you hold,  
If grave advice and prudent counsel are  
Esteem'd detractors from your courage bold,  
Then know, I none against his will debar,  
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Courage and haste beseeem our might and years,  
And this proceeding with so grave advice,  
Wisdom in you, in us were cowardice.

## VII.

Since then the feat is easy, danger none,  
 All set in battle and in hardy fight,  
 Do thou permit the chosen ten to goe  
 And aid the damsel.—Thus devis'd the knight,  
 To make men think the sun of honour above  
 There where the lamp of Cupid gave the light.  
 The rest perceive his guile and it approve,  
 And call that knighthood which was childish love.

## VIII.

But loving Eostace, that with jealous eye  
 Beheld the worth of Sophia's noble child,  
 And his fair shape did secretly envie,  
 Bewild'ring the virtues in his breast compil'd  
 And, for in love he would no company  
 He stor'd his mouth with speeches smoothly fil'd,  
 Drawing his rival to attend his word  
 Thus with fair sleight he led the knight aboard:—

## IX.

Of great Bertoldo thou far greater heir  
 Thou star of knighthood, flower of chivalry  
 Tell me who now shall lead this squadron fair  
 Since our late guide in marble cold doth lie?  
 I that with famous Duden might compare  
 In all but years, hoar locks, and gravity  
 To whom should I Duke Godfrey's brother yield,  
 Unless to thee, the Christian army's shield?

## X.

Thee, whom high birth makes equal with the best,  
 Thine acts prefer both me and all before me,  
 Nor that in fight thou both surpass the rest  
 And Godfrey's worthy self I hold in scorn  
 Thee to obey thou art I only press'd,  
 Before thee worthless be thine eagle borne.  
 This honour haply thou esteemest light,  
 Whose day of glory never yet found night.

## XI

Yet may'st thou further, by this means, display  
The spreading wings of thy immortal fame,  
I will procure it, if thou say'st not nay,  
And all their wills to thine election frame  
But, for I scanty am resolv'd which way  
To bend my force, or where employ the same,  
Leave me, I pray, at my discretion free  
To help Armida, or serve here with thee —

## XII

This last request, for love is evil to lide,  
Impurpled both his cheeks with scarlet red,  
Rinaldo soon his passions had desiered,  
And, gently smiling, turn'd aside his head,  
And, for weak Cupid was too feeble-ey'd  
To strike him sure, the fire in him was dead,  
So that of rivals was he nought afraid,  
Nor car'd he for the journey or the maid

## XIII

But in his noble thought revolv'd he oft  
Dudon's high prowess, death and burial,  
And how Argantes bore his plumes aloft,  
Praising his fortune for that worthy's fall  
Besides, the knight's sweet words and praises soft  
To his due honour did him fitly call,  
And made his heart rejoice, for well he knew,  
Though much he prais'd him, all his words were true —

## XIV

Degrees, quoth he, of honours high to hold,  
I would them first deserve, and then desire,  
And were my valour such as you have told,  
Would I for that to higher place aspire,  
But if to honours due raise me you would,  
I will not of my works refuse the hire,  
And much it glads me that my pow'r and might  
Ypraised is by such a valiant knight



## XV

I neither seek it, nor refuse the place,  
Which if I get, the praise and thanks be thine.—  
Eustace thus spoken, bled thence apace  
To know which way his fellows' hearts incl'd he,  
But Prince Gerardo coveted the place,  
Whom though Arnalda sought to undermine,  
Gainst him yet vain did all her engines prove,  
His pride was such there was no place for love.

## XVI.

Gerardo was the King of Norway's son,  
That many a realm and region had to guide,  
And, for his elders lands and crowns had won,  
His heart was puff'd up with endless pride  
The other boasts more what himself had done  
Than all his ancestors' great acts beside  
Yet his forefathers old before him were  
Famous in war and peace five hundred year

## XVII.

This barb'rous Prince, who only vainly thought  
That bliss in wealth and kingly pow'r doth lie  
And in respect esteem'd all virtue nought,  
Unless it were adorn'd with titles high,  
Could not endure that to the place he sought,  
A simple knight should dare to press so nigh  
And in his breast so loaded full despite,  
That ire and wrath exil'd him quite.

## XVIII.

The hidden devil that lies in close wait  
To win the sort of unbelieving man,  
Found entry there where are unild the gates,  
And in his bosom unperceiv'd ran  
It fill'd his heart with malice, strife, and hate,  
It made him rage, blaspheme, swear curse and ban,  
Invisible it still attends him near  
And thus each minute whispereth in his ear

## XIX

What, shall Rinaldo match thee ? Dares he tell  
 Those idle names of his vain pedigree ?  
 Then let him say, if thee he would excel,  
 What lands, what realms his tributaries be,  
 If his forefathers, in the graves that dwell,  
 Were honoured like thine that live, let see  
 Oh how dares one so mean aspire so high,  
 Born in that servile country Italy ?

## XX

Now, if he win, or if he lose the day,  
 Yet is his praise and glory hence derived,  
 For that the world will to his credit say,  
 Lo, this is he that with Gernando staved  
 The charge some deal thee haply honour may,  
 That noble Dudon had while here he lived,  
 But laid on him he would the office shame,  
 Let it suffice he durst desire the same

## XXI

If when this breath from man's frail body flies  
 The soul take keep, or know the things done here,  
 Oh ! how looks Dudon from the glorious skies !  
 What wrath, what anger in his face appear,  
 On this proud youngling while he bends his eyes,  
 Marking how high he doth his feathers rear,  
 Seeing his rash attempt, how soon he dare,  
 Though but a boy, with his great worth compare !

## XXII

He dares not only, but he strives, and proves,  
 Where chastisement were fit, there wins he praise  
 One counsels him, his speech him forward moves,  
 Another fool approveth all he says  
 If Godfrey favour him more than behoves,  
 Why then he wrongeth thee an hundred ways,  
 Nor let thy state so far disgraced be,  
 But what thou art, and can'st, let Godfrey see —

## XXIII

With such false words the kindled fire began  
 To ev'ry vein its poison'd heat to reach  
 It swell'd his scornful heart, and forth it ran  
 At his proud looks, and too malicious speech :  
 All that he thought blame-worthy in the man  
 To his disgrace, that would he each-where preach ;  
 He torn'd him proud and vain his worth in fight  
 He call'd fool-hardie rashness, in dress right :

## XXIV

All that in him was rare or excellent,  
 All that was good, all that was princely found  
 With such sharp words as malice could invent,  
 He blam'd, each power bath wicked tongue to wound  
 The youth (for e'ry where those rumours went)  
 Of these reproaches heard sometimes the sound  
 Nor did for that his tongue the fault mend  
 Until it brought him to his woeful end.

## XXV

The cursed flood that set his tongue at large,  
 Still bred more fancies in his idle brain  
 His heart with slanders now did overcharge  
 And soothed him still in his angry vein.  
 Amid the camp a place was broad and large,  
 Where one fair regiment might easily train  
 And there, in tilt and harmless tournament  
 Their days of rest the youths and gallants spent

## XXVI.

There, as his fortune would it should betide  
 Amid the prose German'd gun retire,  
 To rout out his venom unexp'd,  
 Wherewith foul envy did his heart inspire.  
 Roused heard him as he stood bound  
 And, as he could not bridle wrath and ire,—  
 Thou best,—cried he loud and with that word  
 About his head he tost his flaming sword.

## XXVII

Thunder his voice, and lightning seem'd his brand,  
So fell his look and furious was his cheer,  
Gernando trembled, for he saw at hand  
Pale death, and neither help nor comfort near,  
Yet, for the soldiers all to witness stand,  
He made proud sign as though he nought did fear,  
But bravely drew his little-helping blade,  
And valiant show of strong resistance made

## XXVIII

With that a thousand blades of burnish'd steel  
Ghst' red on heaps, like flames of fire in sight,  
Hundreds, that knew not yet the quarrel wheel,  
Ran thither, some to gaze and some to fight  
The empty air a sound confus'd did feel  
Of murmur low and outcries loud on height,  
Like rolling waves and Boreas' angry blasts,  
When roaring seas against the rocks he casts

## XXIX

But not for this the wronged warrior stand  
His just displeasure and incensed ire,  
He car'd not what the vulgar did or said,  
To vengeance did his courage fierce aspire  
Among the thickest weapons way he made,  
His thund'ring sword made all on heaps retire,  
So that of a near thousand stay'd not one,  
But Prince Gernando bore the brunt alone

## XXX

His hand, too quick to execute his wrath,  
Performed all as pleas'd his eye and heart,  
At head and breast oft-times he stricken hath,  
Now at the right, now at the other part  
On ev'ry side thus did he harm and scath,  
And oft beguil'd his sight with nimble art,  
That no defence the Prince of wounds acquits,  
Where least he thinks or fears, there most he hits.

## XXXI.

Nor ceased he till in Gernando's breast  
 He sheathed once or twice his furious blade  
 Down fell the hapless Prince with death oppress'd,  
 A double way to his weak soul was made,  
 His bloody sword the victor wrapt and dress'd,  
 Nor longer by the slaughter'd body staid,  
 But sped him thence, and soon appeased both  
 His hate, his ire his rancour and his wrath.

## XXXII.

Call'd by the tumult Godfrey drew him near  
 And there beheld a sad and rueful sight  
 The signs of death upon his face appear  
 With dust and blood his locks were loathly dight :  
 Stupe and croupt : is on each side might he bear  
 Made for the sudden death of that great knight.  
 Ask'd, he ask'd who durst and did so much  
 For yet he knew not whom the fault would touch

Arnoldo rambon of the Prince thus said  
 Augments the fault in telling it and said—  
 This prince is murder'd for a quarrel vain,  
 By young Binsbi in his desperate wrath  
 And with that sword, that should Christ's law maintain  
 One of Christ's champions bold he killed hath  
 And this he did, in such a place and hour  
 As if he scorn'd your rule, despis'd your power—

## XXXIII.

And further adds, that he deserved death  
 By law and law should be inviolate  
 That none offence could graver be ureath  
 And yet the place the fault did *appeal* to :  
 If he escap'd, that mischief would take breath  
 And flourish bold in spite of rule and state  
 And that Gernando's friends would venge the wrong  
 Although to justice that should first belong

## XXXV

And by that means should discord, hate, and strife,  
 Raise mutines, and what thereof ensu'th  
 Lastly, he prais'd the dead, and still had life  
 All words he thought could veng'ance move or ruth  
 Against him Tancred argued for life,  
 With honest reasons to excuse the youth  
 The Duke heard all, but with such sober cheer  
 As banish'd hope, and still increased fear —

## XXXVI

Grave prince, quoth Tancred, set before thine eyes  
 Rinaldo's worth and courage, what it is,  
 How much our hope of conquest in him lies,  
 Regard that princely house and race of his  
 He that correcteth every fault he spies,  
 And judgeth all alike, doth all amiss,  
 For faults, you know, are greater thought or less,  
 As is the person's self that doth transgress —

## XXXVII

Godfredo answer'd him—If high and low  
 Of sov'reign power alike should feel the stroke,  
 Then, Tancred, all you counsel us, I trow,  
 If lords should know no law, as erst you spoke,  
 How vile and base our empire were, you know,  
 If none but slaves and peasants bear the yoke,  
 Weak is the sceptre, and the pow'r is small,  
 That such provokes brings annex'd withal,

## XXXVIII

But mine was freely given ere it was sought,  
 Nor that it lessen'd be I now consent,  
 Right well know I both when and where I ought  
 To give condign reward and punishment  
 Since you are all in like subjection brought,  
 Both high and low, obey and be content —  
 This heard, Tancredie wisely staid his words,  
 Such weight the sayings have of kings and lords

## XXIX.

Old Raymond prais'd his speech for old men think  
 They ever worst seem when most severe :—  
 'Tis best, quoth he, to make those great ones shrink,  
 The people love him whom the nobles fear  
 There must be rule to all disorders sink,  
 Where pardons, more than punishments, appear  
 For feeble is each kingdom frail and weak  
 Unless its basis be this fear I speak.—

## XL.

These words Tancredio heard and ponder'd well,  
 And by them wist how Godfrey's thoughts were bent  
 Nor list he longer with these old men dwell  
 But turn'd his horse and to Rinaldo went  
 Who, when his noble foe death-wounded fell  
 Withdrew him softly to his gorgeous tent  
 There Tancred found him and at large declar'd  
 The words and speeches sharp which late he heard.

## XLI.

And said,—Although I wot the outward show  
 Is not true witness of the secret thought,  
 For that some men so subtle are, I trow  
 That when they purpose most, appeareth naught  
 Yet dare I say Godfredo means, I know  
 Such knowledge hath his looks and speeches wrought,  
 You shall first pris'ner be and then be trac'd,  
 As he shall deem it good and law provide.—

## XLII.

With that a bitter smile well might you see  
 Rinaldo cast, with scorn and high disdain —  
 Let them in fetters plead their cause, quoth he,  
 That are base peasants born of servile strain  
 I was free born, I live and will die free  
 Before these feet be fetter'd in a chain  
 These hands were made to shake sharp spears and swords,  
 Not to be tied in gyves and twisted cords.

## XIII

If my good service reap this recompence,  
 To be clapp'd up in close and secret mew,  
 And as a thief be after dragg'd from thence,  
 To suffer punishment as law finds due,  
 Let Godfrey come or send, I will not hence,  
 Until we know who shall this bargain rue,  
 That of our tragedy, the late done fact  
 May be the first, and this the second act

## XIV

Give me mine arms, he cried — His 'squire them brings,  
 And clad his head and breast in iron strong,  
 About his neck his silver shield he flings,  
 Down by his side a cutting sword there hung  
 Among this earth's brave lords, and mighty kings,  
 Was none so stout, so fierce, so fair, so young  
 God Mars he seem'd descending from his splicie,  
 Or one whose looks could make great Mars to fear

## XLV

'Tancredic labour'd with some pleasing speech  
 His spirits fierce and courage to appease —  
 Young prince, thy valour (thus he 'gan to preach)  
 Can chastise all that do thee wrong, at ease,  
 I know your virtue can your enemies teach  
 That you can 'venge you when and where you please  
 But God forbid this day you lift your arm  
 To do this camp, and us, your friends, such harm!

## XLVI

Tell me, what will you do? why would you stain  
 Your noble hands in our unguilty blood?  
 By wounding Christians, will you again  
 Pierce Christ, whose parts they are and members good?  
 Will you destroy us for your glory vain,  
 Unstaid as rolling waves in ocean flood?  
 Far be it from you so to prove your strength,  
 But let your zeal appease your rage at length,





## LI

Their speeches soften much the warrior's heart,  
 And make his wilful thoughts at last relent,  
 So that he yields, and saith he will depart,  
 And leave the Christian camp incontinent  
 His friends, whose love did never shrink or start,  
 Proffer'd then aid, what way soe'er he went  
 He thank'd them all, but left them all, besides  
 Two bold and trusty 'squires, and so he rides

## LII

He rides, revolving in his noble spright  
 Such haughty thoughts as fill the glorious mind,  
 On hard adventures was his whole delight,  
 And now to wondrous acts his will inclin'd,  
 Alone against the pagans would he fight,  
 And kill their kings from Egypt unto Inde,  
 From Cinthia's hills, and Nilus' unknown spring,  
 He would fetch praise, and glorious conquest bring

## LIII

But Guelpho, when the prince his leave had take,  
 And now had spurr'd his courser on his way,  
 No longer tarriance with the rest would make,  
 But hastes to find Godfredo, if he may  
 Who seeing him approaching, forthwith spake,—  
 Guelpho, quoth he, for thee I only stay,  
 For thee I sent my heralds all about,  
 In ev'ry tent to seek and find thee out —

## LIV

This said, he softly drew the knight aside  
 Where none might hear, and then bespake him thus •  
 How chanceth it thy nephew's rage and pride  
 Makes him so far forget himself and us?  
 Hardly could I believe what is betide,  
 A murder done for cause so frivolous!  
 How I have lov'd him thou and all can tell  
 But Godfrey lov'd him but whilst he did well

## LV

I must provide that ev'ry one have right,  
 That all be heard each cause be well discuss'd  
 As far from partial love, as free from spight,  
 I hear complaints, yet nought but proofs I trust:  
 Now if thine law weigh our rule so light,  
 And have the sacred lore of war so trust,  
 Take you the charge that he before us come  
 To clear himself and hear our upright doom

## LVL

But let him come withouten bond or chiel  
 For still my thoughts to do him grace are fransed  
 But if our power be haply shall chiel  
 As well I know his courage yet untam'd,  
 To bring him by persuasion take some pain  
 Else, if I prove severe, both you be blamed  
 That force my gentle nature (*against my thought*)  
 To rigour lost our laws return to nought.—

## LVII.

Lord Geolpho thus said thus — What heart can bear  
 Such slanders false, down'd by hate and spight  
 Or with staid patience reprehension bear  
 And not revenge by battle and by fight?  
 The Norway prince hath bought his folly dear  
 But who with words could stay the angry knight?  
 A fool is he that comes to preach or prate,  
 When men with swords their right and wrong debate

## LVIII.

And where you wish he should himself submit  
 To hear the censure of your upright laws,  
 Alas! that cannot be, for he is fillt  
 Out of this camp withouten stay or paron  
 There take my gage, behold I offer it  
 To him that first accus'd him in this cause,  
 Or any else that dare, and will maintain  
 That for his pride the 1<sup>st</sup> was justly slain:

## LIX.

I say with reason Lord Germando's pride  
 He hath abated if he have offended  
 'Gainst your commands, who are his lord and guide,  
 Oh, pardon him, that fault shall be amended —  
 If he be gone, quoth Godfrey, let him ride  
 And brawl elsewhere, here let all strife be ended  
 And you, Lord Guelpho, for your nephew's sake,  
 Breed us no new, nor quarrels old awake —

## LX

This while, the fair and false Armida striv'd  
 To get her promis'd aid in sure possession,  
 The day to end with endless plaint she driv'd,  
 Wit, beauty, craft, for her made intercession  
 But when the earth was once of light depriv'd,  
 And western seas felt Titan's hot impression,  
 'Twas two old knights and matrons twin she went,  
 Where pitched was her fair and curious tent

## LXI

But this false queen of craft and sly invention, [quivers,  
 (Whose looks Love's arrows were; whose eyes his  
 Whose beauty matchless, free from reprehension,  
 A wonder left by heav'n to after-livers,)   
 Among the Christian lords had bred contention,  
 Who first should quench his flames in Cupid's rivers,  
 With all her weapons and her darts rehears'd,  
 Had not Godfredo's constant bosom pierc'd

## LXII

To change his modest thought the dame procureth,  
 And proff'reth heaps of love's enticing treasure —  
 But as the falcon, newly gorg'd, endureth  
 Her keeper lure her oft, but comes at leisure,  
 So he, whom fulness of delight assureth  
 What long repentance comes of love's short pleasure,  
 Her crafts, her arts, herself and all despiseth,  
 So base affections fall when virtue riseth,

## LXIII.

And not one foot his steadfast foot was moved  
 Out of that brazenly path wherein he paced  
 Yet thence no wiles and the old ways he proved,  
 To have that castle fair of conquests rated;  
 She used those looks and smiles that most laboured  
 To melt the frost which his hard heart embraced,  
 And gazed his breast a thousand short and rapid,  
 Yet was the fort so strong, it was not entered.

## LXIV.

The dame who thought that one blink of her eye  
 Could make the chaste heart feel her sweet pain,  
 Oh, how her joys should be hereby  
 When all her del-lite was over, her trials were all  
 Some other where she would her future try  
 Where at some time she would her future try  
 As tired soldiers, when some fort he had won,  
 There raise their siege and find the walls still.

## LXV.

But yet all ways the wily witch could find  
 Could not Tancrède's heart to hereward bring;  
 His soul was filled with nobler wind  
 He had no heart of new adoration given;  
 For as one prison death exclude by kind  
 Another's force no more could with love  
 These two alone nor more nor less the dame  
 Could win the rest all burnt to her sweet flame.

## LXVI.

The princess, though her purpose would not frame  
 As late she hoped and as still she would  
 Yet for the lords and knights of greatest name  
 Became her prey as erst you heard it told  
 She thought, ere truth-revealing time or fate  
 Betray'd her act to lead them to some hold  
 Where she and hands she meant to make them prove  
 Composed by Vulcan not by gentle Love.

## LXVII

The time prefix'd at length was come and past,  
Which Godfrey had set down, to lend her aid,  
When at his feet herself to earth she cast,—  
The hour is come, my lord, she humbly said,  
And if the tyrant haply hear at last

His banish'd niece hath your assistance pray'd,  
He will in arms to save his kingdom rise,  
So shall we harder make this enterprise

## LXVIII

Before report can bring the tyrant news,  
Or his espials certify their king,  
Oh let thy goodness these few champions chuse,  
That to her kingdom should thy handmaid bring,  
Who, except heaven to aid the right refuse,  
Recover shall her crown, from whence shall spring  
Thy profit, for betide thee peace or war,  
Thine all her cities, all her subjects are —

## LXIX

The captain sage the damsel fair assured  
His word was past, and should not be recanted,  
And she with sweet and humble grace endured  
To let him point those ten, which late he granted  
But to be one each one sought and procured,  
No suit, entreaty, intercession wanted  
Their envy each at other's love exceeded,  
And all importunate made more than needed

## LXX

She, that well saw the secret of their hearts,  
And knew how best to warm them in their blood,  
Against them threw the cursed poison'd darts  
Of jealousy, and grief at other's good,  
For love she wist was weak without those arts,  
And slow, for jealousy is Cupid's food,  
For the swift steed runs not so fast alone,  
As when some strain, some strive him to outgone

## LXXXI.

Her words in such alluring sort she framed  
 Her looks enticing and her wooing smiles,  
 That every one his follow's favours blamed,  
 That of their mistress he receiv'd erewhiles:  
 This foolish crew of lovers, now harmed,  
 Mad with the poison of her secret wiles,  
 Ran forward still in this disorder'd sort,  
 Nor could Godfredo's bridle rein them short.

## LXXXII.

He, that would satisfy each good desire,  
 Withouten partial love, of every knight,  
 Although he swell'd with hate, with grief, and ire,  
 To see those follies and those feign'd light  
 Yet since by no advice they would retire,  
 Another way he sought to set them right.—  
 Write all your names, quoth he and see whom chance  
 Of lot to this exploit will first advance.—

## LXXXIII.

Their names were writ, and in a helmet shaken,  
 While each did Fortune's grace and aid implore  
 At last they drew them, and the foremost taken  
 The Earl of Pembroke was, Artwilde;  
 Doubtless the County thought his bread well taken  
 Next Gerrard follow'd then, with tresses hoar  
 Old Wenceslaus that felt Cupid's rage  
 Now in his doting and his dying age.

## LXXXIV.

Oh how contentment in their foreheads shined  
 Their looks with joy thoughts swell'd with secret  
 These three it seem'd good success'd sign'd [pleasur'd]  
 To make the lords of love and beauty's treasure,  
 Their doubtful follows at their hap rejoiced,  
 And with small patience wait fortune's leisure  
 Upon his lips that read the scrolls attending  
 As if their lives were on his words depending

## LXXXV

Guascar the fourth, Ridolpho him succeeds,  
 Then Uldericke whom love list so advance,  
 Lord William of Roncighon next he reads,  
 Then Eberard, and Henry born in France,  
 Rambaldo last, whom wicked lust so leads,  
 That he forsook his Saviour with mischance,  
 This wretch the tenth was, who was thus deluded,  
 The rest to their huge grief were all excluded

## LXXXVI

O'ercome with envy, wrath, and jealousy,  
 The rest blind fortune curse, and all her laws,  
 And mad with love, yet out on love they cry,  
 That in his kingdom let her judge their cause.  
 And, for man's mind is such, that oft we try  
 'Things most forbidden, without stay or pause,  
 In spite of fortune, purpos'd many a knight  
 To follow fair Armida when 't was night,

## LXXXVII

To follow her, by night or else by day,  
 And in her quarrel venture life and limb  
 With sighs and tears she 'gan them softly play  
 To keep that promise when the skies were dim;  
 To this and that knight did she plain, and say  
 What grief she felt to part withouten him  
 Meanwhile the ten had don'd their armour best,  
 And taken leave of Godfrey and the rest

## LXXXVIII

The Duke advis'd them every one apart,  
 How light, how trustless was the pagans' faith,  
 And told what policy, what wit, what art,  
 Avoids deceit, which heedless men betray'th  
 His speeches pierce their ear, but not their heart;  
 Love calls it folly, what so wisdom saith  
 Thus warn'd he leaves them to their wanton guide,  
 Who parts that night, such haste had she to ride.



## XXIV

The conqueror departs, and with her led  
 Those prisoners whom love would captive keep;  
 The hearts of those she left behind her led,  
 With point of sorrow's arrow pierced deep.  
 But when the night her drowsy mantle spread,  
 And fill'd the earth with silence, shade and sleep,  
 In secret sort then each forsook his tent  
 And as blind Cupid led them blind they went.

## XXV

Eustacio first, who scarcely could forbear  
 Till friendly night might hide his haste and home  
 He rode in post, and let his beast him bear  
 As his blind fancy would his journey frame:  
 All night he wand'ring and he wist not where  
 But with the morning he espied the dame  
 That with her guard up from a village rode  
 Where she and they that night had made her bed.

## XXVI

Thither he gallop'd fast, and drawing near  
 Rembald knew the knight, and loudly cried—  
 Whence comes young Eustacio, and what seeks he here?  
 I come (quoth he) to serve the queen Armide  
 If she accept me—would we all were there  
 Where my goodwill and faith might best be tried.  
 Who (quoth the other) chooseth thee to prove  
 This high exploit of hers?—He answer'd Love.

## XXVII

Love hath Eustacio chosen, fortune thee;  
 In thy conceit which is the best election?—  
 Nay then these shifts are—answered he,  
 Those titles false serve thee for no protection  
 Thou canst not here for this admitted be  
 Our fellow say out, in this sweet subjection—  
 And who (quoth Parnon angry) dares deny  
 My fellowship?—Rembald answered, I—

## LXXXIII

And with that word his cutting sword he drew,  
 That glist'ed bright and sparkled flaming fire .  
 Upon his foe the other champion flew,  
 With equal courage and with equal ire  
 The gentle Princess (who the danger knew)

Between them stept and pray'd them both retire —  
 Rambald (quoth she) why should you grudge or plam,  
 If I a champion, you an helper gain ?

## LXXXIV

If me you love, why wish you me deprived  
 (In so great need) of such a puissant knight ?  
 But welcome, Eustace, in good time arrived,  
 Defender of my state, my life, my right,  
 I wish my hapless self no longer lived,  
 When I esteem such good assistance light —  
 Thus talk'd they on and travell'd on their way,  
 Their fellowship increasing every day

## LXXXV

From every side they come, yet wist there none  
 Of others' coming or of others' mind ,  
 She welcomes all, and telleth every one  
 What joy 'her thoughts in his arrival find  
 But when Duke Godfrey wist his knights were gone,  
 Within his breast his wiser soul divin'd  
 Some hard mishap upon his friends should light,  
 For which he sigh'd all day, and wept all night

## LXXXVI

A messenger (while thus 'he mus'd) drew near,  
 All soil'd with dust and sweat, quite out of breath ,  
 It seem'd the man did heavy tidings bear,  
 Upon his looks sat news of loss and death —  
 My lord, quoth he, so many ships appear  
 At sea, that Neptune bears the load uneth ,  
 From Egypt come they all, this lets thee weet,  
 William, Lord Amiral of the Genoa fleet

## LXXXVII.

Besides, a crew by coming from the shore,  
 With vittuils for this noble camp of thine,  
 Surprised was, and lost is all that store  
 Mules, beasts, camel, taken corn and wine.  
 Thy men were fought till they could fight no more  
 For all were slain or captives made in sin:  
 Th' Arabian outlaws them assail'd by night,  
 When least they fear'd, and least they look'd for fight.

## LXXXVIII.

Their frantic boldness doth presume so far,  
 That many Christian have they falsely slain  
 And like a raging flood they spread are,  
 And overflow each country field and plain  
 Send therefore some strong troops of men of war  
 To force them hence, and drive them home again;  
 And keep the ways between these tents of thine  
 And those broad seas, the seas of Persia —

## LXXXIX.

From mouth to mouth the heavy rumour spread  
 Of these misfortunes, which dispersed while  
 Among the soldiers, great amusement bred  
 F' mine they doubt, and new-come foes beside  
 The Duke (that saw their wonted courage fled  
 And in the place thereof weak fear capied)  
 With merry looks these cheerful words he spoke  
 To make their heart again and courage take. —

## XC.

You champions bold with me that scaped have  
 So many dangers, and such hard assays,  
 Whom still your God did keep, defend' and save.  
 In all your battles combats, fights, and frays  
 You that subdued the Turks and Ierusalem brave  
 That thirst and hunger held in scorn always,  
 And vanquish'd hills and seas, with heat and cold  
 Shall vain reports appal your courage bold?

## XCI

That Lord, who help'd you out at every need,  
When aught befel this glorious camp amiss,  
Shall fortune all your actions well to speed,  
On whom his mercy large extended is,  
Tofore his tomb when conquering hands you spread,  
With what delight will you remember this !  
Be strong therefore, and keep your valours high,  
To honour, conquest, fame, and victory —

## XCII

Their hopes half dead, and courage well-nigh lost,  
Reviv'd, with these brave speeches of their guide,  
But in his breast a thousand cares he toss'd,  
Although his sorrows he could wisely hide,  
He studied how to feed that mighty host,  
In so great scarceness, and what force provide  
He should against th' Egyptian warriors sly,  
And how subdue those thieves of Arabia.

## BOOK VI.

## THE ASSAULT.

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And from the city armed rides by night.	89

## I.

But better hopes had them recomforted  
 That lay besieged in the sacred town  
 With new supply late were they vict'ried  
 When night obscur'd the earth with shadows brown  
 Their arms and engines on the walls they spread  
 Their slings to cast, and stones to tumble down  
 And all that side which to the northward lies,  
 High rampires and strong bulwarks fortifies.

## II.

Their wary king commands now here, now there,  
 To build this tower to make that bulwark strong  
 Whether the sun, the moon or stars appear  
 To give them light, to work no time comes wrong  
 In every street new weapons forged were  
 By cunning smiths sweating with labour long  
 While thus the careful Prince provision made,  
 To him Argantes came, and boasting said—

## III

How long shall wo, like prisoners in chains,  
 Captiv'd ho inclos'd within this wall?  
 I see your workmen taking endless pains  
 To make new weapons, for no use at all,  
 Meanwhile these western thieves destroy the plains,  
 Your towns are burnt, your forts and castles fall,  
 Yet none of us dares at these gates out-peep,  
 Or sound one trumpet shrill to break their sleep.

## IV.

Their time in feasting and good cheer they spend,  
 Nor dare we once their banquets sweet molest,  
 Tho days and nights they bring likewise to end,  
 In peace, assurance, quiet, ease, and rest  
 But we must yield, whom hunger soon will shend,  
 And make for peace, to save our lives, request,  
 Else, if th' Egyptian army stay too long,  
 Like cowards die within this fortress strong

## V

Yet never shall my courage great consent  
 So vile a death should end my noble days,  
 Nor on mine arms, within these walls ypent,  
 To-morrow's sun shall spread his timely rays  
 Let sacred heavens dispose as they are bent  
 Of this frail life, yet not withouten praise  
 Of valour, prowess, might, Argantes shall  
 Inglorious die, or unrevenge'd fall

## VI

But if the roots of wonted chivalry  
 Be not quite dead your princely breast within,  
 Devise not how with fame and praise to die,  
 But how to live, to conquer, and to win,  
 Let us together at these gates out-fly,  
 And skirmish bold, and bloody fight begin,  
 For when last need to desperation driveth,  
 Who dareth most he wisest counsel giveth

## VII.

But if in field your wisdom dare not venture  
 To hazard all your troops to doubtful fight,  
 Then bind yourself to Godfrey by indenture,  
 To end your quarrels by one single knight:  
 And, for the Christian this accord shall enter  
 With better will, say such you know your right,  
 That he the weapons, place, and time shall chuse,  
 And let him for his best that vantage use.

## VIII.

For though your foe had hands like Hector strong  
 With heart unfeared and courage stern and stout,  
 Yet no misfortune can your justice wrong  
 And what that wanteth shall this arm help out  
 In spite of fate shall this right hand ere long  
 Return victorious: if hereof you doubt,  
 Take it for pledge, whereas if trust you have,  
 It shall yourself defend and kingdom save.—

## IX.

Bold youth (the tyrant thus began to speak)  
 Although I with red seem with age and years,  
 Yet are not these old arms so faint and weak,  
 Nor this hoar head so full of doubts and fears  
 But when as death this vital thread shall break,  
 He shall my courage bear my death who bears  
 And Valour that liv'd a king and knight,  
 To his fair morn will have an evening bright.

## X.

But that (which yet I would have farther blam'd)  
 To thee in secret shall be told and spoken  
 Great Saladin of Nice, so far yprais'd  
 To be revenged for his sceptre broken,  
 The men of arms of Arabos hath rais'd,  
 From Inde to Afric and when we give taken  
 Attends the favour of the friendly night,  
 To vantage us and with our foes to fight.

## XI

Now, though Godfredo hold by warlike feat  
Some castles poor and forts in vile oppression,  
Care not for that, for still our princely seat,  
This stately town, we keep in our possession,  
But thou appease and calm that courage great  
Which in thy bosom makes so hot impression,  
And stay fit time, which will betide ere long  
T' increase thy glory, and revenge our wrong —

## XII

The Saracine at this was mly spited,  
Who Soliman's great worth had long envied,  
To hear him praised thus he nought delighted,  
Nor that the king upon his aid relied —  
Within your power, Sin King (he says), united  
Are peace and war, nor shall that be denied,  
But for the Turk and his Arabian band,  
He lost his own, shall he defend your land?

## XIII

Perchance he comes some heavenly messenger,  
Sent down to set the Pagan people free,  
Then let Argantes for himself take care,  
'This sword, I trust, shall well safeconduct me,  
But while you rest and all your forces spare,  
'That I go forth to war at least agree,  
Though not your champion, yet a private knight,  
I will some Christian prove in single fight —

## XIV

The king replied—Though thy force and might  
Should be resciv'd to better time and use,  
Yet that thou challenge some renowned knight  
Among the Christians bold, I not refuse  
The warrior, breathing out desire of fight,  
An herald call'd, and said—Go tell these news  
To Godfey's self, and to the Western Lords,  
And in their hearings boldly say these words



## XV

Say that a knight who holds in great dishonour  
 To be thus closed up in secret tower  
 Will with his sword in open field maintain,  
 If any dare deny his words for true  
 That no devotion as they falsely feign  
 Hath mov'd the French these countries to subdue  
 But vile ambition, and pride a hateful vice  
 Desire of rule and spoil and covetice

## XVI

And that to fight I am not only prest  
 With one or two that dare defend the cause,  
 But come the fourth or fifth, come all the rest  
 Come all that will, and all that weapons draws,  
 Let him that yields obey the victor's best,  
 As wills the love of mighty Mars his laws.—  
 Thus was the challenge that fierce Pagan sent,  
 The herald don'd his coat of arms, and went.

## XVII.

And when the man before the presence came  
 Of princely Godfrey and his captains bold —  
 My Lord, quoth he, may I withouten blame  
 Before your grace my message brave unfold?—  
 Thou may'st, he answer'd, we approve the same,  
 Withouten fear be thine on be'ge told.—  
 Then, quoth the herald, shall your Highness see  
 If this *who* *is* *sharp* *or* *pleasing* be.—

## XVIII.

The challenge gan he then at large expose  
 With mighty threats, high terms, and glorious words  
 On every side an angry murmur rose,  
 To wrath so mov'd were the knights and lords.  
 Then Godfrey spake and said—The man hath chose  
 An hard exploit, but when he feels our swords  
 I trust we shall so fair entreat the knight  
 As to excuse the fourth or fifth of fight.

## XIX

But let him come and prove, the field I grant,  
Not wrong nor treason let him doubt or fear,  
Some here shall pay him for his glorious vaunt,  
Without or guile or 'vantage, that I swear —  
The herald turn'd when he had ended scant,  
And hasted back the way he came while ere,  
Nor staid he aught, nor once foreslow'd his pace,  
Till he bespake Argantes face to face —

## XX

Arm you, my Lord, he said, your bold defies  
By your brave foes accepted boldly been,  
This combat neither high nor low denies,  
Ten thousand wish to meet you on the green,  
A thousand frown'd with angry flaming eyes,  
And shak'd for rage their swords and weapons keen,  
'The field is safely granted by their guide —  
Thus said, the champion for his armour cried

## XXI

While he was arm'd, his heart for ire nigh brake,  
So yearn'd his courage hot his foe to find  
The King, to far Clorinda present, spake —  
If he go forth, remain not you behind,  
But of our soldiers best a thousand take,  
To guard his person and your own assign'd,  
Yet let him meet alone the Christian knight,  
And stand yourself aloof, while they two fight.—

## XXII

Thus spake the king, and soon without abode  
The troop went forth in shining armour clad  
Before the rest the Pagan champion rode,  
His wonted arms and ensigns all he had  
A goodly plain displayed wide and broad  
Between the city and the camp was sprad,  
A place like that wherein proud Rome beheld  
Her forward young men manage spear and shield

## XXIII

There all alone Argantes took his stand  
 Defying Christ and all his servants true,  
 In stature, strength and in strength of hand,  
 In pride, presumption, and in dreadful show  
 Earthlike like; on the Phlegrean strand,  
 Or that huge giant Jesse's infant slow  
 But his fierce semblance they esteemed light,  
 For most not knew or else not fear'd his might.

## XXIV

As yet not one had Godfrey d'glad out  
 To undertake this hardy enterprise,  
 But on Prince Tancred saw he all the rout  
 Had fix'd their wishes and had cast their eyes;  
 On him he spied them: they round about,  
 As though their honour on his part was lies  
 And now they whisper'd louder what they meant  
 Which Godfrey heard and saw and was content.

## XXV

The rest gave place, for every one desired  
 To whom their chieftain's will did most incline,—  
 Tancred (quoth he), I pray thee calm the pride,  
 Alas! the rage of yonder Saracens—  
 No longer would the chosen champion bide;  
 His face with joy his eyes with gladness shine  
 His helm he took, and ready steed bestrode,  
 And, guarded with his trusty friends, forth rode.

## XXVI

But scantly had he spurr'd his courser swift  
 Near to that plain where proud Argantes staid,  
 When unawares his eyes he chang'd to lift,  
 And on the hill beheld the warlike maid  
 As white as snow upon the Alps' cliff  
 The virgin shone, in silver arms array'd,  
 Her ventail up so high that he deriv'd  
 Her goodly visage and her beauty's pride.

## XXVII.

He saw not where the Pagan stood, and stared,  
 As if with looks he would his toeman kill,  
 But full of other thoughts he forward fared,  
 And sent his looks before him up the hill,  
 His gesture such his troubled soul declared,  
 At last as marble rock he standeth still,  
 Stone-cold without, within burnt with love's flame,  
 And quite forget himself and why he came

## XXVIII

The challenger, that yet saw none appear  
 That made or sign or show he came to just—  
 How long, cried he, shall I attend you here?  
 Dares none come forth? Dares none his fortune trust?  
 The other stood amaz'd, love stopp'd his ear,  
 He thinks on Cupid, think of Mars who lust,  
 But forth starts Otho bold, and took the field,  
 A gentle knight, whom God from danger shield!

## XXIX

'This youth was one of those who late desired  
 With that vain-glorious boaster to have fought,  
 But Tancred chosen, he and all retired,  
 Yet to the field the valiant prince they brought  
 Now, when his slackness he awhile admired,  
 And saw elsewhere employed was his thought,  
 Nor that to just (though chosen) once he proffer'd,  
 He boldly took that fit occasion offer'd

## XXX.

No tyger, panther, spotted leopard,  
 Runs half so swift the forests wild among,  
 As this young champion hasted thitherward,  
 Where he attending saw the Pagan strong  
 Tancredie started with the noise he heard,  
 As wak'd from sleep where he had dreamed long —  
 Oh stay, he cried, to me belongs this war —  
 But cried too late, Otho was gone too far

## XXXI

Then full of fury anger and despite,  
 He stalk'd his horse, and waxed red for shame;  
 The fight was his, but now disgraced quite  
 Himself he thought, another play'd his game.  
 Meanwhile the Saracens did hugely smite  
 On Otho's helm who to requite the same,  
 His foe quite through his sev'n fold targe did bear  
 And in his breast-plate stuck and broke his spear

## XXXII

Th encounter such upon the tender grass  
 Down from his steed the Christian backward fell,  
 Yet his proud foe so strong and sturdy was,  
 That he nor shook nor stagger'd in his sell  
 But to the knight that lay full low alas!  
 In high disdain his will thus gan he tell —  
 Yield thee my slave and this thine honour be,  
 Thou may'st report thou hast encounter'd me.—

## XXXIII

Not so, quoth he, perdie it's not the guise  
 Of Christian lights the fallen so soon to yield;  
 I can my fall excuse in better wise,  
 And will revenge this shame, or die in field.—  
 The great Cu bent his frowning eyes,  
 Like that grim visage in Minerva's shield —  
 Then lears quoth he, what force Argantes useth  
 Against that fool that pursu'd grace refuseth.—

## XXXIV

With that he spur'd his horse with speed and haste  
 (Forswelling what good knights to virtue owe):  
 Otho his fury shew'd, and, as he pass'd,  
 At his right side he reach'd a noble blow:  
 Wide was the wound, the blood outstreamed fast,  
 And from his side fell to his stirrup low  
 But what avails to hurt, if wounds augment  
 Our foe's fierce courage, strength, and hardiment?

## XXXX

Argantes nimbly turn'd his ready steed,  
And, ere his foe was wist or well aware,  
Against his side he drove his courser's head,  
What force could he 'gainst so great might prepare?  
Weak were his feeble joints, his courage dead,  
His heart amaz'd, his paleness shew'd his care,  
His tender side 'gainst the hard earth he cast,  
Sham'd with the first fall, bruised with the last

## XXXXVI

The victor spurr'd again his light-foot steed,  
And made his passage over Otho's heart,  
And cried—These fools thus under foot I tread,  
That dare contend with me in equal mart —  
Tancred for anger shook his noble head,  
So was he griev'd with that unknighly part  
The fault was his, he was so slow before,  
With double valour would he salve that sore

## XXXXVII

Forward he gallop'd fast, and loudly cried—  
Villun! (quoth he) thy conquest is thy shame,  
What praise, what honour shall this fact betide?  
What gain, what guerdon shall befall the same?  
Among th' Arabian thieves thy face go hide,  
Far from resort of men of worth and fame,  
Or else in woods and mountains wild, by night,  
On savage beasts employ thy savage might —

## XXXXVIII

The Pagan patience never knew, nor used,  
Trembling for ire his sandy locks he tore,  
Out from his lips flew such a sound confused  
As lions make in deserts thick which roar,  
Or as when clouds, together crush'd and bruised,  
Pour down a tempest by the Caspian shore  
So was his speech imperfect, stop'd, and broken,  
He roar'd and thund'red when he should have spoken.

## XXXX.

But when with threats they both had whetted keen  
 Their eager rage, their fury spurs, and ire,  
 They turn'd their steeds and left large space between  
 To make their forces greater pressing nigher  
 With terms that warlike and that worthy been  
 O sacred muse! my haughty thoughts inspire,  
 And make a trumpet of my slender quill  
 To thunder out this furious combat shrill.

## XL.

These sons of Mars bore, instead of spears  
 Two knotty masts, which none but they could lift  
 Each forming stool so fast his master bears,  
 That never beast, bird, shaft, flew half so swift  
 Such was their fury as when Boras tears  
 The shatter'd crags from Taurus northern cliff:  
 Upon their helms their lances long they broke  
 And up to heav'n flew splinters, sparks, and smel.

## XLI.

The shock made all the towers and turrets quake,  
 And woods and mountains all nigh-hand resound  
 Yet could not all that force and fury shake  
 The valiant champions, nor their persons wound  
 Together hurled both their steeds, and broke  
 Each other's neck the rulers lay on ground  
 But they (great masters of war's dreadful art)  
 Pluck'd forth their swords, and soon from earth upstart.

## XLII.

Close at his surest ward each warrior both  
 He wisely guides his hand, his foot, his eye  
 This blow he proveth that defence he trieth  
 He tra-ceth, retireth, presseth nigh  
 Now strikes he out, and now he falsifieth  
 This blow he wardeth, that he lets slip by  
 And for advantage oft he lets some part  
 Discover'd seem thus art deludeth art,

## XIII

The Pagan, ill defens'd with sword or targe  
Tancredie's thigh, as he suppos'd, espied,  
And reaching forth 'gainst it his weapon large,  
Quite naked to his foe leaves his left side  
Tancred avoideth quick his furious charge,  
And gave him eke a wound deep, sore, and wide,  
That done, himself safe to his ward retired,  
His courage prais'd by all, his skill admired

## XIV

The proud Circassian saw his streaming blood  
Down from his wound, as from a fountain, running,  
He sigh'd for rage, and trembled as he stood,  
Ho blam'd his fortune, folly, want of cunning,  
He lift his sword aloft, for ire nigh wood,  
And forward rush'd,—Tancred, his fury shunning,  
With a sharp thrust once more the Pagan hit,  
To his broad shoulder where his arm is knit

## XLV

Like as a bear through-pierced with a dart,  
Within the secret woods no further flieth,  
But bites the senseless weapon, mad with smart,  
Seeking revenge till unreveng'd she dieth,  
So mad Argantes far'd, when his proud heart  
Wound upon wound and shame on shame espieth,  
Desire of vengeance so o'ercame his senses,  
That he forgot all dangers, all defences

## XLVI

Uniting force extreme with endless wrath,  
Supporting both with youth and strength untired,  
His thund'ring blows so fast about he la'th,  
That skies and earth the flying sparkles fired  
His foe to strike one blow no leisure hath,  
Scantly he breathed, though he oft desired,  
His warlike skill and cunning all was waste,  
Such was Argantes' force, and such his haste



## XLVII.

Long time Tancred's had in vain stented  
When this huge storm should overflow and pass;  
Some blows his mighty target well defended,  
Some fell beside and wounded deep the grass  
But when he saw the tempest never ended,  
Nor that the Pains's force sought weaker was  
He high advanced his cutting sword at length,  
And rage to rage oppos'd, and strength to strength.

## XLVIII.

Wrath bore the sway, both art and reason fall  
Fury new force and courage new supplies  
Their arms forged were of metal fall;  
On every side thereof huge castles flies  
The land was strewn all with plate and mail  
That on the earth, on that their warm blood lies  
And at each rush and every blow they smote  
Thrice the noise, the sparks soon'd lightning hot.

## XLIX.

The Christian people and the Pagans gazed,  
On this fierce combat, wishing oft the end  
Twixt hope and fear they stood long time amazed,  
To see the knights assail and eke defend  
Yet neither side they made nor noise they raised,  
But for the issue of the fight attend,  
And stood as still as life and sense they wanted  
Save that their hearts within their bosoms panted.

## L.

Now were they tired both, and well nigh spent  
Their blows showed greater will than power to wound;  
But night her gentle daughter, darkness, sent  
With friendly shade to encompass the ground,  
Two heralds to the fighting champions went,  
To part the fray as law of arms them bound;  
Ardens born in France, and wise Pinelore,  
The man that brought the challenge proud before.

## LIX

At Sion was this princess entertained  
By that old tyrant, and her mother dear,  
Whose loss too soon the woeful damsel plained,  
Her grief was such she liv'd not half the year,  
Yet banishment nor loss of friends constrained  
The hapless maid her passions to forbear,  
For though exceeding were her woe and grief,  
Of all her sorrows yet her love was chief

## LX

The seely maid in secret longing pined,  
Her hope a mote drawn up by Phœbus' rays,  
Her love a mountain seem'd, whercon bright shined  
Fresh memory of Tancred's worth and praise  
Within her closet if herself she shrined,  
A hotter fire her tender heart assays  
Tancred at last, to raise her hope nigh dead,  
Before those walls did his broad ensign spread

## LXI

The rest to view the Christian army feared,  
Such seem'd their number, such their power and might,  
But she alone her troubled forehead cleared,  
And on them spread her beauty shining bright,  
In every squadron when it first appeared,  
Her curious eye sought out her chosen knight,  
And every gallant that the rest excels,  
The same seems him, so love and fancy tells

## LXII

Within the kingly palace, builded high,  
A turret standeth near the city's wall,  
From which Erminia might at ease descry  
The western host, the plains and mountains all,  
And there she stood all the long day to spy,  
From Phœbus' rising to his evening fall,  
And with her thoughts disputed of his praise,  
And every thought a scalding sigh did raise

## LXXX.

From hence the furious combat she survey'd,  
 And felt her heart tremble with fear and pain  
 Her secret thought thus to her fancy said  
 Behold thy dear in danger to be slain  
 So with suspect, with fear and grief dismay'd,  
 Attended she her darling's loss or gain  
 And ever when the Pagan lift his blade  
 The stroke a wound in her weak bosom made

## LXIV

But when she saw the end, and wist withal  
 Their strong contention should end—begin  
 And that strange her courage did appal  
 Her vital blood was icy cold within;  
 Sometimes she sigh'd, sometimes tears let fall,  
 To witness what distress her heart was in  
 Hopeless dismay'd, pale, sad, astonish'd,  
 Her love her fear her fear her torment bred.

## LXV

Her idle brain unto her soul presented  
 Death, in an hundred ugly fashions painted;  
 And if she slept, then was her grief augmented  
 With such sad visions were her thoughts acquainted  
 She saw her lord with wounds and hurts tormented  
 How he complain'd, call'd for her help, and fainted  
 And found awak'd from that unquiet sleeping  
 Her heart with paining sore eyes red with weeping

## LXVI

Yet these promises of his coming ill  
 Not the chief cause of her discomfort were,  
 She saw his blood from his deep wounds distil,  
 Nor what he suffer'd could she bide or bear:  
 Besides, report her longing ear did fill  
 Doubling his danger doubling so her fear  
 That she concludes, so was her courage lost  
 Her wounded lord was weak, faint, dead—lost

## LXVII

And, for her mother had her taught before  
 The secret virtue of each herb that springs,  
 Besides fit charms for every wound or sore  
 Corruption breedeth, or misfortune brings,  
 (An art esteemed in those times of yore  
 Beseeming daughters of great lords and kings,)  
 She would herself be surgeon to her knight,  
 And heal him with her skill, or with her sight

## LXVIII

Thus would she cure her love, and cure her foe  
 She must, that had her friends and kinsfolk slain  
 Some cursed weeds her cunning hand did know,  
 That could augment his harm, increase his pain,  
 But she abhorr'd to be revenged so,  
 No treason should her spotless person stain,  
 And virtueless she wish'd all herbs and charms  
 Wherewith false men increase their patients' harms

## LXIX

Nor feared she among the bands to stray  
 Of armed men, for often had she seen  
 The tragie end of many a bloody fray,  
 Her life had full of haps and hazards been,  
 This made her bold in every hard assay,  
 More than her feeble sex became, I ween,  
 She feared not the shake of every reed,  
 So cowards are courageous made through need

## LXX

Love,—fearless, hardy, and audacious love,—  
 Embold'ned had this tender damsel so,  
 That where wild beasts and serpents glide and move,  
 Though Afric's deserts durst she ride or go,  
 Save that her honour (she esteem'd above  
 Her life and body's safety) told her no,  
 For in the secret of her troubled thought  
 A doubtful combat love and honour fought —

## LXXI.

O spotless virgin (Honour thus begun)  
 That my true love observed firmly hast,  
 When with thy foes thou didst in bondage won,  
 Remember then I kept thee pure and chaste;  
 At liberty now whither wouldst thou run,  
 To lay that field of princely virtue waste  
 Or lose that jewel ladies hold so dear?  
 Is my kindness so great a load to bear?

## LXXII

Or deemst thou it a praise of little price  
 The glorious title of a virgin's name?  
 That thou wilt gad by night in gilet wise  
 Amidst those armed foes to seek thy shame?  
 O fool! a woman conquers when she flies,  
 Refusal kindleth, refusal quench the flame  
 Thy lord will judge thee sinnest beyond measure,  
 If ainy thus thou waste so rich a treasure.—

## LXXIII

The sly deceiver Cupid, thus beguiled  
 The simple damsel with his filed tongue —  
 Thou wert not born (quoth he) in deserts wild  
 The cruel bears and savage beasts among,  
 That thou shouldst scorn fair Citherea's child,  
 Or hate those pleasures that to youth belong  
 Nor did the gods thy heart of iron frame  
 To be in love is neither sin nor shame

## LXXIV

Go then go, whither we desire inviteth  
 How can thy gentle knight so cruel be?  
 Lo e in his heart thy grief and sorrows writeth  
 For thy laments how he complaineth see.  
 Oh cruel woman, whom no care exciteth  
 To save his life that serv'd and honour'd thee!  
 He languisheth one foot thou wilt not move  
 To succour him, yet say'st thou art in love.

## LXXV

No, no, stay here Argantes' wounds to cure,  
 And make him strong to shed thy darling's blood,  
 Of such reward he may himself assure,  
 'That doth a thankless woman so much good —  
 Ah, may it be thy patience can endure  
 'To see the strength of this Circassian wood,  
 And not with horror and amazement shrink,  
 When on their future fight thou hap'st to think.

## LXXVI

Besides the thanks and praises for the deed,  
 Suppose what joy, what comfort shalt thou win,  
 When thy soft hand doth wholesome plasters spread  
 Upon the breaches in his ivory skin,  
 'Thence to thy dearest lord may health succeed,  
 Strength to his limbs, blood to his cheeks so thin,  
 And his rare beauties, now half dead and more,  
 'Thou may'st to him, him to thyself restore

## LXXVII

So shall some part of his adventures bold  
 And valiant acts henceforth be held as thine;  
 His dear embraces shall thee strait enfold,  
 'Together join'd in marriage rites divine,  
 'Tastly, high place of honour shalt thou hold  
 Among the matrons sage and dames Latine,  
 In Italy, a land (as each one tells)  
 Where valour true and true religion dwells —

## LXXVIII

With such vain hopes the seely maid abused,  
 Promis'd herself mountains and hills of gold  
 Yet were her thoughts with doubts and fears confused,  
 How to escape unseen out of that hold,  
 Because the watchmen every minute used  
 To guard the walls against the Christians bold,  
 And in such fury and such heat of war,  
 The gates or seld or never open'd are

## LXXX

With strong Clorinda was Erminia sweet  
 In surest links of dearest friend hip bound  
 With her she us'd the rising sun to greet,  
 And her (when Phoebus glided under ground)  
 She made the lovely partner of her sheet  
 In both their hearts one will, one thought was found;  
 Nor aught she hid from that virago bold,  
 Except her love that tale to none she told,

## LXXI

That kept she secret; if Clorinda heard  
 Her make complaints or sadly lament  
 To other cause her sorrow she refer'd,  
 Matter enough she had of discontent;  
 Like as the bird, that having close imbar'd  
 Her tender young ones in the springing bent,  
 To draw the murder farther from her nest,  
 Cries and complains most, where she needeth least.

## LXXII

Alone, within her chamber's secret part,  
 Sitting one day upon her heavy thought,  
 Devising by what means, what sleight, what art,  
 Her close departure should be safest wrought  
 Assembled in her unresolv'd heart,  
 A hundred passions stir and all the while fought,  
 At last she saw high hanging on the wall  
 Clorinda's silver arms; and sigh'd withal —

And sighing softly to herself she said,  
 How bold is this virgin in her rage!  
 How envy I the glory of the maid  
 Yet envy not her shape or beauty's light  
 Her steps are not with trailing garments staid,  
 Nor chambers hide her valour's shining bright  
 But arm'd she rides and breaketh sword and spear,  
 Nor is her strength restrain'd by shame or fear

## LXXXIII

Alas ! why did not heav'n these members frail  
 With lively force and vigour strengthen so,  
 That I this silken gown and slender veil  
 Might for a breastplate and an helm forego ?  
 Then should not heat, nor cold, nor rain, nor hail,  
 Nor storms that fall, nor blust'ring winds that blow,  
 Withhold me, but I would both day and night  
 In pitched field or private combat fight

## LXXXIV

Nor haddest thou, Argantes, first begun  
 With my dear lord that fierce and cruel fight,  
 But I to that encounter would have run,  
 And haply ta'en him captive by my might,  
 Yet should he find (our furious combat done)  
 His thralldom easy, and his bondage light,  
 For fetters mine embracements should he prove,  
 For diet, kisses sweet, for keeper, love

## LXXXV

Or else my tender bosom opened wide,  
 And heart through-pierced with his cruel blade,  
 The bloody weapon in my wounded side  
 Might cure the wound, which love before had made,  
 Then should my soul in rest and quiet slide  
 Down to the valleys of th' Elysian shade,  
 And my mishap the knight perchance would move  
 To shed some tears upon his murdered love

## LXXXVI

Alas ! impossible are all these things,  
 Such wishes vain afflict my woeful sprite  
 Why yield I thus to plaints and sorrowings,  
 As if all hope and help were perish'd quite ?  
 My heart dares much, it soars with Cupid's wings  
 Why use I not for once these armours bright ?  
 I may sustain awhile this shield aloft,  
 Though I be tender feeble, weak, and soft.



## LXXXVII.

Love, strong bold mighty never tired love,  
 Supplieth force to all his servants true  
 The fearful stage he doth to battails move  
 Till each his horns in other's blood embue  
 Yet mean not I the haps of war to prove,  
 A stratagem I have devised new  
 Clarinda-like in this fair harness fight  
 I will escape out of the town this night.

## LXXXVIII.

I know the men that have the gate to ward,  
 If she can and dare not her will deny  
 In what sort else could I beguile the guard?  
 This way is only left, this will I try  
 O gentle love, in this adventure hard  
 Thine handmaid guide, assist, and fortify!  
 The time, the hour now fitteth best the thing  
 While stout Clarinda talketh with the king.—

Resolved thus without delay she went,  
 As her strong passion did her rashly guide,  
 And those bright arms down from the rafter bent,  
 Within her closet did she closely hide:  
 That might she do more for she had sent  
 The rest on sleeveless errands from her side  
 And night her stealths brought to their wished end  
 Night, patroness of thieves, and lovers' friend!

## XC.

Some sparkling fires on heav'n a bright visage shone,  
 His azure robe the orient brightness lost,  
 When she, whose wit and reason both were gone,  
 Call'd for a squire she lov'd and trusted most  
 To whom, and to a maid (a faithful one)  
 Part of her will she told how that in post  
 She would depart from Judah's king and feign'd  
 That other cause her sudden flight constrain'd.

## XCI

The trusty squire provided needments meet,  
As for their journey fitting most should be,  
Meanwhile her vesture (pendent to her feet)  
Erminia doft, as erst determin'd she  
Stript to her petticoat, the virgin sweet  
So slender was, that wonder was to see,  
Her handmaid, ready at her mistress' will,  
To arm her help'd, though simple were her skill

## XCII

The rugged steel oppressed and offended  
Her dainty neck and locks of shining gold,  
Her tender arm so feeble was, it bended  
When that huge target it presum'd to hold,  
The burnish'd steel bright rays far off extended,  
She feigned courage, and appeared bold  
Fast by her side unseen smil'd Venus' son,  
As erst he laughed when Alcides spun

## XCIII

Oh, with what labour did her shoulders bear  
That heavy burden, and how slow she went!  
Her maid, to see that all the coasts were clean,  
Before her mistress through the streets was sent  
Love gave her courage, love exiled fear,  
Love to her tired limbs new vigour lent,  
Till she approached where the squire abode,  
There took they horse forthwith, and forward rode

## XCIV

Disguis'd they went, and by unused ways  
And secret paths they strove unseen to gone,  
Until the watch they meet, which sore affrays  
These soldiers new, when swords and weapons shone,  
Yet none to stop their journey once assays,  
But place and passage yielded every one,  
For that white armour and that helmet bright  
Were known and feared in the darkest night.

## XCV

Erminia (though some deal she were dismay'd)  
 Yet went she on and goodly count'nance bore  
 She doubted lest her purpose were bewray'd  
 Her too-much boldness she repented sore.  
 But now the gate her fear and passage staid,  
 The heedless porter she beguill'd thus: —  
 I am Clotinda, ope the gates, she cried,  
 Whereas the king is made thus late I ride. —

## XCVI.

Her woman's voice and terms all framed been  
 Most like the speeches of the princely stout.  
 Who would have thought on horseback to have seen  
 That feeble damsel armed round about?  
 The porter her obey'd and she (between  
 Her trusty squire and maiden) sallied out,  
 And through the secret dokes they silent pass,  
 Where danger least, least fear least peril was.

## XCVII.

But when these fair advent'ers entered were  
 Deep in a vale, Erminia staid her haste  
 To be recall'd she had no cause to fear  
 Thus foremost hazard had she truly past  
 But dangers new (tofore unseen) appear  
 New perils she descried, new doubts she cast  
 The way that her desire to quiet brought  
 More difficult now seem'd than erst she thought.

## XCVIII.

Armed to ride among her angry foes,  
 She now perceiv'd it wore great oversight;  
 Yet would she not, she thought, herself disclose,  
 Until she came before her chosen knight  
 To him she purpos'd to present the rose,  
 Pure, spotless, clean untouch'd of mortal wight  
 She staid therefore and in her thoughts more wise,  
 She call'd her squire, whom thus she gan advise —

## XCIV

Thou must, quoth she, be mine ambassador,  
 Be wise, be careful, true, and diligent,  
 Go to the camp, present thyself before  
 The prince Tancredie, wounded in his tent,  
 Tell him thy mistress comes to cure his sore,  
 If he to grant her peace and rest consent,  
 'Gainst whom fierce love such cruel war hath raised;  
 So shall his wound be cur'd, her torments eased.

## O.

And say, in him such hope and trust she hath,  
 That in his powers she fears no shame nor scorn,  
 Tell him thus much, and whatsoe'er he saith,  
 Untold no more, but make a quick return -  
 I (for this place is free from harm and scath)  
 Within this valley will meanwhile sojourn -  
 Thus spake the princess, and her servant true  
 To execute the charge imposed flew,

## CI.

And was receiv'd (he so discreetly wrought)  
 First of the watch that guarded in their place,  
 Before the wounded prince then was he brought,  
 Who heard his message kind with gentle grace;  
 Which told, he left him tossing in his thought  
 A thousand doubts, and turn'd his speedy pace  
 To bring his lady and his mistress word  
 She might be welcome to that courteous lord.

## CII.

But she impatient, to whose desire  
 Grievous and harmful seem'd each little stay,  
 Recounts his steps, and thinks, now draws he nigher,  
 Now enters in, now speaks, now comes his way,  
 And that which griev'd her most, the careful squire  
 Less speedy seem'd than e'er before that day  
 Lastly she forward rode with love to guide,  
 Until the Christian tents at hand she spied

## CIII.

Invested in her starry veil the night  
 In her kind arms embraced all this round  
 The silver moon from sea uprising bright,  
 Spread frosty pearl upon the candleod ground  
 And Cynthia-like for beauty's glorious light,  
 The love-sick nymph threw glist'ring beams around  
 And emmellons of her old love she made  
 Those valleys dumb that silence, and that had

## CIV.

Beholding then the camp, quoth she,—O fair  
 And castle-like pavilions, richly wrought  
 From you how sweet methinks blows the air  
 How comforts it my heart, my soul, my thought!  
 Through her *— a fair grace, from grief and despair*  
 My tossed bark to port well nigh is brought  
 In you I seek redress for all my harms  
 Rest midst your weapons, peace amongst your arms

## CV.

Receive me then and let me mercy find,  
 As gentle love will me I shall  
 Among you had I entertainment kind,  
 When first I was the Prince Tamerlane's thrall  
 I covet not, led by ambition blind,  
 You should me in my father's throne instal,  
 Might I but serve in you my lord so dear  
 That my content my joy my comfort were.

## CVI.

Thus perished she (poor soul) and never feared  
 The sudden blow of fortune's cruel spite  
 She stood where Phoebe's splendid beam appeared  
 Upon her silver armour doubly bright  
 The place about her round the shining cleared  
 Of that pure white wherein the nymph was dight  
 The tigress great that on her helmet laid,  
 Bore witness where she went, and where she staid.

## CVII.

So, as her fortune would, a Christian band  
Their secret ambush there had closely framed,  
Let by two brothers of Italia land,  
Young Polipherne and Alicandro named,  
These with their forces watched to withstand  
Those that brought vittales to their foes untamed,  
And kept that passage, them Erminia spied,  
And fled as fast as her swift steed could ride

## CVIII

But Polipherne, before whose watery eyes  
His aged father strong Clorinda slew,  
When that bright shield and silver helm he spies,  
The championess he thought he saw and knew,  
Upon his hidden mates for aid he cries  
'Gainst his supposed foe, and forth he flew,  
As he was rash and heedless in his wrath,  
Bending his lance 'Thou art but dead, he saith

## CLX

As when a chased hind her course doth bend  
To seek by soil to find some ease or good,  
Whether from craggy rock the spring descend,  
Or softly glide within the shady wood,  
If there the dogs she meet where late she wend  
To comfort her weak limbs in cooling flood,  
Again she flies swift as she fled at first,  
Forsgetting weakness, weariness, and thirst

## CX

So she, that thought to rest her weary spright,  
And quench the endless thirst of ardent love,  
With dear embracements of her lord and knight,  
But such as marriage rites should first approve,  
When she beheld her foe, with weapon bright,  
Threat'ning her death, his hasty courser move,  
Her love, her lord, herself abandoned,  
She spurr'd her speedy steed, and swift she fled.

## CXL.

Erminia fled, scantily the tender grass  
 Her Pegasus with his light footsteps bent,  
 Her maiden's breast for speed did likewise pass  
 Yet divers ways (such was their fear) they went.  
 The squire, who all too late return'd, alas!  
 With tardy news from Prince Tancred's tent  
 Fled likewise, when he saw his mistress gone  
 It bootet not to sojourn there alone

## CXL.

But Alwinro, wiser than the rest,  
 Who this supposed Clorinda saw likewise,  
 To follow her yet was he nothing press'd,  
 But in his ambush still and close he lies  
 A messenger to Godfrey he address'd,  
 That should him of this accident advise  
 How that his brother chas'd with naked blade  
 Clorinda's self or else Clorinda's shade

## CXL.

Yet that it was, or that it could be she,  
 He had small cause or reason to suppose,  
 Occasion great and weighty must it be  
 Should make her ride by night among her foes  
 What Godfrey willed that observ'd he,  
 And with his soldiers lay in ambush close.  
 These news through all the Christian army went,  
 In every cabin talk'd, and every tent.

## CXL.

Tancred whose thoughts the squire had fill'd with doubt,  
 By his sweet words, suppos'd now hearing this—  
 Alas! the virgin came to seek me out,  
 And for my sake her life in danger is.—  
 Himself forthwith he singled from the rout,  
 And rode in haste, though half his arms he miss'd  
 Among those sandy fields and valleys green  
 To seek his love, he gallop'd fast unseen.

## BOOK VII.

## THE ARGUMENT

A shepherd fair Erminia entertains,	6
Whom whilst Tancredie seeks in vain to find,	22
He is entrapp'd in Armida's trains	27
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Satan, that sees the Pagan's fury blind	
And hasty wrath turn to his loss and harm,	
Doth raise new tempest, uproar, and alarm.	99

## I

ERMINIA's steed this while his mistress bore  
 Through forests thick among the shady trees,  
 Her feeble hand the bridle reins forlorn,  
 Half in a swoon she was for fear, I ween;  
 But her fleet courser spared ne'er the more  
 To bear her through the desert woods unseen  
 Of her strong foes, that chas'd her through the plain,  
 And still pursu'd, but still pursu'd in vain

## II

Like as the weary hounds at last retire,  
 Windless, displeased, from the fruitless chase,  
 When the sly beast tapish'd in bush and briar,  
 No art nor pains can rouse out of his place,  
 The Christian knights so full of shame and ire  
 Returned back, with faint and weary pace,  
 Yet still the fearful dame fled swift as wind,  
 Nor ever staid nor ever look'd behind



## III.

Through thick and thin all night, all day she driv'd,  
 Withouten comfort, company or guide  
 Her plaints and tears with every thought revived.  
 She heard and saw her griefs, but nought heard  
 But when the sun his burning chariot driv'd  
 In Thetis' wave, and weary team untied  
 On Jordan's sandy banks her course she staid  
 At last, there down she light, and down she laid.

## IV

Her tears her drink, her food her sorrowings,  
 This was her diet that unhappy night  
 But sleep, that sweet repose and quiet brings  
 To ease the griefs of disorientated wight,  
 Spread forth his tender soft, and nimble wings,  
 In his dull arms sitting the virgin bright  
 And love, his mother and the graces kept  
 Strong watch and ward, while this fair lady slept.

## V

The birds awak'd her with their morning song  
 Their warbling made pierce d her tender ear  
 The murmuring brooks and whirling winds among  
 The rattling boughs and leaves their parts did bear  
 Her eyes mov'd and beheld the games along  
 Of swains and shepherd youths that dwellings were  
 And that sweet noise, birds, winds, and waters sent,  
 Provok'd again the lady to lament

## VI

Her plaints were interrupted with a sound  
 That seem'd from thickest bushes to proceed  
 Some jolly shepherd sung a lusty round,  
 And to his voice had tun'd his oaten reed  
 Thither she went an old man there she found  
 At whose right hand his little flock did feed,  
 Sat milking his goats, his three does among,  
 That learn'd their father's art, and learn'd his song



[The Jordan]

## VII.

Beholding one in hml g arms appear  
 The seely man and his were sore dismay'd  
 But sweet Lammia comforted their fear  
 Her ventail up her wings open laid.—  
 You happy folk, of heav'n beloved dear,  
 Work on, quoth she, upon your harmless trade  
 These dreadful arms I bear no warfare bring  
 To your sweet toil, nor those sweet tunes you sing

## VIII.

But, father since this land, those towns and towers  
 Destroyed are with sword, with fire, and spoul  
 How may it be, unhurt that you and yours  
 In safety thus apply your harmless toil?—  
 My son, quoth he, this poor estate of ours  
 Is ever safe from storm of warlike broil  
 This wilderness doth us in safety keep,  
 No thund'ring drums, no trumpet breaks our sleep:

## IX.

Haply just heav'n's, defence and shield of right,  
 Doth love the innocence of simple swains  
 The thunderbolts on highest r t me light,  
 And seldom ever strikes the lower plains  
 So kings have cause to fear Bologna's might,  
 Not they whose sweat and toil their d'inner gains  
 Nor over greedy soldier was enticed  
 By poverty neglected and despised:

## X.

O Jerusalem chief of the heav'nly brood,  
 Dearer to me than wealth or kingly crown  
 No wish for honour thirst of other's good,  
 Can move my heart, contented with mine own:  
 We quench our thirst with water of this flood  
 Nor fear we poison should therein be thrown  
 These little flocks of sheep and tender goats  
 Give milk for food, and wool to make us coats

## XI

We little wish, we need but little wealth,  
From cold and hunger us to clothe and feed,  
These are my sons, their care preserves from stealth  
Then father's flocks, nor servants more I need  
Amid these groves I walk oft for my health,  
And to the fishes, birds, and beasts give heed,  
How they are fed in forest, spring, and lake,  
And their contentment for ensample take

## XII

'Time was (for each one hath his doting time,  
These silver locks were golden tresses then)  
That country life I hated as a crime,  
And from the forest's sweet contentment ran,  
To Memphis' stately palace would I climb,  
And there became the mighty caliph's man,  
And though I but a simple gardener were,  
Yet could I mark abuses, see and hear

## XIII

Enticed on with hope of future gain,  
I suffer'd long what did my soul displease,  
But when my youth was spent, my hope was vain,  
I felt my native strength at last decrease,  
I 'gan my loss of lusty years complain,  
And wish'd I had enjoy'd the country's peace,  
I bade the court farewell, and with content  
My later age here have I quiet spent —

## XIV

While thus he spake, Erminia, hush'd and still,  
His wise discourses heard with great attention,  
His speeches grave those idle fancies kill,  
Which in her troubled soul bred such dissension.  
After much thought reformed was her will,  
Within those woods to dwell was her intention,  
Till fortune should occasion new afford,  
To turn her home to her desired lord

## XV

She said thus: O shepherd full of art!  
 That troubles some didst whilom feel and prove,  
 Yet livest now in this contented state,  
 Let my mishap thy thoughts to pity move,  
 To entertain me as a willing mate  
 In shepherd's life, which I admire and love  
 Within these pleasant groves perchance my heart  
 Of her discomforts may mislead some part.

## XVI.

If gold or wealth, of most esteemed dear  
 If jewels rich thou didst hold in prize,  
 Such store thereof such plenty have I here,  
 As to a greedy mind might well suffice.—  
 With that down trickled many a silver tear  
 Two crystal streams fell from her wat'ry eyes  
 Part of her sad misfortunes then she told  
 And wept, and with her wept that shepherd old.

## XVII.

With speeches kind he gain the virgin dear  
 Towards his cottage gently home to guide  
 His aged wife there made her homely cheer  
 Yet welcom'd her and plac'd her by her side.  
 The princess don'd a poor peasant's gear  
 A kerchief ~~was~~ upon her head she tied  
 But yet her gestures and her looks, I guess,  
 Were such as ill becom'd a shepherdess:

## XVIII.

Not those rude garb ~~and~~ could obscure and hide  
 The heav'nly beauty of her angel's face,  
 Nor was her princely aspect damnsified  
 Or ought disparag'd by those labours base  
 Her little flocks to pasture would she guide,  
 And milk her goats, and in their folds them place;  
 Both cheese and butter could she make and frame  
 Herself to pl<sup>y</sup> the shepherd and his dame.

## XIX

But oft, when underneath the green-wood shade  
 Her flocks lay hid from Phœbus' scorching rays,  
 Unto her knight she songs and sonnets made,  
 And them engrav'd in bark of beech and bays,  
 She told how Cupid did her first invade,  
 How conquer'd her, and ends with Tancred's praise  
 And when her passion's writ she over read,  
 Again she mourn'd, again salt tears she shed —

## XX

You happy trees, for ever keep (quoth she)  
 This woeful story in your tender rind,  
 Another day under your shade, may be,  
 Will come to rest again some lover kind,  
 Who if these trophies of my griefs he see,  
 Shall feel dear pity pierce his gentle mind  
 With that she sigh'd, and said—Too late I prove  
 There is no truth in fortune, trust in love

## XXI

Yet may it be (if gracious heav'ns attend  
 The earnest suit of a distressed wight)  
 At my entreat they will vouchsafe to send  
 To these huge deserts that unthankful knight,  
 That when to earth the man his eyes shall bend,  
 And see my grave, my tomb, and ashes light,  
 My woeful death his stubborn heart may move,  
 With tears and sorrows to reward my love

## XXII

So, though my life hath most unhappy been,  
 At least yet shall my spirit dead be blest,  
 My ashes cold shall, buried on this green,  
 Enjoy that good this body ne'er possess —  
 Thus she complained to the senseless treen,  
 Floods in her eyes, and fires were in her breast,  
 But he for whom these streams of tears she shed,  
 Wander'd far off, alas! as chance him led



## XXVII

His stallworth steed the champion stout bestrode,  
 And pricked fast to find the way he lost ;  
 But through a valley as he musing rode,  
 He saw a man, that seem'd for haste a post ,  
 His horn was hung between his shoulders broad,  
 As is the guise with us    Tancredie crost  
 His way, and gently pray'd the man to say,  
 To Godfrey's camp how he should find the way —

## XXVIII

Sir, in the Italian language, answer'd he,  
 I ride whero noble Boemond hath me sent —  
 The Prince thought this his uncle's man should be,  
 And after him his course with speed he bent  
 A fortress stately built at last they see,  
 'Bout which a muddy stinking lake there went ,  
 There they arriv'd when Titan went to rest  
 His weary limbs in night's untroubled nest

## XXIX

The courier gave the fort a warning blast ,  
 The drawbridge was let down by them within —  
 If thou a Christian be (quoth he) thou may'st  
 Till Phœbus shine again here take thine inn ,  
 The County of Cosenza (three days past)  
 This castle from the Turks did nobly win  
 Tho Prince beheld the peece, which site and art  
 Impregnable had made on every part ;

## XXX.

He fear'd within a pile so fortified  
 Some secret treason or enchantment lay ,  
 But had he known even there he should have died,  
 Yet should his looks no sign of fear bewray ,  
 For wheresoever will or chance him guide,  
 His strong victorious hand still made him way ,  
 Yet, for the combat he must shortly make,  
 No new adventures list he undertake.





## XXXV

When that great name Rambaldo's ears did fill,  
He shook for fear and looked pale for dread,  
Yet proudly said—Tancred, thy hap was ill  
To wander hither where thou art but dead,  
Where nought can help thy courage, strength, and skill,  
To Godfrey will I send thy cursed head,  
That he may see how, for Armida's sake,  
Of him and of his Christ a scorn I make —

## XXXVI

This said, the day to sable night was turned,  
That scant one could another's arms descry,  
But soon a hundred lamps and torches burned,  
That cleared all the earth and all the sky,  
The castle seem'd a stage with lights adorned,  
On which men play some pompous tragedy  
Within a terrace sat on high the Queen,  
And heard and saw, and kept herself unseen

## XXXVII

The noble Baron whet his courage hot,  
And busk'd him boldly to the dreadful fight,  
Upon his horse long while he tarried not,  
Because on foot he saw the Pagan knight,  
Who underneath his trusty shield was got,  
His sword was drawn, clos'd was his helmet bright,  
'Gainst whom the Prince march'd on a stately pace,  
Wrath in his voice, rage in his eyes and face

## XXXVIII

His foe, his furious charge not well abiding,  
Travers'd his ground, and started here and there,  
But he (though faint and weary both with riding)  
Yet followed fast, and still oppress'd him near,  
And on what side he felt Rambaldo sliding,  
On that his forces most employed were,  
Now at his helm, now at his hawberk bright,  
He thundered blows, now at his face and sight,



## VIII

The Pagan wretch no longer could sustain  
 The dreadful terror of his fierce aspect,  
 Against the threat'ned blow he saw right plain  
 No temper'd armour could his life protect,  
 He leap'd aside, the stroke fell down in vain  
 Against a pillar near the bridge erect,  
 Thence flaming fire and thousand sparks out start,  
 And kill with fear the coward Pagan's heart

## XIV

Toward the bridge the fearful Panim fled,  
 And in swift flight his hope of life reposed,  
 Himself fast after Lord Tancredie sped,  
 And now in equal pace almost they closed,  
 When, all the burning lamps extinguished,  
 The shining fort his goodly splendour losed,  
 And all those stars on heaven's blue face that shone,  
 With Cinthia's self, dis'peared were and gone

## XLV

Amid those witchcrafts and that ugly shade  
 No further could the Prince pursue the chace,  
 Nothing he saw, yet forward still he made,  
 With doubtful steps, and ill-assured pace,  
 At last his foot upon a threshold trade,  
 And ere he wish'd he entered had the place,  
 With ghastly noise the door-leaves shut behind,  
 And clos'd him fast in prison dark and blind

## XLVI

As in our seas, in the Comachuan bay,  
 A seely fish, with streams enclosed, striveth  
 To shun the fury and avoid the sway  
 Wherewith the current in that whirlpool driveth,  
 Yet seeketh all in vain, but finds no way  
 Out of that watery prison where she diveth,  
 For with such force there be the tides in-brought,  
 There entereth all that will, thence issueth nought.



## LI.

The night, which that expected day fore-went,  
Scantly the Pagan clos'd his eyes to sleep,  
He told how night her sliding hours spent,  
And rose ere springing day began to peep,  
Ho call'd for armour, which incontinent  
Was brought by him that used the same to keep,  
That harness rich old Aladine him gave,  
A worthy present for a champion brave.

## LII

He don'd them on, nor long their riches ey'd,  
Nor did he aught with so great weight incline,  
His wonted sword upon his thigh he tied,  
The blade was old and tough, of temper fine  
As when a comet, far and wide descried,  
In scorn of Phœbus 'midst bright heav'n doth shine,  
And tidings sad of death and mischief brings  
To mighty lords, to monarchs, and to kings,

## LIII

So shone the Pagan in bright armour clad,  
And roll'd his eyes great swell'd with ire and blood,  
His dreadful gestures threat'ned horror sad,  
And ugly death upon his forehead stood,  
Not one of all his squires the courage had  
To 'pproach their master in his angry mood,  
Above his head he shook his naked blade,  
And 'gainst the subtle air vain battle made —

## LIV

That Christian thief (quoth he) that was so bold  
To combat me in hard and single fight,  
Shall wounded fall inglorious on the mould,  
His locks with clods of blood and dust bedight,  
And living shall with wat'ry eyes behold  
How from his back I tear his harness bright,  
Nor shall his dying words me so entreat,  
But that I'll give his flesh to dogs for meat

## LV

Like as a bull when prick'd with jealousy  
He spies the rival of his hot desire  
Through all the fields doth bellow roar and cry  
And with his thundering voice augments his ire  
And threatening battle to the empty sky,  
Tears with his horn each tree, plant, bush and briar  
And with his foot casts up the sand on height,  
Defying his strong foe to deadly fight

## LVI.

Such was the Pagan's fury such his cry  
An herald call'd he then, and thus he spake —  
Go to the camp, and in my name defy  
The man that combats for his Jesus' sake —  
This said upon his steed he mounted high,  
And with him did his noble prisoner take  
The town he thus forsook, and on the green  
He ran as mad or frantic he had been.

## LVII.

A bugle small he winded loud and shrill,  
That made around the fields and valleys near  
Louder than thunder from Olympus hill  
Seemed that dreadful blast to all that hear  
The Christian lords of prowess, strength and skill  
Within the imperial tent assembled were,  
The herald there in braving terms defied  
Tancred first, and all that durst beside.

## LVIII.

With sober cheer Godfredo look'd about,  
And view'd at leisure every lord and knight,  
But yet for all his looks not one stepped out  
With courage bold to undertake the fight:  
Absent were all the Christian champions stout,  
No news of Tancred since his secret flight  
Beclouded far off, and banished from the crew  
Was that strong Prince who proud Gerardo slew

## LIX

And eke those ten which chosen were by lot,  
And all the worthies of the camp beside,  
After Armida false were follow'd hot,  
When night was come their secret flight to hude,  
The rest their hands and hearts that trusted not  
Blushed for shame, yet silent still abide,  
For none there was that sought to purchase fame  
In so great peril, fear exiled shame

## LX

The angry Duke their fear discovered plain,  
By their pale looks and silence, from each part,  
And as he moved was with just disdain,  
These words he said and from his seat upstart —  
Unworthy life I judge that coward swain  
To hazard it e'en now that wants the heart,  
When this vile Pagan with his glorious boast  
Dishonours and defies Christ's sacred host

## LXI

But let my camp sit still in peace and rest,  
And my life's hazard at their ease behold,  
Come bring me here my fairest arms and best, —  
And they were brought sooner than could be told  
But gentle Raymond, in his aged breast  
Who had mature advice and counsel old,  
Than whom in all the camp were none or few  
Of greater might, before Godfredo drew,

## LXII

And gravely said—Ah let it not betide  
On one man's hand to venture all this host!  
No private soldier thou, thou art our guide,  
If thou miscarry all our hope were lost,  
By thee must Babel fall and all her pride,  
Of our true faith thou art the prop and post,  
Rule with thy sceptre, conquer with thy word,  
Let others combat make with spear and sword



## LIII

Let me this Pagan's glorious pride age,  
 These aged arms can yet their weapons use  
 Let others shun Bellona's dreadful rage,  
 Those silver locks shall not Raymond's scorn  
 Oh that I were in prime of lusty age  
 Like you that this adventure brave refuse,  
 And dare not once lift up your coward eyes  
 Gainst him that you and Christ himself despise!

## LXIV

Or as I was, when all the lords of fame  
 And German princes great stood by to view,  
 In Conrad's court (the second of that name)  
 When Leopold in single fight I slew  
 A greater prize I reaped by the same,  
 So slaying a foe in combat to subdue,  
 Than he should do who all alone shew'd chase  
 Or kill a thousand of these Pagans base.

## LXV

Within these arms had I that strength again  
 This breathing Palfrey had not liv'd till now  
 Yet in this latest doth courage still remain  
 For age or years these members shall not bow  
 And if I be in this encounter slain,  
 Swifto Argentis shall not scape, I vow  
 Give me mine arms, this battle shall with praise  
 Augment mine honour got in younger days.—

## LXVI

The jolly Baron old thus bravely spake,  
 His words are spurs to virtue every knight  
 That seem'd before to tremble and to quake  
 Now talk'd bold, example both such might  
 Each one the battle fierce would undertake,  
 Now strove they all who should begin the fight  
 Baldwin and Roger both would combat fain,  
 Stephen, Guelfo, Gernier and the Gorrards twain

## LXVII

And Pyrrhus, who, with help of Boemond's sword,  
 Proud Antioch by cunning sleight oppress'd,  
 The battle eke, with many a lowly word,  
 Ralph, Rosimond, and Eberard request,  
 A Scotch, an Irish, and an English lord,  
 Whose lands the sea divides far from the rest,  
 And for the fight did likewise humbly sue,  
 Edward and his Guldippes, lovers true

## LXVIII

But Raymond more than all the rest doth sue  
 Upon that Pagan fierce to wreak his ire  
 Now wants he nought of all his armours due  
 Except his helm, that shone like flaming fire  
 To whom Godfredo thus — O mirror true  
 Of antique worth! thy courage doth inspire  
 New strength in us, of Mars in thee doth shine  
 The art, the honour, and the discipline

## LXIX

If ten like thee of valour and of age  
 Among these legions I could haply find,  
 I should the heat of Babel's pride assuage,  
 And spread our faith from Thule to furthest Inde,  
 But now I pray thee calm thy valiant rage,  
 Reserve thyself till greater need us bind,  
 And let the rest each one write down his name,  
 And see whom fortune chooseth to this game,

## LXX

O! rather see whom God's high judgment taketh,  
 To whom is chance and fate and fortune slave —  
 Raymond his earnest suit not yet forsaketh,  
 His name writ with the res'due would he have  
 Godfrey himself in his bright helmet shaketh  
 The scrolls, with names of all the champions brave  
 They drew, and read the first whereon they hit,  
 Wherein was Raymond, Earl of Tholouse, writ

## LXXI

His name with joy and mighty shouts they bless  
 The rest allow his choice, and fortune praise  
 New vigour blushed through those looks of his,  
 It seem'd he now resum'd his youthful days:  
 Like to a snake whose slough new changed is,  
 That shines like gold against the sunny rays  
 But Godfrey most approv'd his fortune high  
 And wish'd him honour conquest, victory

## LXXII.

Then from his side he took his noble brand  
 And giving it to Raymond, thus he spake —  
 This is the sword wherewith, in Saxon land,  
 The great Rubeke battle used to make  
 From him I took it fighting hand to hand,  
 And took his life with it and many a lake  
 Of blood with it I have shed since that day  
 With thee God grant it prove as happy may —

## LXXIII

Of those delays mean while impatient,  
 Argentes threat both loud and sternly cries—  
 O glorious people of the Occident!  
 Behold him here that all your host defies  
 Why comes not Tancred, whose great hardiment  
 With you is priz'd so dear? pardon he lies  
 Still on his pillow and just as the night  
 Again may shield him from my power and might.

## LXXIV

Why then some other come, by hand and hand  
 Come all come forth on horseback, come on foot,  
 If not one man dares combat hand to hand,  
 In all the thousands of so great a rout  
 See where the tomb of Mary's Son doth stand,  
 March thither warriors bold, what makes you doubt?  
 Why run you not, there for your sins to weep,  
 Or to what greater need those forces keep?—

## LXXV

Thus scorned by that heathen Saracine  
 Were all the soldiers of Christ's sacred name  
 Raymond (while others at his words repine)  
 Burst forth in rage, he could not bear this shame,  
 For fire of courage brighter far doth shine,  
 If challenges and threats augment the same,  
 So that upon his steed he mounted light,  
 Which Aquilmo for his swiftness hight

## LXXVI

This jennet was by Tagus bred, for oft  
 The breeder of those beasts to war assign'd,  
 When first on trees bourgeon the blossoms soft,  
 Prick'd forward with the sting of fertile kind,  
 Against the air casts up her head aloft,  
 And gathereth seed so from the fruitful wind,  
 And thus conceiving of the gentle blast,  
 (A wonder strange and rare), she foals at last!

## LXXVII

And had you seen the beast you would have said  
 The light and subtle wind his father was,  
 For if his course upon the sands he made,  
 No sign was left what way the beast did pass,  
 Or if he manag'd were, or if he play'd,  
 He scanty bended down the tender grass  
 Thus mounted rode the Earl, and as he went,  
 Thus pray'd, to heaven his zealous looks up-bent —

## LXXVIII.

O Lord! that diddest save, keep, and defend  
 Thy servant David from Goliath's rage,  
 And broughtest that huge giant to his end,  
 Slain by a faithful child of tender age,  
 Like grace, O Lord! like mercy now extend,  
 Let me this vile blasphemous pride assuage,  
 That all the world may to thy glory know,  
 Old men and babes thy foes can overthrow —

## XXIX

Thus pray'd the County, and his prayers dear  
Strength'ned with zeal, with godliness and faith,  
Before the throne of that great Lord appear  
In whose sweet grace is life, death in his wrath  
Among his armies bright and legions clear  
The Lord an angel good selected hath  
To whom the charge was given to guard the knight,  
And keep him safe from that fierce Pagan's might.

## XXX

The angel good, appointed for the guard  
Of noble Raymond from his tender child  
That kept him then, and kept him afterward  
When spear and sword he able was to wield  
Now when his great Creator's will he heard  
That in this fight he should him chiefly shield  
Up to a tower set on a rock did fly  
Where all the heavenly arms and weapons lie.

## XXXI

There stands the lance wherewith great Michael slew  
The aged dragon in a bloody fight  
There are the dreadful thunders forged now  
With storms and plagues that on poor sinners light  
The massy trident mayst thou pendent view  
There on a golden pin hung up on height,  
Wherewith sometimes he smites the solid land,  
And throws down towns and towers thereon which stand.

## L

Among the blessed weapons there which stand  
Upon a diamond shield his looks he bended  
So great that it might cover all the land  
Twixt Caucasus and Atlas hills extended  
With it the Lord's dear flocks and faithful bands,  
The holy kings and cities are defended  
The sacred angel took this target shewn  
And by the Christian champion stood unseen.

## LXXXIII

But now the walls and turrets round about  
 Both young and old with many thousands fill,  
 The king Clorinda sent and her brave rout  
 To keep the field, she staid upon the hill —  
 Godfrey likewise some Christian bands sent out,  
 Which arm'd and rank'd in good array stood still,  
 And to their champions empty let remain  
 'Twixt either troop a large and spacious plain.

## LXXXIV

Aigantes looked for Tancredie bold,  
 But saw an uncouth foe at last appear,  
 Raymond rode on, and what he ask'd him told —  
 Better thy chance, Tancred is now elsewhere,  
 Yet glory not of that, myself behold  
 Am come prepar'd, and bid thee battle here,  
 And in his place, or for myself, to fight,  
 Lo here I am, who scorn thy heath'nish night —

## LXXXV

The Pagan cast a scornful smile, and said—  
 But where is Tancred, is he still in bed?  
 His looks late seem'd to make high heav'n afraid,  
 But now for dread he is or dead or fled,  
 But were earth's centre or the deep sea made  
 His lurking hole, it should not save his head —  
 Thou liest, he says, to say so brave a knight  
 Is fled from thee, who thee exceeds in might —

## LXXXVI

The angry Pagan said—I have not spilt  
 My labour then if thou his place supply,  
 Go, take the field, and let's see how thou wilt  
 Maintain thy foolish words and that brave lie —  
 Thus parlied they to meet in equal tilt,  
 Each took his aim at other's helm on high,  
 Even in the sight his foe good Raymond hit,  
 But shak'd him not, he did so firmly sit

## LXXXVII.

The fierce Circassian misdeed of his blow,  
 A thing which seldom befell the man before  
 The angel by manen his forces did know  
 And far awry the poignant weapon bore  
 He burst his lance against the sand below  
 And bit his lips for rage, and curst and swore  
 Against his foe return'd he swift as wind  
 Half mad in arms a second match to find.

## LXXXVIII.

Like to a ram that butts with horned head,  
 So spur'd he forth his horse with deep rate race:  
 Raymond at his right hand let slide his steed  
 And as he pass'd struck at the Pagan a face  
 Who turn'd again the brave Earl nothing dread,  
 Yet stepp'd aside and to his rage gave place,  
 And on his helm with all his strength gave smite  
 Which was so hard his courtlax could not bite.

The Saracins employ'd his art and force  
 To gripe his foe within his mighty arms  
 But he avoided nimbly with his horse  
 He was no pretence in those fierce alarms;  
 About him made he many a whirling course,  
 No strength, no sleight the subtle warrior harms  
 His nimble steed obey'd his ready hand,  
 And where he stept no print left in the sand.

## XC.

As when a captain doth beseege some hold  
 Set in a marsh or high on a hill,  
 And trieth ways and wiles a thousand fold  
 To bring the peeco subjected to his will  
 So led the County with the Pagan bold  
 And when he did his heed and breast none ill,  
 His weaker parts he wisely gave — II  
 And entrance search'd oft twist mail and mail.

## XCI

At last he hit him on a place or twain,  
That on his arms the red blood trickled down,  
And yet himself untouched did remain,  
No nail was broke, no plume cut from his crown  
Argantes raging spent his strength in vain,  
Waste were his strokes, his thrusts were idle thrown,  
Yet press'd he on, and doubled still his blows,  
And where he hits he neither cares nor knows

## XCII

Among a thousand blows the Saracene  
At last struck one, when Raymond was so near  
That not the swiftness of his Aquiline  
Could his dear lord from that huge danger bear  
But lo! at hand unseen was help divine,  
Which saves when worldly comforts none appear,  
The angel on his targe receiv'd that stroke,  
And on that shield Argantes' sword was broke

## XCIII

The sword was broke, therein no wonder lies  
If earthly temper'd metal could not hold  
Against that target forg'd above the skies  
Down fell the blade in pieces on the mould,  
The proud Circassian scant believ'd his eyes,  
Though nought were left him but the hilts of gold,  
And full of thoughts amaz'd awhile he stood,  
Wond'ring the Christian's armour was so good

## XCIV

The brittle web of that rich sword he thought  
Was broke through hardness of the County's shield,  
And so thought Raymond, who discovered nought  
What succour heav'n did for his safety yield,  
But when he saw the man 'gainst whom he fought  
Unweaponed, still stood he in the field,  
His noble heart esteem'd the glory light,  
At such advantage if he slew the knight.



## XCV

Go fetch he would have said another hind  
When in his heart a better thought arose,  
How for Christ's glory he was champion maid  
How Godfrey had him to this combat chose  
The armies' honour on his shoulder laid  
To hazards new he list not that expose  
While thus his thoughts debated on the case,  
The hilt Argantes hurl'd at his face

## XCVI.

An l forward spur'd his mounter fierce withal  
Within his arms longing his foe to strain  
Upon whose helm the heavy blow did fall  
And bent well nigh the metal to his brain :  
But he whose courage was heroical  
Leap'd by and mak' the Pagan's onset vain,  
And wounds his hand, which he outstretched saw  
Fiercer than eagle's talon, lion's paw

## XCVII.

Now here, now there, on every side he rode  
With nimble speed and spur'd now out, now in  
And as he went and came still laid on load  
Where Lord Argantes arms were weak and thin  
All that huge force which in his arms abode,  
His wrath, his ire, his great desire to win,  
Against his foe together all he bent,  
And heav'n and fortune further'd his intent.

## XCVIII.

But he, whose courage for no peril fails,  
Well arm'd and better hearted, scorns his powers  
Like a tall ship, when spent are all her sails,  
Which still resists the rage of storm and shower  
Whose mighty ribs fast bound with bands and nails,  
Withstand fierce Neptune's wrath for many an hour  
And yields not up her bruised keel to winds,  
In whose stern blasts no ruth nor grace she finds :

## XCIX

Argantes such thy present danger was,  
 When Satan stirr'd to aid thee at thy need,  
 In human shape he forg'd an airy mass,  
 And made the shade a body seem indeed,  
 Well might the spirit for Clorinda pass,  
 Like her it was in armour and in weed,  
 In stature, beauty, countenance, and face,  
 In looks, in speech, in gesture, and in pace,

## c.

And for the sprite should seem the same indeed,  
 From where she was whose show and shape it had,  
 Towards the wall it rode with feigned speed,  
 Where stood the people all dismay'd and sad  
 To see then knight of help have so great need,  
 And yet the law of arms all help forbad  
 There in a turret sat a soldier stout  
 To watch, and at a loop-hole peeped out

## CI

The spirit spake to him, called Oradine,  
 The noblest archer then that handled bow —  
 O, Oradine, quoth she, who straight as line  
 Canst shoot, and hit each mark set high or low,  
 If yonder knight, alas! be slain in fine,  
 As likeliest is, great ruth it were you know,  
 And greater shame if his victorious foe  
 Should with his spoils triumphant homeward go

## CII

Now prove thy skill, thine arrow's sharp head dip  
 In yonder thievish Frenchman's guilty blood,  
 I promise thee thy sovereign shall not slip  
 To give thee large rewards for such a good, —  
 Thus said the sprite the man did laugh and skip  
 For hope of future gain, nor longer stood,  
 But from his quiver huge a shaft he bent,  
 And set it in his mighty bow new bent

## CIII

Twanged the string out flew the quarrel long  
And through the subtle air did singing pass  
It hit the knight, the buckles rich among  
Wherewith his precious girdle fasten'd was.  
It bruised them and pierc'd his hauberk strong  
Some little blood down trickled on the grass  
Light was the wound the angel by unseen  
The sharp head blunted of the weapon keen.

## CIV

Raymond drew forth the shaft, as much beboved,  
And with the steel his blood out streaming came  
With bitter words his foe he then reproved  
For breaking faith, to his eternal shame.  
Godfrey whose careful eyes from his beloved  
Were never turned saw and mark'd the same  
And when he view'd the wounded County bleed  
He sigh'd, and feared more perchance than need

## CV

And with his words and with his threatening eyes  
He stir'd his captains to revenge that wrong  
Forthwith the spurred courser forward hies  
Within their ranks put were their lances long  
From either side a squadron brave out flies,  
And boldly made a fierce encounter strong  
The raised dust to o'erspread began  
Their shining arms and far more shining sun.

## CVI

Of beaving spears, of ramping helm and shield,  
A dreadful rumour roar'd on every side,  
There lay a horse another through the field  
Ran masterless, dismounted was his guide  
Here one lay dead there did another yield,  
Some sigh'd some sobb'd some prayed, and some cry'd:  
Fierce was the fight and longer still it lasted  
Fiercer and fiercer still themself as they wasted.

## CVII

Argantes nimbly leap'd amid the throng,  
 And from a soldier wrung an iron mace,  
 And breaking through the ranks and ranges long,  
 Therewith he passage made himself and place,  
 Raymond he sought the thickest prease among,  
 To take revenge for late receiv'd disgrace,  
 A greedy wolf he seem'd, and would assuage  
 With Raymond's blood his hunger and his rage

## CVIII

The way he found not easy as he would,  
 But fierce encounters put him oft to pain,  
 He met Ormanno and Rogeiro bold,  
 Of Balnavile Guy, and the Gerards twain,  
 Yet nothing might his rage and haste withhold,  
 These worthies strove to stop him but in vain,  
 With these strong lets increased still his ire,  
 Like rivers stopp'd, or closely smould'ring fire

## CIX

He slew Ormanno, wounded Guy, and laid  
 Rogeiro low among the people slain,  
 On every side new troops the man invade,  
 Yet all their blows were waste, their onsets vain  
 But while Argantes thus his prizes play'd,  
 And seem'd alone this skirmish to sustain,  
 The Duke his brother call'd, and thus he spake  
 Go with thy troop, fight for thy Saviour's sake,

## CX

There enter in where hottest is the fight,  
 Thy force against the left wing strongly bend —  
 This said, so brave an onset gave the knight,  
 That many a Pannim bold there made his end  
 The Turks too weak seem'd to sustain his might,  
 And could not from his power their lines defend,  
 Their ensigns rent, and broke was then array,  
 And men and horse on heaps together lay.

## CXL

Oathsworn likewise away the right wing ran,  
 Nor was there one again that turn'd his face  
 Save bold Argantes, else fled every man  
 Fear drove them thence on heaps with headlong charge.  
 He stay'd alone and battle new began  
 Five hundred men, weapon'd with sword and mace,  
 So great resistance never could have made,  
 As did Argantes with his single blade.

## CXL

The strokes of swords and thrusts of many a spear  
 The shock of many a just, he long sustained  
 He seem'd of strength enough this charge to bear  
 And time to strike now here now there he gained  
 His armour broke his members bruised were,  
 He sweat and bled, yet courage still he scorn'd  
 But now his foes upon him press'd so fast,  
 That with their wright they bore him back at last.

## CXL

His back against this storm at length he turn'd,  
 Whose headlong fury bore him backward still  
 Not like to one that fled but one that mourn'd  
 Because he did his foes no greater ill  
 His threaten'ing eyes like flaming torches burn'd,  
 His courage thirsted yet more blood to spill  
 And every way and every mean he sought  
 To stay his flying mates, but all for nought.

## CXLV

This good he did, while thus he play'd his part,  
 His bands and troops at ease and safe retired  
 Yet coward dread back'd order, fear wants art,  
 Deaf to attend what was need'd or desired.  
 But Godfrey that perceiv'd in his wise heart  
 How his bold knights to victory aspired,  
 Fresh soldiers sent to make more quick pursuit,  
 And help to gather conquest's precious fruit.

## CXV

But this (alas !) was not th' appointed day  
 Set down by heav'n to end this mortal war,  
 The Western lords this time had borne away  
 The prize for which they travell'd had so far,  
 Had not the devils (that saw the sure decay  
 Of their false kingdom by this bloody war)  
 At once made heav'n and earth with darkness blind,  
 And stirr'd up tempests, storms, and blust'ring wind

## CXVI

Heav'n's glorious lamp, wrapp'd in an ugly veil  
 Of shadows dark, was hid from mortal eye,  
 And hell's grim blackness did bright skies assail,  
 On every side the fiery light'nings fly,  
 The thunders roar, the streaming rain and hail  
 Pour down, and make that sea which erst was dry,  
 The tempests rend the oaks, and cedars brake,  
 And make not trees, but rocks and mountains shake

## CXVII

The rain, the light'ning, and the raging wind,  
 Beat in the Frenchmen's eyes with hideous force,  
 The soldiers staid amaz'd in heart and mind,  
 The terror such stopped both man and horse  
 Surprised with this ill, no way they find  
 Whither for succour to direct their course  
 But wise Clorinda soon th' advantage spied,  
 And spurring forth, thus to her soldiers cried —

## CXVIII

You hardy men at arms, behold (quoth she)  
 How heav'n, how justice in our aid doth fight,  
 Our visages are from this tempest free,  
 Our hands at will may wield our weapons bright,  
 The fury of this friendly storm you see  
 Upon the foreheads of our foes doth light,  
 And blinds their eyes, then let us take the tide,  
 Come, follow me, good fortune be our guide —

## CXX.

This mad against her foes on rode the dame,  
And turn'd their backs against the wind and rain  
Upon the French with furious rage she came,  
And scorn'd those idle blows they struck in vain  
Argantes at the instant did the same,  
And them who chased him now chas'd again:  
Nought but his fearful back each Christian shows  
Against the tempest and against their blows.

## CXXI.

The cruel hall and deadly wounding blade  
Upon their shoulders smote them as they fled  
The blood new spilt, while thus they slaughter made  
The water fall'n from skies had dyed red.  
Among the murder'd bodies Pyrrhus laid,  
And valiant Ralph his heart-blood there out-bled  
The first subdu'd by strong Argantes' might,  
The second conquer'd by that virgin knight.

## CXXII.

Thus fled the French and them pursu'd in chace  
The wicked sprites and all the Syrian train  
But gainst their force, and gainst the fell menace  
Of hell and wind, of tempest and of rain,  
Godfrey alone turn'd his audacious face,  
Blaming his barons for their fear so vain  
Himself the camp-gate boldly stood to keep,  
And sav'd his men within his trenches deep.

## CXXIII.

And twice upon Argantes proud he flew  
And beat him backward mangre all his might,  
And twice his thirsty sword he did embue  
In Pagans' blood where thickest was the fight.  
At last himself with all his folk withdrew  
And that day's conquest gave the virgin bright  
Which got, she home retr'd and all her men  
And thus she chas'd this lion to his den.

## CXXIII.

Yet ceased not the fury and the ire  
Of these huge storms of wind, of rain, and hail,  
Now was it dark, now shone the light'ning fire,  
The wind and water every place assail,  
No bank was safe, no rampire left entire,  
No tent could stand when beam and cordage fail,  
Wind, thunder, rain, all gave a dreadful sound,  
And with that music deaf'd the trembling ground



## BOOK VIII.

## THE ARM REAT

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Th' Italians, trusting signs untrue too well,	48
Think their Bismold slain ; the wicked scold	57
Breeds fury in their breasts, their bosoms swell	
With ire and hate, and war and strife forth send ;	
They threaten Godfrey ; he prays to the Lord,	78
And calms their fury with his look and word.	78

## I.

Now were the skies of storms and tempests cleared  
 Lord Æolus shut up his winds in hold  
 The silver-mantled morning fresh appeared,  
 With roses crown'd, and breakin'd high with gold ;  
 The spirits yet which had those tempests roared  
 Their malice would still more and more unfold  
 And one of them, that Astrager was named  
 His speeches thus to foul Aleco framed —

## II.

Aleco, see, we could not stop nor stay  
 The knight that to our foes new tidings brings,  
 Who from the hands escap'd with life away  
 Of that great prince chief of all Pagan kings,  
 He comes, the fall of his slain lord to say  
 Of death and loss he tells, and such sad things,  
 Great news he brings, and greatest danger is  
 Bertoldo's son shall be call'd home for this.

## III

Thou know'st what would befall, hestir thee then,  
Prevent with craft what force could not withstand,  
Turn to their evil the speeches of the man,  
With his own weapon wound Godfredo's hand,  
Kindle debate, infect with poison wan  
The English, Switzer, and Italian band,  
Great tumults move, make brawls and quarrels rife,  
Set all the camp on uproar and at strife

## IV

This act heseems thee well, and of the deed  
Much may'st thou boast before our lord and king —  
Thus said the sprite persuasion small did need,  
The monster grants to undertake the thing  
Meanwhile the knight whose coming thus they dread,  
Before the camp his weary limbs doth bring,  
And well-nigh breathless—Warriors bold, he cried,  
Who shall conduct me to your famous guide?—

## V

An hundred strove the stranger's guide to he,  
To hearken news the knights by heaps assemble,  
The man fell lowly down upon his knee,  
And kiss'd the hand that made proud Babel tremble —  
Right puissant lord, whose valiant acts (quoth he)  
The sands and stars in number best resemble,  
Would God some gladder news I might unfold —  
And there he paus'd and sigh'd, then thus he told —

## VI

Sweno, the King of Denmark's only heir,  
The stay and staff of his declining eild,  
Longed to be among these squadrons tan,  
Who for Christ's faith here serve with spear and shield,  
No weariness, no storms of sea or air,  
No such contents as crowns and sceptres yield,  
No dear entreaties of so kind a sire,  
Could in his bosom quench that glorious fire,

## VII.

He thirsted sore to learn this warlike art  
 Of thee, great lord and master of the same,  
 And was arm'd in his noble heart  
 That never act he did down'd same;  
 Besides the news and tidings from each part  
 Of young Rinaldo's worth and praises came  
 But that which most his courage stirred hath  
 Is zeal, religion, godliness, and faith.

## VIII.

He hasted forth and then without delay  
 And with him took of knights a chosen band,  
 Directly toward Thrace we took the way  
 To Blizance old, chief seat of that land;  
 There the Greek monarch gently pray'd him stay,  
*And born as herald sent from you is said,*  
 How Antioch was a son who first declar'd,  
 And how defended nobly afterward

## IX.

Defended against Corbana, vallant knight,  
 That all the Persian armies had to guide,  
 And brought so many soldiers bold to fight  
 That void of men he left that kingdom wide  
 He told thine acts, thy wisdom, and thy might  
 And told the deeds of many a lord beside  
 His speech at length to young Rinaldo past,  
 And told his great achievements first and last

## X.

And how this noble camp of yours of late  
 Besieged had this town, and in what sort,  
 And how you pray'd him to participate  
 Of the last conquest of this noble fort.  
 In hardy Sweno opened was the gate  
 Of worthy anger by this brave report;  
 So that each hour a year and five years long  
 Till he were fighting with these Pagans strong.

## XI.

And while the herald told your fights and frays,  
Himself of cowardice reprov'd he thought,  
And him to stay that counsels him or prays  
He hears not, or (else heard) regardeth nought,  
He fears no perils, but (whilst he delays)  
Lest this last work without his help be wrought,  
In this his doubt, in this his danger lies,  
No hazard else he fears, no peril spies.

## XII

Thus hasting on, he hasted on his death,  
Death that to him and us was fatal guide  
The rising morn appeared yet unceath,  
When he and we were arm'd, and fit to ride,  
The nearest way seem'd best, o'er hoults and heath  
We went, through deserts waste, and forests wide;  
The straits and ways he openeth as he goes,  
And sets each land free from intruding foes

## XIII

Now want of food, now dang'rous ways we find,  
Now open war, now ambush closely laid,  
Yet past we forth, all perils left behind,  
Our foes or dead or run away afraid,  
Of victory so happy blew the wind,  
That careless all, and heedless too, it made,  
Until one day his tents he hapt to rear,  
To Palestine when we approached near,

## XIV

There did our scouts return, and bring us news  
That dreadful noise of horse and arms they hear,  
And that they deem'd by sundry signs and shows  
There was some mighty host of Pagans near  
At these sad tidings many chang'd their hues,  
Some looked pale for dread, some shook for fear,  
Only our noble lord was alter'd nought  
In look, in face, in gesture, or in thought,

## XV

But said—A crown prepare you to possess  
Of martyrdom, or happy victory  
For this I hope, for that I wish no less,  
Of greater merit and of greater glory  
Brethren, this camp will shortly be, I guess,  
A temple sacred to our memory  
To which the holy men of future age  
To leav our graves shall come in pilgrimage.—

## XVI

This said, he set the watch in order right,  
To guard the camp along the trenches deep  
And as he armed was so every knight  
He willed on his back his arms to keep.  
Now had the stillness of the quiet night  
Drown'd all the world in silence and in sleep,  
When suddenly we heard a dreadful sound,  
Which deaf'd the earth and tremble made the ground.

## XVII

Arm, arm, they cry'd Prince Sweno at the same,  
Glist'ring in shining steel, leapt foremost out;  
His visage shone, his noble looks did flame  
With kindled brand of courage bold and stout  
When, lo the Pagans to assault us came  
And with huge numbers bound'd us round about  
A forest thick of spears about us grew  
And over us a cloud of war we flew

## XVIII.

Uneven the fight, unequal was the fray  
Our enemies were twenty men to one  
On ev'ry side the slain and wounded lay  
Unseen, where nought but glist'ring weapons shone;  
The number of the dead could no man say  
So was the place with darkness overgrown  
The night her mantle black upon us spread,  
Hiding our losses and our valiant deeds.

## XIV

But hardy Sweno, 'midst the other train,  
By his great acts was well descried I wote,  
No darkness could his valour's daylight stain,  
Such wond'rous blows on every side he smote,  
A stream of blood, a bank of bodies slain,  
About him made a bulwark and a moat,  
And whensoe'er he turn'd his fatal brand,  
Dread in his looks and death sat in his hand

## XV.

Thus fought we till the morning bright appeared,  
And strewed roses on the azure sky,  
But when her lamp had night's thick darkness cleared,  
Wherein the bodies dead did buried lie,  
Then our sad cries to heav'n for grief we reared,  
Our loss apparent was, for we descry  
How all our camp destroyed was almost,  
And all our people well-nigh slain and lost.

## XVI

Of thousands twain an hundred scant survived  
When Sweno murder'd saw each valiant knight,  
I know not if his heart in sunder rived,  
For dear compassion of that woeful sight  
He shew'd no change, but said—Since so deprived  
We are of all our friends by chance of fight,  
Come, follow them, the path to heav'n their blood  
Marks out, now angels made, of martyrs good —

## XXII

This said, and glad I think of death at hand,  
The signs of heav'nly joy shone through his eyes,  
Of Saracines against a mighty band  
With fearless heart and constant breast he flies  
No steel could shield them from his cutting brand,  
But whom he hits without recure he dies,  
He never struck but fell'd or kill'd his foe,  
And wounded was himself from top to toe



## XXVII.

But still the light approached near and near,  
 And with the same a whisp'ring murmur ran,  
 Till at my side arrived both they were,  
 When I to spread my feeble eyes began  
 Two men behold in vestures long appear,  
 With each a lamp in hand, who said—O son,  
 In that dear Lord who helps his servants trust,  
 Who, ere they ask, grants all things to the just —

## XXVIII

This said, each one his sacred blessing flings  
 Upon my corse, with broad outstretched hand,  
 And mumbled hymns and psalms and holy things,  
 Which I could neither hear nor understand —  
 Arise (quoth they) — With that, as I had wings,  
 All whole and sound I leap'd up from the lard  
 O miracle, sweet, gentle, strange, and true!  
 My limbs new strength receiv'd and vigour new

## XXIX

I gaz'd on them like one whose heart denaith  
 To think that done he sees so strangely wrought,  
 Till one said thus — O thou of little faith,  
 What doubts perplex thy unbelieving thought?  
 Each one of us a living body hath,  
 We are Christ's chosen servants, fear us nought,  
 Who to avoid the world's allurements vain,  
 In wilful penance hermits poor remain —

## XXX

Us messengers to comfort thee elect  
 That Lord hath sent that rules both heav'n and hell,  
 Who often doth his blessed will effect  
 By such weak means as wonder is to tell,  
 He will not that this body lie neglect,  
 Wherein so noble soul did lately dwell,  
 To which again, when it uprisen is,  
 It shall united be in lasting bliss,



## XXXI.

I say Lord Sueno's corpse for which prepar'd  
 A tomb there is according to his worth  
 By which his honour shall be far declar'd,  
 And his just praises spread from south to north  
 But lift thine eyes up to the heavens-ward  
 Mark yonder light that like the sun shines forth,  
 That shall direct thee with those beams so clear  
 To find the body of thy master dear —

## XXXII.

With that I saw from Cinthia's silver face  
 Like to a falling star a beam down slide,  
 That bright as golden line mark'd out the place  
 And lighten'd with clear beams the forest wide  
 So I + was above when Phoebus left the choir  
 And bid Let down by her Euryntion's ark  
 Such was the light, that well discern I could  
 His shape his wounds his face (though dead) yet bold.

## XXXIII.

He lay not grovelling now, but as a knight  
 That e'er had to heaven only things desire  
 So it wands heaven the prince lay bolt upright,  
 Look'd him that upward still sought to aspire  
 His right hand closed held his weapon bright,  
 Ready to strike and execute his ire  
 His left upon his breast was humbly laid,  
 That none might know that while he died he pray'd.

## XXXIV.

While on his wounds with countless tears I wept,  
 That neither helped him, nor ead my care  
 One of those aged Lithers to him stept  
 And forc'd his hand that need'd no weapon spare —  
 The sword (quoth he) hath I good taken kept  
 That of the Titans' blood he drank his share  
 And Lutheth still he could not save his lord  
 His sword, and sharp, was not a little worn'd.

## XXXV

Heav'n therefore will not, though the prince be slain

Who used erst to wield this precious brand,  
That so brave blade unused should remain,

But that it pass from strong to stronger hand,  
Who with like force can wield the same again,  
And longer shall in grace of fortune stand,  
And with the same shall bitter vengeance take  
On him that Sweno slew, for Sweno's sake

## XXXVI

Great Soliman kill'd Sweno, Soliman

For Sweno's sake upon this sword must die  
Here take the blade, and with it haste thee thence  
Thither where Godfrey doth encamped lie,  
And fear not thou that any shall or can

Or stop thy way or lead thy steps awry,  
For He that doth thee on this message send,  
Thee with his hand shall guide, keep, and defend.

## XXXVII

Arrived there, it is His blessed will,

With true report that thou declare and tell  
The zeal, the strength, the courage, and the skill  
In thy beloved lord that late did dwell,  
How for Christ's sake he came his blood to spill,

And sample left to all of doing well,  
That future ages may admire his deed,  
And courage take when his brave end they read.

## XXXVIII

It resteth now thou know that gentle knight

That of this sword shall be thy master's heir,  
It is Rinaldo young, with whom in might

And martial skill no champion may compare,  
Give it to him, and say, the heavens bright

Of this revenge to him commit the care —  
While thus I list'ned what this old man said,  
A wonder new from further speech us staid,

For there whereas the wounded body lay,  
 A stately tomb with curious work behold  
 And wondrous art, was built out of the clay  
 Which rising round the carcase did enfold  
 With words engraven in the marble grey,  
 The warrior's name his worth and praise, that told  
 On which I gazing stood and often read  
 That epitaph of my dear master dead.—

## XL.

Among his soldiers (quoth the hermit) here  
 Must Sweno's corpse remain in marble chest,  
 While up to heav'n are flown their spirits dear  
 To live in endless joy for ever blest  
 His funeral thou best with many a tear  
 Accompanied it's now high time to rest  
 Come, be my guest until the morning ray  
 Shall light the world gain then take thy way —

## XLI.

This said, he led me over hills and hags  
 Through thorns and bushes scant my legs I drew  
 Till underneath a heap of stones and crags  
 At last he brought me to a cave I knew  
 Among the bears, wild boars, the wolves, and stags,  
 There dwelt he safe with his disciple true,  
 And fear'd no treason force, nor hurt at all,  
 His guiltless conscience was his castle's wall.

## XLII.

My supper roots my bed was moss and leaves  
 But weariness in little rest found ease:  
 But when the purple morning night bereaves  
 Of late usurped rule on lands and seas,  
 His low bed couch each wakeful hermit leaves  
 To pray rose they and I, for so they please,  
 I could took when ended was the same,  
 And hitherward as they advis'd me came.—

## XLIII

The Dane his woeful tale had done, when thus  
 The good Prince Godfrey answer'd him — Su knight,  
 Thou bringest tidings sad and dolorous,  
 For which our heavy camp laments of right,  
 Since so brave troops, and so dear friends to us,  
 One hour hath spent in one unlucky fight,  
 And so appeared hath thy master stout,  
 As lightning doth, now kindled, now quench'd out

## XLIV

But such a death and end exceedeth all  
 The conquests vain of reulins, or spoils of gold,  
 Nor aged Rome's proud stately capital  
 Did ever triumph yet like theirs behold,  
 They sit in heav'n on thrones celestial,  
 Crowned with glory, for then conquest bold,  
 Where each his hurts I think to other shows,  
 And glories in those bloody wounds and blows

## XLV

But thou who hast part of thy race to run,  
 With haps and hazards of this world toss'd,  
 Rejoice, for those high honours they have won,  
 Which cannot be by chance or fortune cross'd  
 But for thou askest for Bertoldo's son,  
 Know that he wandereth, banish'd from this host,  
 And till of him new tidings some man tell,  
 Within this camp I deem it best thou dwell

## XLVI

These words of theirs in many a soul renewed  
 The sweet remembrance of fair Sophia's child,  
 Some with salt tears for him their cheeks bedewed,  
 Lest evil betide him 'mongst the Pagans wild,  
 And every one his valiant prowess shewed,  
 And of his battles stories long compil'd,  
 Telling the Dane his acts and conquests past,  
 Which made his ears amaz'd, his heart aghast

## XLVII.

Now when remembrance of the youth had wrought

A tender pity in each soften'd mind

Behold returned home with all they sought

The bands that were to forage late assign'd

And with them in abundance great they brought

Both flocks and herds of every sort and kind,

And corn although not much, and hay to feed

Their noble steeds and coursers when they need:

## XLVIII.

They also brought of misadventure sad

Tokens and signs, seem'd too apparent true

Rinaldo's armour crush'd and hack'd they had

Of pierced through, with blood besmear'd new

About the camp (for always rumours bad

Are farthest spread) these woeful things slow

Thither assembled straight both high and low

Longing to see what they were loth to know

## XLIX.

His heavy hauberk was both seen and known,

And his broad shield wherein displayed flies

The bird that proves her chickens for her own

By looking 'gainst the sun with open eyes:

That shield was to the Pagans often shown

In many a hard and hardy enterprise

But now with many a gush and many a stroke

They see, and sigh to see, it crush'd and broke.

## L.

While all his soldiers whisper'd under hand

And here and there the fault and cause do lay

Godfrey before him called Alibrand,

Captain of those that brought of late this prey;

A man who did on points of virtue stand,

Blameless in words, and true whate'er he say—

Say (quoth the Duke) where you this armour had,

Hide not the truth but tell it good or bad.—

## LI

He answer'd him—As far from hence, think I,  
As on two days a speedy post well rideth,  
To GAZA-ward a little plain doth lie,  
Itself among the steepy hills which hideth,  
Through it, slow falling from the mountains high,  
A rolling brook 'twixt bush and bramble glideth,  
Clad with thick shade of boughs of broad-leav'd treen,  
Fit place for men to lie in wait unseen

## LII.

Thither, to seek some flocks or herds we went,  
Perchance close hid under the greenwood shaw,  
And found the springing grass with blood besprent,  
A warrior tumbled in his blood we saw,  
His arms, though dusty, bloody, hack'd and rent,  
Yet well we knew when near the corse we draw,  
To which (to view his face) in vain I started,  
For from his body his fair head was parted,

## LIII

His right hand wanted eke, with many a wound  
The trunk through pierced was from back to breast,  
A little by his empty helm we found  
The silver eagle shining on his crest,  
To spy at whom to ask we gazed round,  
A churle towards us his steps addrest,  
But when us armed by the corse he spied,  
He ran away his fearful face to hide

## LIV

But we pursu'd him, took him, spake him fair,  
Till comforted at last he answer made,  
How that the day before he saw repair  
A band of soldiers from that forest's shade,  
Of whom one carried by the golden hair  
A head but late cut off with murd'ring blade,  
The face was fair and young, and on the chin  
No sign of beard to bud did yet begin,

## LV

And how in sand I wrapt away he bore  
That head with him hung at his anvil-bow  
And how the murderers, by the arms they wore,  
For soldiers of our camp he well did know  
The carcass I disarm'd, and weeping sore  
Because I guess'd who should that harness owe  
Away I brought it, but first order gave  
That noble body should be laid in grave.

## LVL

But if it be his trunk whom I believe  
A nobler tomb his worth deserveth well,—  
This and, good Alprando took his leave,  
Of certain truth he had no more to tell  
Sore sigh'd the Duke, so did these news him grieve,  
Fears in his heart, doubts in his bosom dwell,  
He yearn'd to know, to find and learn the truth  
And punish would them that had slain the youth.

## LVII.

But now the night descend her lazy wings  
O'er the broad fields of heav'n's bright wilderness  
Sleep, the soul's rest and ease of careful things,  
Buried in happy peace both more and less,  
Thou, Argillan alone, whom sorrow stings,  
Still wakest, musing on great deeds I guess,  
Nor suff'rest in thy watchful eyes to creep  
The sweet repose of mild and gentle sleep.

## LVIII.

This man was strong of limbs, and all his ways  
Were bold, of ready tongue and working spright,  
Near Trento born, bred up in brawls and frays,  
In jars, in quarrels, and in civil fight,  
For which exil'd, the hills and pabulo ways  
He filled with blood and robberies day and night,  
Until to Asia's wars at last he came,  
And boldly there he serv'd and purchas'd fame.

## LIX

He clos'd his eyes at last when day drew near,  
 Yet slept he not, but senseless lay, oppress'd  
 With strange amazedness and sudden fear,  
 Which false Aleeto breathed in his breast;  
 His working powers within deluded were,  
 Stono still he quiet lay, yet took no rest,  
 For to his thought the fiend herself presented,  
 And with strange visions his weak brain tormented

## LX

A murder'd body huge beside him stood,  
 Of head and right hand both but lately spoiled,  
 His left hand bore the head, whose visage good  
 Both pale and wan with dust and gore defoiled,  
 Yet spake, though dead, with whose sad words the blood  
 Forth at his lips in huge abundance boiled —  
 Fly, Argullan, from this false camp fly far,  
 Whoso guide a traitor, captains murderers are

## LXI

Godfrey hath murder'd me by treason vile,  
 What favour then hope you, my trusty friends?  
 His villain heart is full of fraud and guile,  
 To your destruction all his thoughts he bends,  
 Yet if thou thirst for praise of noble style,  
 If in thy strength thou trust, thy strength that ends  
 All hard assays, fly not, first with his blood  
 Appease my ghost, wandering by Lethe's flood

## LXII

I will thy weapon whet, inflame thine ire,  
 Arm thy right hand, and strengthen ev'ry part —  
 This said, even while she spake she did inspire  
 With fury, rage, and wrath his troubled heart  
 The man awak'd, and from his eyes like fire  
 The poison'd sparks of headstrong madness start,  
 And armed as he was, forth is he gone,  
 And gather'd all th' Italian bands in one.



## XIII

He gather'd them where lay the arms that late  
 Were good Rinaldo's, then with semblances stout  
 And furious words, his fore-conceived hate  
 In bitter speeches thus he vomits out —  
 Is not this people barbarous and ingrato,  
 In whom truth finds no place faith takes no root  
 Whose thirst unquenched is of blood and gold  
 Whom no yoke boweth brittle none can hold?

## LXIV

So much we suffered have these seven years long  
 Under this servile and unworthy yoke,  
 That thorough Rome and Italy our wrong  
 A thousand years hereafter shall be spoke  
 I count not how Cilicia's kingdom strong  
 Subdued was by Prince Tancred's stroke  
 Nor how false Baldwin him that land bereaves  
 Of virtue's harvest, fraud there reap'd the sheaves:

## LXV

Nor speak I how each hour at ev'ry need  
 Quick ready resolute at all assays,  
 With fire and sword we hasted forth with speed  
 And bore the brunt of all their fights and frays:  
 But when we had perform'd and done the deed  
 At ease and leisure they divid'd the preys:  
 We reaped nought but travail for our toil,  
 There was the praise, the realm, the gold, the spoil.

## LXVI

Yet all this season were we willing blind  
 Offended unreveng'd wrong'd, but unwroken  
 Light griefs could not provoke our quiet mind;  
 But now alas! the mortal blow is stricken  
 Rinaldo have they slain and law of kind  
 Of arms, of nations and of high heav'n broken  
 Why doth not heav'n kill them with fire and thunder?  
 To swallow them why cleaves not earth asunder?

## LXVII.

They have Rinaldo slain, the sword and shield  
Of Christ's true faith, and unreveng'd he lies,  
Still unrevenged lieth in the field

His noble corpse, to feed the crows and pies  
Who murder'd him ? who shall us certain yield ?

Who sees not that although he wanted eyes ?  
Who knows not how th' Italian chivalry  
Proud Godfrey and false Baldwin both envy ?

## LXVIII

What need we further proof ? Heav'n, heav'n, I swear,

Will not consent herein we be beguiled,  
This night I saw his murder'd sprite appear,  
Pale, sad, and wan, with wounds and blood defiled,  
A spectacle full both of grief and fear,

Godfrey, for murder'ing him, the ghost reviled  
I saw it was no dream before mine eyes,  
Howe'er I look, still, still methinks it flies

## LXIX

What shall we do ? Shall we be govern'd still  
By this false hand, contaminate with blood ?  
Or else depart and travel forth, until

To Euphrates we come, that sacred flood,  
Where dwells a people void of martial skill,

Whose cities rich, whose land is fat and good,  
Where kingdoms great we may at ease provide,  
Far from these Frenchmen's malice, from their pride ?

## LXX

Then let us go, and no revengement take

For this brave knight, though lie it in our power,  
No, no, that courage rather newly wake,

Which never sleeps in fear and dread one hour,  
And this pestiferous serpent, poison'd snake,

Of all our knights that hath destroy'd the flow'r,  
First let us slay, and his deserved end  
Ensample make to him that kills his friend

## LXXI.

I will I will if your courageous force  
Dareth so much as it can well perform  
Tear out his cursed heart without remorse  
The nest of treason false and guile extreme —  
Thus spake the angry knight with bristling course  
The rest him follow'd like a furious storm  
Arm, arm they cried: to arms the soldiers ran  
And as they ran Arm arm, cried every man.

## LXXII.

Amongst them Alecto strewed wasteful fire  
Envenoming the hearts of meat and beast;  
Folly, disdain, madness, strife, ravine her  
Thirst to shed blood, in every breast increased.  
This ill spread far and till it set on fire  
With rage the Italian lodgings never ceased  
From thence unto the Swissers' camp it went  
And last infected every English tent.

## LXXIII.

Not public loss of their beloved knight  
Alone stirr'd up their rage and wrath untamed  
But sore-conceiv'd griefs and quarrels light  
Their ire still nourished and still enflamed  
Awaked was each former cause of spite;  
The French men cruel and unjust they named  
And with bold threats they made their hatred known,  
Hate sold kept clos'd, and oft unwisely shown.

## LXXIV.

Like boiling liquor in a seething pot,  
That froweth, swelleth high and bubbleth fast,  
Till o'er the brims among the embers hot  
Part of the broth and of the scum it cast  
Their rage and wrath those few appeased not,  
In whom of wisdom yet remain'd some taste;  
Camille, William Tancréd, were away  
And all whose greatness might their madness stay

## LXXV

Now headlong ran to harness in this heat  
 These furious people, all on heaps confused,  
 The roaring trumpets battle 'gan to threat,  
 As it in time of mortal war is used  
 The messengers ran to Godfiedo great,  
 And bade him arm while on this noise he mused,  
 And Baldwin first, well clad in iron hard,  
 Stepp'd to his side, a sure and faithful guard

## LXXVI

Their murmurs heard, to heav'n he lift his eyne,  
 As was his wont, to God for aid he fled —  
 O Lord, thou knowest this right hand of mine  
 Abhorred ever civil blood to shed,  
 Illumine their dark souls with light divine,  
 Repress their rage, by hellish fury bred,  
 'The innocency of my guiltless mind  
 Thou knowest, and make these know, with fury blind —

## LXXVII

This said, he felt infused in each vein  
 A sacred heat from heav'n above distilled,  
 A heat in man that courage could constrain,  
 That his grave look with awful boldness filled  
 Well guarded, forth he went to meet the train  
 Of those that would revenge Rinaldo killed,  
 And though their threats he heard, and saw them bent  
 To arms on every side, yet on he went.

## LXXVIII

Above his hauberk strong a coat he ware  
 Embroidered fair with pearl and rich stone,  
 His hands were naked, and his face was bare,  
 Wherein a lamp of majesty bright shone,  
 He shook his golden mace, wherewith he dare  
 Resist the force of his rebellious fone  
 Thus he appear'd, and thus he 'gan them teach,  
 In shape an angel, and a god in speech —

## LXXXIX.

What foolish word what threat be those I hear?  
 What noise of arms? Who dares thus insult me?  
 Am I so honour'd? stand you so in fear?  
 Where is your late obedience? where your love?  
 Of Godfrey's fall-chorus who can witness that?  
 Who dare or will there arms as yet be?  
 Perchance you look I trust restrain'd bring  
 Due for your favours or excuse the thing:

## LXXX.

Ah, God forbid these lands should hear or see  
 Him so disgrac'd, at whose great name they quake:  
 This sceptre and my sword are for me  
 A true defence before the world can make  
 Yet for sharp justice go round shall be  
 With democracy I will no more wince  
 For this offence but for Minado's love  
 I pardon you: hereafter war you see

## LXXXI.

But Argillan's guilty blood shall wash  
 This stain away who kindled this debate  
 And, led by hasty rage and fury rash,  
 To these disorders first tumbled the state —  
 While thus he spoke the lightning beams did wash  
 Out of his eyes of majesty and state  
 That Argillan (who would have thought it?) did  
 For fear and terror conquer'd with his looks.

## LXXXII.

The rest, with indiscreet and foolish wrath  
 Who threaten'd late with words of shame and pride  
 Whose hands so ready were to harm and maim  
 And brandish'd bright swords on every side,  
 Now hush'd and still attend what Godfrey said.  
 With shame and fear their foolish looks they hide  
 And Argillan they let in chains be bound  
 Although their weapons him environ'd round

## LXXXIII

So when a lion shakes his dreadful mane,  
 And beats his tail, with courage proud and wroth,  
 If his commander come, who first took pain  
 To tame his youth, his lofty crest down go'th,  
 His threats he feareth, and obeys the rein  
 Of thralldom base and serviceage, though loth,  
 Nor can his sharp teeth nor his armed paws  
 Force him rebel against his ruler's laws

## LXXXIV

Fame is, a winged warrior they beheld,  
 With semblant fierce and furious look that stood,  
 And in his left hand had a splendent shield,  
 Wherewith he covered safe their chieftain good,  
 His other hand a naked sword did wield,  
 From which distilling fell the lukewarm blood,  
 The blood pardie of many a realm and town  
 Whereon the Lord his wrath had poured down.

## LXXXV

Thus was the tumult without bloodshed ended,  
 Their arms laid down, strife into exile sent,  
 Godfrey his thoughts to greater actions bended,  
 And homeward to his rich pavilion went,  
 For to assault the fortress he intended,  
 Before the second or third day were spent  
 Meanwhile his timber wrought he oft survey'd,  
 Whereof his rams and engines great he made.

## BOOK IX.

## THE ARGUMENT

Alceo false great Sulliman with more  
 By night the Christians in the streets to kill;  
 But God, who their hearts saw from above  
 Sends Michael down from his sacred hill:      13  
 The spirits foul to hell the angels drive;      43  
 The knights deliver'd from the witch, as will  
 Destroy the Pagans, scatter all their kind;  
 The Sultan dies when all his lands are laid

## I.

Ten grisly child of Erebus the grim  
 (Who saw these tumults done and desperate spent,  
 Against stream of grace who ever strive to swim  
 And all her thou his against bear a wicked bent)  
 Departed now bright Titan's beams were down  
 And fruitful lands wax'd barren as the west;  
 She sought the rest of her infernal crew  
 New storms to raise new broils, and tumults new

## II.

She (that well what her sisters had entered  
 By their false arts far from the Christian host,  
 Tattered Rinsins and the rest lost prized  
 For martial skill, for might esteemed most)  
 Said—Of these discords and these stripes advised,  
 Great Selim when day his light hath lost  
 These Christians shall smell with sudden war  
 And kill them all, while thus they strive and jar—

## III

With that, where Soliman remain'd she flew,  
And found him out with his Arabian bands,  
Great Soliman, of all Christ's foes untrue,  
Boldest or courage, mightiest of his hands,  
Like him was none of all that earth-bred crew  
That heaped mountains on th' Æmonian sands,  
Of Turks he sovereign was, and Nice his seat,  
Where late he dwelt, and rul'd that kingdom great

## IV

The lands forenenst the Greekish shore he held,  
From Sangar's mouth to crook'd Meander's fall,  
Where they of Phrygia, Mysia, Lydia dwell'd,  
Bithyma's towns and Pontus' cities all  
But when the hearts of Christian princes swell'd,  
And rose in arms to make proud Asia thrall,  
Those lands were won where he did sceptic wield,  
And he twice beaten was in pitched field

## V

When fortune oft he had in vain assay'd,  
And spent his forces, which avail'd him nought,  
To Egypt's king himself he close convey'd,  
Who welcom'd him as he could best have thought,  
Glad in his heart and inly well appaid  
That to his court so great a lord was brought,  
For he decreed his armies huge to bring  
To succour Judah's land and Judah's king

## VI

But, ere he open war proclaim'd, he would  
That Soliman should kindle first the fire,  
And with huge sums of false enticing gold,  
Th' Arabian thieves he sent him forth to hire,  
While he the Asian lords and Moors bold  
Unites -- The Sold in won to his desire.  
Those outlaws, ready aye for gold to fight,  
The hope of gain hath such alluring might



## VII.

Thus made their captain to destroy and burn  
 In Judah land he entered is no far  
 That all the ways whereby he should return,  
 By Godfrey's people kept and guarded are;  
 And now he 'gan his furthest hours measure  
 This wound had hit him as an elder war  
 On great adventures ran his lady thought  
 But not assur'd, he yet resolv'd as thought.

## VIII.

To him Alreco came and scold'd as late  
 Of one whose age was as great whose looks were great  
 Whose cheeks were likealkens, and whose looks were clear  
 Mustachies strutting long and chin chine shie  
 A streptid turban on her head she wore  
 Her carments long and by her side her glaver  
 Her girdled quiver at her shoulders hung  
 And in her hand a bow was stiff and true:—

## IX.

We have (quoth she) through wildernesses gone  
 Through sterile sands strange paths, and wearisome,  
 Yet spoil or booty have we gotten none  
 Nor victory deserving fame or praise;  
 Godfrey meanwhile to ruin stick and stone  
 Of this fair town with battery more assays  
 And if awhile we rest we shall behold  
 This glorious city smoking lie in ruins.

## X.

Are sheep-skins larnt or prize of sheep or kine  
 The cause why Saliman those lands did arm?  
 Canst thou that kingdom lately lost of thine  
 Recover thus, or thus redress thy harm?  
 No, no—when hear'st a small castle next shall shine  
 Within their tents glows therein a bold alarm,  
 Believe Arques old whose grave advice  
 Thou hast in exile prov'd, and prov'd in Nec.

## XI

He feareth nought, he doubts no sudden blow,  
From these ill-armed and worse-hearted bands,  
He thinks this people, us'd to rob and spoil,  
To such exploit dare not lift up their hands  
Up then, and with their courage put to foil  
This fearless camp, while thus secure it stands —  
This said, her poison in his breast she hides,  
And then to shapeless air unscen she glides

## XII.

The Soldan cried—O thou, which in my thought  
Increased hast my rage and fury so,  
Nor seem'st a wight of mortal metal wrought,  
I follow thee whereso thou list to go,  
Mountains of men, by dint of sword down brought,  
Thou shalt behold, and seas of red blood flow,  
Where'er I go, only be thou my guide,  
When sable night the azure skies shall hide —

## XIII

When this was said, he muster'd all his crew,  
Reprov'd the coward, and allow'd the bold,  
His forward camp, inspir'd with courage new,  
Was ready dight to follow where he would  
Alecto's self the warning trumpet blew,  
And to the wind his standard great unroll'd  
Thus on they marched, and thus on they went,  
Of their approach their speed the news prevent

## XIV.

Alecto left them, and her person dight  
Like one that came some tidings new to tell.  
It was the time when first the rising night  
Her sparkling diamonds poureth forth to sell.  
When (into Sion come) she marched right  
Where Judah's aged tyrant us'd to dwell,  
To whom of Soliman's designment bold,  
The place, the manner, and the time, she told

## XV

Their mantle dark the grisly shadows spread,  
 Stained with spots of deepest sanguine hue  
 Warm drops of blood on earth a black visage shed,  
 Supplied the place of pure and precious dew  
 The moon and stars for fear of sprites were fled,  
 The shrieking goblins each where howling flew  
 The furious roar the ghosts and fairies yell,  
 The earth was fill'd with devils and empty hell.

## XVI.

The Soldan fiercer through all this horror went  
 Toward the camp of his redoubted foes  
 The night was more than half consumed and spent,  
 Now bounding down the western hill she goes,  
 When distant scent a mile from Godfrey's tent,  
 He let his people there awhile repose,  
 And summoned them, and then he boldly spoke  
 Those words, which rage and courage might provoke :

## XVII.

See there a camp full stuff'd of spoils and preys,  
 Not half so strong as false report recordeth,  
 See there the storehouse where their captain lays  
 Our treasures stolen where Asia's wealth he hoardeth  
 Now chance the ball unto our racket plays,  
 Take then the vantage which good luck affordeth  
 For all their arms, their horses, gold, and treasure  
 Are ours — ours without loss, harm, or displeasure.

## XVIII.

Nor is this camp that great victorious host  
 That slew the Persian lords, and Nice hath won  
 For those in this long war are spent and lost,  
 These are the dregs, the wine is all outrun,  
 And these few left are drown'd and dead — lament  
 In heavy sleep, the labour half is done  
 To send them howling to Averna's deep,  
 For little differs death and heavy sleep.

## XIX

Come, come, this sword the passage open shall  
Into their camp, and on their bodies slain  
We will pass o'er then rampire and their wall,  
This blade, as seythes cut down the fields of grain,  
Shall cut them so, Christ's kingdom now shall full,  
Asia her freedom, you shall praise obtain —  
Thus he inflam'd his soldiers to the fight,  
And led them on through silence of the night

## XX

The sentinels by starlight (lo!) descried  
This mighty Soldan and his host draw near,  
Who found not as he hop'd the Christians' guide  
Unware, ne yet unready was his gear,  
The scouts when this huge army they descried,  
Ran back, and 'gan with shouts the larum rear  
The watch start up and draw their weapons bright,  
And busk'd them bold to battle and to fight

## XXI

Th' Arabians wist they could not come unseen,  
And therefore loud their jarring trumpets sound,  
Their yelling cries to heav'n up-heaved been,  
The horses thunder'd on the solid ground,  
The mountains roared, and the valleys green,  
The echo sighed from the caves around,  
Alecto with her brand (kindled in hell)  
Token'd to them in David's tower that dwell

## XXII

Before the rest forth prick'd the Soldan fast  
Against the watch, not yet in order just,  
As swift as hideous Boreas' hasty blast,  
From hollow rocks when first his storms out burst,  
The raging floods that trees and rocks downcast,  
Thunders that towns and towers drive to dust,  
Earthquakes to tear the world in twain that threat,  
Are nought compared to his fury great.

## XXIII

He struck no blow but that his foe he hit  
 And never hit but made a grievous wound  
 And never wounded but death followed it  
 And yet no peril, hurt, or harm he found  
 No weapon on his harden'd helmet hit,  
 No pavement stroke his senses once astound,  
 Yet like a bell his ringing helmet rung  
 And thence flow fumes of fire and sparks among

## XXIV

Himself well nigh had put the watch to flight,  
 A jolly troop of Franchmen strong and stout,  
 When his Arabian came by heaps to fight,  
*Covering like raging floods the fields about*  
 The beaten Christians ran away full light  
 The Pagans, mingled with the flying rout,  
*Enter'd their camp, and ulled as they stood*  
 Their tents with ruin, laughter, death and blood.

## XXV

High on the Soldan's helm enswell'd laid  
 A hideous dragon, arm'd with many a scale,  
 With iron jaws, and leathern wings display'd,  
 Which twisted in a knot her forked tail,  
 With triple tongue it seem'd she hiss'd and Bray'd  
 About her jaws the froth and venom trail,  
 And as he stirr'd and as his foes him hit,  
 So flames to cast and fire she seem'd to spit.

## XXVI

With this strange light the Soldan fierce appeared  
 Dreadful to those that round about him been,  
 As to poor sailors, when huge storms are reared  
 With lightning flash the raging seas are seen,  
 Some fled away because his strength they feared,  
 Some bolder gainst him bent their weapons keen  
 And forward night, in ill and mischief pleased,  
 Their dangers hal, and dangers still increased.

## XXVII

Among the rest that strove to merit praise  
 Was old Latinus, born by Tiber's bank,  
 To whose stout heart in fights and bloody frays,  
 For all his euld, base fear yet never sank -  
 Five sons he had, the comforts of his days,  
 That from his side in no adventure shrank,  
 But, long before then time, in iron strong  
 They clad their members, tender, soft, and young

## XXVIII

The bold ensample of their father's might  
 Their weapons whetted and their wrath increas'd —  
 Come, let us go (quoth he) where yonder knight  
 Upon our soldiers makes his bloody feast,  
 Let not their slaughter once your hearts affright,  
 Where danger most appears there fear it least,  
 For honour dwells in hard attempts, my sons,  
 And greatest praise in greatest peril won —

## XXIX

Her tender brood the forest's savage queen  
 (Ere on their crests their rugged manes appear,  
 Before their mouths by nature armed been,  
 Or paws have strength a seely lamb to tear)  
 So leadeth forth to prey, and makes them keen,  
 And learns by her ensample nought to fear  
 The hunter in those desert woods that takes  
 The lesser beasts, whereon his feast he makes

## XXX

The noble father and his hardy crew  
 Fierce Soliman on every side invade,  
 At once all six upon the Soldan flew  
 With lances sharp, and strong encounters made  
 His broken spear the eldest boy down threw,  
 And boldly (over boldly) drew his blade,  
 Wherewith he strove, but strove therewith in vain,  
 The Pagan's steed, unmarked, to have slain

## XXXI.

But as a mountain or a cape of land,  
Assail'd with storms and seas on every side  
Doth unremov'd steadfast still withstand  
Storm, thunder lightning tempest, wind, and tide,  
The Soldan so withstood Latins' band,  
And unmov'd did all their joints bid  
And of that hapless youth, who hurt his steel  
Down to the chin he cleft in twain the head.

Kind Aramante, who saw his brother slain,  
To hold him up stretch'd forth his friendly arm  
O foolish kindness and O pity vain,  
To add our proper loss to others harm!  
The Prince let fall his sword and cut in twain  
(About his brother twin'd) the child's weak arm  
Down from their saddles both together slide,  
Together mourn'd they and together died.

That done, Sabine's lance with nimble force  
He cut in twain and gainst the stripling bold  
He spur'd his steed, that underneath his horse  
The hardy infant tumbled on the world  
Whose soul, out-squeezed from his brutal curae  
With ugly painfulness forsook her bold,  
And deeply mourn'd that of so sweet a cage  
She left the bliss and joys of youthful age.

## XXXII.

But Pious yet and Laurence were alive,  
Whom at one birth their mother fair brought out,  
A pair whose likeness made the parents strive  
Oft which was which, and joyed in their doubt  
But what their birth did undistinguish'd give  
The Soldan's rage made known, for Pious stout  
Headless at one huge blow he laid in dust,  
And through the breast his gentle brother thrust.

## XXXV

Their father (but no father now, alas !),  
 When all his noble sons at once were slain,  
 In their five deaths so often murder'd was,  
 I know not how his life could him sustain,  
 Except his heart were forg'd of steel or brass,  
 Yet still he liv'd, pardie he saw not plain  
 Their dying looks, although their deaths he knows,  
 It is some ease not to behold our woes

## XXXVI

He wept not, for the night her curtain spread  
 Between his cause of weeping and his eyes,  
 But still he mourn'd, and on sharp vengeance fed,  
 And thinks he conquers if reveng'd he dies,  
 He thirsts the Soldan's heath'nish blood to shed,  
 And yet his own at less than nought doth prize,  
 Nor can he tell whether he hie'er would  
 Or die himself, or kill the Pagan bold

## XXXVII

At last—Is this right hand (quoth he) so weak  
 That thou disdain'st 'gainst me to use thy might?  
 Can it nought do? Can this tongue nothing speak  
 That may provoke thine ire, thy wrath, and spite?—  
 With that he struck, his anger great to wreak,  
 A blow that pierc'd the mail and metal bright,  
 And in his flank set ope a floodgate wide,  
 Whereat the blood outstreamed from his side

## XXXVIII

Provoked with his cry, and with that blow,  
 The Turk upon him 'gan his blade discharge,  
 He cleft his breastplate, having first pierc'd thro'  
 (Lined with seven bulls' hides) his mighty targe,  
 And sheath'd his weapon in his guts below,  
 Wretched Latinus, at that issue large,  
 And at his mouth, pour'd out his vital blood,  
 And sprinkled with the same his murder'd brood



On Apennine, like as a sturdy tree  
 Against the winds that make resistance stout,  
 If with a storm it overthrown be,  
 Falls down and breaks the trees and plants about  
 So Latine fell and with him felled he  
 And slew the nearest of the Pagana rout  
 A worthy cod fit for a man of fame,  
 That dying slow and conquer'd o' came.

## XL.

Meanwhile the Soldan strove his rage to tame  
 To satisfy with blood of Christians spill'd  
 Th' Arabians, hearten'd by their captain stern  
 With murder every tent and cabin fill'd  
 Henry the English knight, and Olpherne,  
 O Heroo Draguto! by thy hands were kill'd  
 Gilbert and Philip were by Arabians  
 Both slain, both born upon the banks of Rhene.

## XLI.

Albazar with his mareo Ernesto slow  
 Under Algazel Engerlan down fell  
 But the huge murder of the meener crew  
 Or manner of their deaths, what tongue can tell?  
 Godfrey, when first the heathen trumpets blew  
 Awak'd, which heard, no fear could make him dwell,  
 But he and his were up and arm'd ere long  
 And marched forward with a squadron strong

## XLII.

He that well heard the rumour and the cry  
 And mark'd the tumult still grow more and more,  
 Th' Arabian thieves he judg'd by and by  
 Against his soldiers made this battle sore  
 For that they forray'd all the countries nigh,  
 And spoil'd the fields, the Duke knew well before  
 Yet thought he not they had the hardiment  
 So to assail him in his armed tent.

## XVIII

All suddenly he heard, while on he went,  
 How to the city-ward Arm, arm, they cried,—  
 The noise upreared to the firmament  
 With dreadful howling fill'd the valleys wide.  
 Thus was Clorinda, whom the king forth sent  
 To battle, and Argantes by her side  
 The Duke (thus heard) to Guelpho turn'd, and pray'd  
 Him his lieutenant be, and to him said —

## XIX

You hear this new alarm from yonder part,  
 That from the town breaks out with so much rage,  
 Us needeth much your valour and your art  
 To calm their fury, and their heat to 'suage,  
 Go thither then, and with you take some part  
 Of these brave soldiers of mine equipage,  
 While, with the res'due of my champions bold,  
 I drive these wolves again out of our fold —

## XX.

They parted (thus agreed on them between)  
 By divers paths, Lord Guelpho to the hill,  
 And Godfrey hasted where th' Arabians keen  
 His men like silly sheep destroy and kill,  
 But as he went his troops increased been,  
 From every part the people flocked still,  
 That now grown strong enough, he 'proached nigh  
 Where the fierce Turk caus'd many a Christian die.

## XXI

So, from the top of Vesulus the cold,  
 Down to the sandy valleys tumbleth Po,  
 Whose streams the farther from then fountain rolled,  
 Still stronger wax, and with more puissance go,  
 And, horned like a bull, his forehead bold  
 He lifts, and o'er his broken banks doth flow,  
 And with his horns to pierce the sea assays,  
 To which he proffereth war, not tribute pays

## XLVII.

The Duke has men fast flying did espy  
 And thither ran, and thus (displeased) spake —  
 What fear is this? O whither do you fly?  
 See who they be that this pursuit do make  
 A heartless band, that dare no battle try  
 Who wounds before dare neither give nor take  
 Against them turn your stern eyes threat'ning sight,  
 An angry look will put them all to flight,—

## XLVIII.

This said, he spurr'd forth where Saliman  
 Destroy'd Christ's vineyard like a savage boar  
 Through streams of blood, through dust and dirt he ran  
 O'er heaps of bodies wallowing in their gore  
 The squadrons close his sword to ope began,  
 He brake their ranks, behind, beside, before,  
 And where he goes under his feet he treads  
 The armed Saracens and barbed steeds

## XLIX.

This slaughter-house of angry Mars he past,  
 Where thousands dead, half dead, and dying were  
 The hardy Soldan saw him come in haste,  
 Yet neither stepp'd aside nor shrunk for fear,  
 But buck'd him bold to fight, aloft he cast  
 His blade prepar'd to strike, and stepped near  
 Those noble princes twain (so fortune wrought)  
 From the world's evils here met, and here they fought:

## L.

With virtue fury strength with courage strove  
 For Asia's mighty empire: who can tell  
 With how strange force their cruel blows they drove,  
 How sore their combat was, how fierce, how fell?  
 Great deeds they wrought, each other's harness clove;  
 Yet still in darkness (more the ruth) they dwell  
 The night their acts her black veil covered under  
 Their acts wherof the sun, the world, might wonder

## LI

The Christians (by their guide's ensample hearted)  
 Of their best armed made a squadron strong,  
 And to defend their chieftain forth they started  
 The Pagans also sav'd their knight from wrong,  
 Fortune her favours 'twixt them ev'nly parted,  
 Fierce was th' encounter, bloody, doubtful, long,  
 These won, those lost, these lost, those won again,  
 The loss was equal, ev'n the numbers slain

## LII

With equal rage as when the southern wind  
 Meeteth in battle strong the northern blast,  
 The sea and air to neither is resign'd,  
 But cloud 'gainst cloud, and wave 'gainst wave they cast  
 So from this skirmish neither part declin'd,  
 But fought it out, and kept their footings fast,  
 And oft with furious shock together rush, [crush  
 And shield 'gainst shield, and helm 'gainst helm they

## LIII

The battle eke to Sion-ward grew hot,  
 The soldiers slain, the hardy knights were kill'd,  
 Legions of sprites from Limbo's prisons got,  
 The empty air, the hills and valleys fill'd,  
 Hearting the Pagans that they shrink'd not,  
 Till where they stood their dearest blood they spill'd,  
 And with new rage Argantes they inspire,  
 Whose heat no flames, whose burning needs no fire,

## LIV.

Where he came in he put to shameful flight  
 The fearful watch, and o'er the trenches leap'd,  
 Even with the ground he made the rampire's height,  
 And murder'd bodies in the ditch up-heap'd,  
 So that his greedy mates with labour light  
 Amid the tents a bloody harvest reap'd  
 Clorinda went the proud Circassian by,  
 So from a piece two chained bullets fly

## LV

Now fled the French, when in lucky hour  
 Arrived Gualphus and his helping band  
 He made them turn against this stormy shore  
 And with bold face their wicked foes withstand  
 Sternly they fought, that from their wounds down pour  
 The streams of blood, and ran on either hand.  
 The Lord of heaven measures hills upon this fight  
 From his high throne bent down his gracious sight

## LVI.

From whence, with grace and goodness compass'd round  
 He ruleth, blesseth, keepeth all he wrought  
 Above the air, the fire, the sea, and ground,  
 Our sense, our wit, our reason and our thought  
 Where persons three (with power and glory crown'd)  
 Are all one God, who made all things of nought  
 Under whose feet (subjected to his grace)  
 Sit nature, fortune, motion, time and place:

## LVII.

This is the place from whence like smoke and dust,  
 Of this frail world the wealth, the pomp and power,  
 Ho tumeth, trimbleth, turneth as he list,  
 And guides our life, our death our end, and hour:  
 No eye (be it virtuous, pure and just)  
 Can view the brightness of that glorious bow'r  
 On every side the blessed spirits be  
 Equal in joys, though differing in degree

## LVIII.

With harmony of their celestial song  
 The palace echoed from the chambers pure:  
 At last he Michael call'd (in harness strong  
 Of never yielding diamond armed sure)—  
 Behold (quoth he) to do despite and wrong  
 To that dear flock my mercy hath in cure,  
 How Satan from hell's loathsome prison sends  
 His ghouls, his sprites, his furies, and his fiends:

## LIX

Go, bid them all depart, and leave the care  
 Of war to soldiers, as doth best pertain,  
 Bid them forbear t' infect the earth and air,  
 To darken heav'n's fair light bid them refrain,  
 Bid them to Acheron's black flood repair,  
 Fit house for them, the house of grief and pain,  
 There let their King himself and them torment,  
 So I command, go tell them mine intent.—

## LX

Thus said, the winged warrior low inclin'd  
 At his Creator's feet with rev'rence due,  
 Then spread his golden feathers to the wind,  
 And swift as thought away the angel flew,  
 He past the light and shining fire assign'd  
 The glorious seat of his selected crew,  
 The mover first and circle crystalline,  
 The firmament where fixed stars all shine

## LXI

Unlike in working, then, in shape and show,  
 At his left hand Saturn he left and Jove,  
 And those untruly errant called, I trow,  
 Since He errs not who them doth guide and move  
 The fields he passed then whence hail and snow,  
 Thunder and rain, fall down from clouds above,  
 Where heat and cold, dryness and moisture strive,  
 Whose wars all creatures kill, and slain revive

## LXII

The horrid darkness and the shadows dun  
 Dispersed he with his eternal wings,  
 The flames which from his heav'nly eyes outrun  
 Begild the earth and all her sable things  
 After a storm so spreadeth forth the sun  
 His rays, and binds the clouds in golden strings,  
 Or in the stillness of a moonshine even,  
 A falling star so glideth down from heaven

## LXIII.

But when th' infernal troop he preached near  
 That still the puny ire and rage provoke  
 The angel on his wings himself did bear,  
 And shook his lance and thus at last he spoke:—  
 Ha o you not learn'd yet to know and fear  
 The Lord's just wrath and thunders dreadful stroke?  
 Or in the torments of your endless ill,  
 Are you still fierce still proud rebellious still?

## LXIV

The Lord hath sworn to break the iron bands  
 The brazen gates of Zion's fort which close  
 Who is it that his sacred will withstands?  
 Against his wrath who dares himself oppose?  
 Go hence you cur'd to your appointed limits,  
 The realms of death of torments, and of woe,  
 And in the depths of that infernal lake  
 Your battles fight, and there your triumphs make;

## LXV

There tyrannize upon the souls you find  
 Condemn'd to woe and double still their pains,  
 Where some complain where some their teeth do grind,  
 Some howl and weep, some clink their iron chains—  
 This add they feed and those that staid behind  
 With his sharp lance he driveth and constrains;  
 They sighing left the lands, his ill'er sheep  
 Where Hesperus doth feed, doth feed doth keep

## LXVI.

And towards hell their lazy wings display,  
 To wreak their malice on the damned ghosts:  
 The birds that follow Titan's hottest ray  
 Pass not by so great flocks to warmer coasts,  
 Nor leaves by so great numbers fall away  
 When winter nips them with his new-come frosts;  
 The earth (deh'erod from so foul annoy)  
 Recall'd her beauty and resum'd her joy

## LXVII.

But not for this in fierce Argantes' breast  
Lessen'd the rancour or decay'd the ire,  
Although Alecto left him to molest  
With the hot brands of her infernal fire,  
His armed head with his sharp blade he blest,  
And those thick ranks which seemed most entire  
He broke, the strong, the weak, the high, the low,  
Were equalised by his murdering blow

## LXVIII.

Not far from him, amid the blood and dust,  
Heads, arms, and legs Clorinda strewed wide,  
Her sword through Berengario's breast she thrust,  
Quite through his heart where life doth chiefly bide,  
And that fell blow she struck so sure and just,  
That at his back his blood and life forth glide,  
Even in the mouth she smote Albinus then,  
And cut in twain the visage of the man

## LXIX

Gernier's right hand she from his arm divided,  
Whereof but late she had receiv'd a wound,  
The hand his sword still held, although not guided,  
The fingers, half alive, stirr'd on the ground,  
So from a serpent slain the tail divided  
Moves in the grass, rolleth and tumbleth round  
The championess so wounded left the knight,  
And 'gaunst Achilles turn'd her weapon bright,

## LXX

Upon his neck 'light that unhappy blow,  
And cut the sinews and the throat in twain,  
The head fell down upon the earth below,  
And soil'd with dust the visage on the plain,  
The headless trunk (a woeful thing to know!)  
Still in the saddle seated did remain,  
Until his steed (that felt the reins at large)  
With leaps and flings that burden did discharge



## LXXXI.

While thus this fair and fierce Bellona slew  
 The western lords, and put their troops to flight,  
 Gildippes raged amongst the Pagan crew,  
 And low in dust laid many a hardy knight  
 Like was their sex, their beauty and their hue  
 Like was their youth, their courage, and their might;  
 Yet fortune would they should the battle try  
 Of mightier foes, for both were fann'd to die:

## LXXXII.

Yet wish'd they oft, and strive in vain to meet,  
 So great betwixt them was the press and throng  
 But hardy Guelpho galant Clorinda sweet  
 Ventur'd his sword, to work her harm and wrong  
 And with a cutting blow so did her greet  
 That from her side the blood stream'd down along  
 But with a thrust as sure as sharp she made  
 And 'twixt his ribs colour'd some-deal her blade:

## LXXXIII.

Lord Guelpho struck again but hit her not,  
 For strong Osmida haply pass'd by  
 And, not resent him, another's wound he got,  
 That cleft his front in twain above his eye.  
 Near Guelpho now the battle waxed hot,  
 For all the troops he led gan thither hie,  
 And thither drew eke many a Pagan knight,  
 That fierce, stern, bloody deadly wax'd the fight.

## LXXXIV.

Meanwhile the purple morning peep'd o'er  
 The eastern threshold to our half of land,  
 And Argillano in this great uproar  
 From prison loosed was, and what he found  
 Those arms he hent, and to the field them bore,  
 Resolv'd to take his chance what came to hand  
 And with great acts would the Pagan host  
 Would win again his reputation lost.

## LXXV

As a fierce steed 'scap'd from his stall at large,  
 Where he had long been kept for warlike need,  
 Runs through the fields unto the flow'ry marge  
 Of some green forest where he us'd to feed,  
 His curled man his shoulders broad doth charge,  
 And from his lofty crest doth spring and spread,  
 Thunder his feet, his nostrils fire breathe out,  
 And with his neigh the world resounds about

## LXXVI

So Argillan rush'd forth, sparkled his eyes,  
 His front high lifted was, no fear therein,  
 Lightly he leaps and skips, it seems he flies,  
 He left no sign in dust imprinted thin,  
 And coming near his foes, he sternly cries,  
 As one that fear'd not all their strength a pin —  
 You outcasts of the world, you men of nought,  
 What hath in you this boldness newly wrought?

## LXXVII

Too weak are you to bear an helm or shield,  
 Unfit to arm your breast in iron bright,  
 You run half naked trembling through the field,  
 Your blows are feeble, and your hope in flight,  
 Your feats and all the actions that you wield  
 The darkness hides, your bulwark is the night,  
 Now she is gone, how will your fights succeed?  
 Now better arms and better hearts you need —

## LXXVIII

While thus he spoke, he gave a cruel stroke  
 Against Algazell's throat with might and main,  
 And as he would have answer'd him and spoke,  
 He stopp'd his words and cut his jaws in twain,  
 Upon his eyes death spread his misty cloak,  
 A chilling frost congealed every vein,  
 He fell, and with his teeth the earth he tore,  
 Raging in death, and full of rage before

## XXX

Then by his puissance mighty Soladin  
 I rout Agrault, and Mulesares drol  
 And at one wondrous blow his weapon fine  
 Doul Adirall in two parts diuine  
 Then through the breast he wounded Arsal  
 Whom dying with sharp taunts he gan deride;  
 He, lifting up his feeble eyes,  
 To his proud scorn thus answereth ere he dies —

## XXXI

Not thou (whoe'er thou art) shall glory long  
 Thy happy conquest in my death I traw  
 Like chance awaits thee from a hand more strong  
 Which by my side will shortly lay thee low —  
 He smil'd, and said — Of mine hour short or long  
 Let hee 'n take care but here means while die thou,  
 Pasture for wolves and crows. — On him his foot  
 He set and drew his sword and life both out.

## XXXII

Among this squadron rode a gentle page,  
 The Soldier's minion, darling, and delight,  
 On whose fair chin the spring-time of his age  
 Yet liv'd, or I do not see flowers small or light  
 The sweet (press'd on his cheeks with heat and rage)  
 Seem'd pearls of morning dew on lilies white,  
 The dust therein uprull'd adorn'd his hair  
 His face seem'd sweet and well, writhen and fur

## XXXIII

His steel was white and white as palest snow  
 That falls on tops of April's downy  
 Le lilies, and stars are not so swift, I traw  
 As he to run, to stop, to turn, and to draw  
 A dart his right hand shaketh, prest to throw  
 His curlew by his thick short headed pen  
 And heaving in his Turkish cap he wears  
 In purple robe of silk with gold and blue:

## LXXXIII

The hardy boy (while thirst of warlike praise  
 Bewitched so his unadvised thought)  
 'Gainst every band his childish strength assays,  
 And little danger found, though much he sought;  
 Till Argallan (that watch'd fit time always  
 In his swift turns to strike him as he fought)  
 Did unawares his snow-white courser slay,  
 And under him his master tumbling lay,

## LXXXIV

And 'gainst his face (where love and pity stand  
 To pray him that rich throne of beauty spare)  
 The cruel man stretch'd forth his murd'ring hand,  
 To spoil those gifts, whereof he had no share  
 It seem'd remorse and sense was in his brand,  
 Which, lighting flat, to hurt the lad forbare,  
 But all for nought, 'gainst him the point he bent,  
 That (what the edge had spar'd) pierced and rent

## LXXXV

Fierce Soliman, that with Godfredo strived  
 Who first should enter conquest's glorious gate,  
 Left off the fray, and thither headlong driv'd,  
 When first he saw the lad in such estate,  
 He brake the prease, and soon enough arriv'd  
 To take revenge, but to his aid too late,  
 Because he saw his Lesbine slain and lost,  
 Like a sweet flower nipp'd with untimely frost

## LXXXVI

He saw wax dim the star-light of his eyes,  
 His ivory neck upon his shoulders fell,  
 In his pale looks kind pity's image lies,  
 That death e'en mourn'd to hear his passing-bell,  
 His marble heart such soft impression tries,  
 That midst his wrath his manly tears outwell  
 (Thou weepst, Soliman! thou that beheld  
 Thy kingdoms lost, and not one tear couldst yield)

## LXXXVII.

But when the murder's sword he happy to view  
 Dropping with blood of his Leobino doul,  
 His pity vanish'd, ire and rage renew  
 He had no leisure hoodless tears to shed ;  
 But with his blade on Argillano flew  
 And cleft his shield, his helmet and his head  
 Down to his throat and worthy was that blow  
 Of Saliman his strength and wrath to show

## LXXXVIII.

And not content with this, down from his horse  
 He light and that dead carcass rent and tore  
 Like a fierce dog that takes his angry course  
 To bite the stone which had hit him before.  
 O comfort vain for grief of so great force,  
 To wound the senseless earth that feels no sore  
 Not might Godfrey gainst the Soldan's train  
 Spent out this while his force and blows in vain :

## LXXXIX.

A thousand hardy Turks in front he had  
 In sturdy iron arm'd from head to foot,  
 Resolv'd in all adventures good or bad  
 In actions war in execution stout,  
 Whom Saliman into Arabia led,  
 When from his kingdom he was first cast out,  
 Where lions wild with their caw'd guide  
 To him in all extremes they faithful hude :

## XC.

All these in the desert ever sure unite  
 From Gualfre's valour small or danger shrink :  
 Centuries find he on the face did smite  
 Then wound and strike Nations to the death,  
 At the low Saliman's head he struck off quite  
 Then both Nations arms in every rank  
 The hundred to his fall that march on  
 He found, and, wounded, hurt and slain

## XCI.

While thus he killed many a Saracine,  
 And all their fierce assaults unhurt sustain'd,  
 Ere fortune wholly from the 'Turks decline,  
 Whilo still they hoped much, though small they gam'd,  
 Behold a cloud of dust, wherem doth shine  
 Lightning of war in midst thereof contain'd,  
 Whence unawares burst forth a storm of swords,  
 Which tremble made the Pagan knights and lords

## XCII

These fifty champions were, 'mongst whom there stands  
 (In silver field) the ensign of Christ's death  
 If I had mouths and tongues as Briareus hands,  
 If voice as iron tough, if non breath,  
 What harm this troop wrought to tho heathen bands,  
 What knights they slew, I could recount uneth  
 In vain the 'Turks resist, th' Arabians fly,  
 For if they fly, they're slain, if fight, they die

## XCIII

Fear, cruelty, grief, horror, sorrow, pain,  
 Ran through the field, disguis'd in divers shapes,  
 Death might you see triumphant on the plain,  
 Drowning in blood him that from blows escapes  
 The King meanwhile, with parcel of his train,  
 Comes hastily out, and for sure conquest gapes,  
 And from a bank whereon he stood beheld  
 The doubtful hazard of that bloody field

## XCIV

But when he saw the Pagans shrink away,  
 He sounded the retreat, and 'gan desire  
 His messengers in his behalf to pray  
 Argantes and Clorinda to retro  
 The furious couple both at once said nay,  
 Ev'n drunk with shedding blood, and mad with ire  
 At last they went, and to recomfort thought  
 And stay their troops from flight, but all for nought,

## XCV

For who can govern cowards or fear?  
 Their best armour was learnt to fly  
 They on their shields and spears were set  
 As not defended, but made less than  
 A bulwark, the city's bulwark was  
 From west to east stretched long and far  
 Thither they fled and in a night of death  
 Towards the wall they ran they throng, they hurled

## XCVI

Washed down the tank disorder'd thus they ran  
 The Christian king his horse leapt to  
 But when to climb the other hill they ran  
 Old Absalom came late by to the aid  
 On that steep way Lord Goliath would not tread  
 Hazard his folk but there his soldiers led  
 And all within the city walls the king  
 Two reliques small of that sharp sword he had

## XCVII

Meanwhile the Seldan in this latest charge  
 Had done as much as human force would do  
 All sweat and blood he paid his members for  
 His breath was short, his courage wax'd untried  
 His arms grew weak to bear his mighty sword  
 His hand to rule his heavy sword unable  
 Which bruised, not cut, so blunted was the blade  
 It lost the use for which a sword was made.

## XCVIII

Feeling his weakness he gan musing stand  
 And in his troubled thought this question put  
 If he himself should murder with his hand  
 (Because none else should of his conquest boast)  
 Or he himself save his life when on the ground  
 Lay slain the pride of his subdued host  
 At last—To fortune's power (sooth he) I yield  
 And on my flight let her her trophies hold.

## XCIX.

Let Godfrey view my flight, and smile to see  
This mine unworthy second banishment,  
For arm'd again soon shall he hear of me,  
From his proud head the unsettled crown to rent,  
For, as my wrongs, my wrath eterne shall be,  
And every hour, the bow of war new bent,  
I will arise again, a foe, fierce, bold,  
Though dead, though slain, though burnt to ashes cold.

3

END OF VOL. II.



GODFREY OF BULLOIGNE,  
OR, THE  
RECOVERY OF JERUSALEM

TRANSLATED FROM  
THE ITALIAN OF TASSO

• EDWARD FAIRFAX.

THE SEVENTH EDITION  
REPRINTED FROM THE ORIGINAL EDITION OF 1664.

WITH ADDITIONAL NOTES,  
A GLOSSARY

THE LIVES OF TASSO AND FAIRFAX  
BY THE EDITOR.

IN TWO VOLUMES—VOL. II.

LONDON:  
CHARLES KNIGHT & Co., LUDGATE STREET  
1844.



THE  
RECOVERY OF JERUSALEM

BOOK I.

THE SIGHT OF

Jerusalem from Mount Zion, the morning after the  
fall, and the first view of the city from the  
wall where the soldiers were posted. The  
wall was the wall of the city, and the  
Garden of Gethsemane was the garden of  
the city. It was the garden of the city, and  
the garden of the city was the garden of the  
city. The garden of the city was the garden of  
the city, and the garden of the city was the  
garden of the city.

I.

A soldier (while the city was still)  
Came walking by, and without word or sign  
Quickly his hand upon the reins he laid  
And with a sudden start he turned up to ride  
The snake (that on his crest had long been hid)  
Was quite cut off, his tail had lost its fork  
His crest was rent, his harness laid and cast  
And of his kingly pomp no more was left.

II.

As when a dog wolf chased from the fold  
To hide his head runs to some hole or wall,  
Who (though he has filled both while it was hot)  
His greedy jaws) yet hangs with after food  
With sanguine tongue forth of his lip out rolled,  
About his jaws that he has up from and laid  
From this bloody fray the Sultan hid  
His dog unquench'd his warth unquench'd.  
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## III.

And (as his fortune would) he 'scaped free  
From thousand arrows which about him flew,  
From swords and lances, instruments that be  
Of certain death, himself he safe withdrew,  
Unknown, unseen, disguised, travell'd he  
By desert paths and ways but us'd by few,  
And rode, revolving in his troubled thought  
What course to take, and yet resolv'd on nought

## IV

Thither at last he meant to take his way  
Where Egypt's king assembled all his host,  
To join with him, and once again assay  
To win by fight, by which so oft he lost  
Determin'd thus, he made no longer stay,  
But thitherward spurr'd forth his steed in post,  
Nor need he guide, the way right well he could  
That leads to sandy plains of Gaza old

## V.

Nor though his smarting wounds torment him oft,  
His body weak and wounded back and side,  
Not rested he, nor once his armour doft,  
But all day long o'er hills and dales doth ride  
But when the night cast up her shade aloft,  
And all earth's colours strange in sable dy'd,  
He light, and as he could his wounds upbound,  
And shook ripe dates down from a palm he found

## VI

On them he supped, and amid the field  
To rest his weary limbs awhile he sought,  
He made his pillow of his broken shield,  
To ease the griefs of his distemper'd thought,  
But little ease could so hard lodging yield,  
His wounds so smarted that he slept right nought,  
And in his breast his proud heart rent in twain  
Two inward vultures, sorrow and disdain

## VII.

At length when midnight with her silence deep  
 Did heaven and earth hush'd still and quiet make,  
 Sore watch'd and weary he began to sleep  
 His cares and sorrows in oblivion laid  
 And in a little slumber, unquiet sleep,  
 Some small repose his fatigues assuag'd;  
 But (while he slept) a voice grave and severe  
 At midnight thus thund'ring in his ear;—

## VIII.

O Solomon! thou far-renowned king  
 Till better angels wove surer thy rest;  
 A stranger doth thy leads in thralldom bring;  
 Nice is a slave by Christian yoke oppress'd;  
 Sleep'st thou here forgetful of this thing  
 That here thy friends lie slain not laid in chest,  
 Whose bones bear witness of thy crime and scorn  
 And wilt thou idly here attend the morn?—

## IX.

The king awak'd and saw before his eyes  
 A man whose presence seem'd grave and old  
 A withen staff his steps on the ground  
 Which serv'd his feeble members to uphold.—  
 And what art thou? (the prince in scorn replies)  
 What spite to vex poor passengers so bold  
 To break their sleep; or what to thee belongs  
 My shame my loss, my vengeance or my wrongs?—

## X.

I am the man of thine intent (quoth he)  
 And purpose now that sure conjecture hath,  
 And better than thou wencest know I thee  
 I proffer thee my service and my faith;  
 My speeches therefore sharp and biting be  
 Because quick words the whetstones are of wrath;  
 Accept in gree, my lord the words I spoke  
 As spurs thine ire and courage to provoke.

## XI.

But now to visit Egypt's mighty king,  
 Unless my judgment fail, you are prepar'd,  
 I prophesy, about a needless thing,  
 You suffer shall a voyage long and hard  
 For though you stay, the monarch great will bring  
 His new assembled force to Judah-ward,  
 No place of service there, no cause of fight,  
 Nor 'gainst our foes to use your force and might

## XII

But, if you follow me, within this wall,  
 (With Christian arms hemm'd in on every side,)  
 Withouten battaile, fight, or stroke at all,  
 Ev'n at noon day I will you safely guide,  
 Where you delight, rejoice, and glory shall,  
 In perils great to see your prowess tried  
 That noble town you may preserve and shield,  
 'Till Egypt's host come to renew the field —

## XIII

While thus he parlied, of this aged guest  
 The Turk the words and looks did both admire,  
 And from his haughty eyes and furious breast  
 He laid apart his pride, his rage, his ire,  
 And humbly said—I willing am and prest  
 To follow where thou ledest, reverend sire,  
 And that advice best fits my angry vein,  
 That tells of greatest peril, greatest pain —

## XIV

The old man prais'd his words, and for the air  
 His late received wounds to worse disposes,  
 A quintessence therein he poured fair,  
 That stops the bleeding, and incision closes  
 Beholding then before Apollo's chair  
 How fresh Aurora violets strew'd and roses,—  
 It's time (he says) to wend, for Titan bright  
 To wonted labour summons every wight —

## XV.

- And to a chariot (that female did send)  
 Ascended he and with her sat;  
 He took the reins and with a master's hand  
 Raked his steeds, and whipt them now and then  
 The wheels of burning feet upon the land  
 Had left no sign or token where they ran  
 The corners joint and d with lukewarm oil  
 And, from y cream, their legs manifest call.

## XVI.

The air about them round (a wood rose thing)  
 Itself on heaps in misty thickens wrung  
 The chariot halting and conversing;  
 The subtle mist no mortal eye could view  
 And yet no steam from any coal or slush  
 Could pierce the load it was of proof or truth;  
 Yet were it were to them within which rode  
 And hear it and earth without all clear beside.

## XVII.

His beetle brows the Turk amazed bent,  
 He wrinkled up his front and wildly start'd  
 Upon the cloud and harlot as it went,  
 For speed to Camilla's car it well compar'd;  
 The other seeing his amazement  
 How he bewonder'd was, and how he start'd,  
 All suddenly by name the princegan call  
 By which awak'd thus he spoke withal:—

## XVIII.

Whoe'er thou art, above all worldly wit,  
 That hast these high and wondrous marvels wrought,  
 And know'st the deep intents which hidden sit  
 In secret closet of man's private thought  
 If in thy skilful heart this love be writ  
 To tell the event of things to end unbrought  
 Then say what issue and what end the wars  
 Alot to Asia's troubles, broils and war?

## XIX.

But tell me first thy name, and by what art  
 'Thou dost these wonders strange, above our skill,  
 For full of marvel is my troubled heart,  
 Tell then, and leave me not amazed still —  
 The wizard smil'd and answer'd — In some part  
 Easy it is to satisfy thy will,  
 Ismen I hight, call'd an enchanter great,  
 Such skill have I in magic's secret feat

## XX

But that I should the sure events unfold  
 Of things to come, or destinies foretell,  
 Too rash is your desire, your wish too bold,  
 To mortal heart such knowledge never fell  
 Our wit and strength on us bestow'd, I hold,  
 To shun th' evils and harms 'mongst which we dwell,  
 They make their fortune who are stout and wise,  
 Wit rules the heav'ns, discretion guides the skies

## XXI

That puissant arm of thine, that well can rend  
 From Godfrey's brow the new usurped crown,  
 And not alone protect, save and defend  
 From his fierce people this besieged town,  
 'Gainst fire and sword with strength and courage bend,  
 Adventure, suffer, trust, tread perils down,  
 And to content and to encourage thee,  
 Know this, which I as in a cloud foresee

## XXII

I guess (before the over-gliding sun  
 Shall many years mete out by weeks and days)  
 A prince (that shall in fertile Egypt won)  
 Shall fill all Asia with his prosp'rous frays,  
 I speak not of his acts in quiet done,  
 His policy, his rule, his wisdom's praise,  
 Let this suffice, by him these Christians shall  
 In fight subdued fly, and conquered fall,



## XXIII

And their great empire and usurped state  
 Shall overthrow'n in dust and ashes lie  
 Their woe'ful remnant in an angle strait,  
 Compass'd with sea, themselves shall fortify  
 From thee shall spring this lord of war and fate.—  
 Whereto great Salim gave thus reply —  
 O happy man, to so great praise yborne!—  
 Thus he rejoic'd but yet envied more

## XXIV

And said—Let heaven with good or bad aspect  
 Upon me look as sacred heav'n's decree,  
 This heart to her I never will subject,  
 Nor ever conquer'd shall she look on me  
 The moon her chariot shall awry direct,  
 Ere from this course I will diverted be.—  
 While thus he spake, it seem'd he breath'd fire,  
 So fierce his courage was, so hot his ire.

## XXV

Thus talk'd they till they arriv'd been  
 Nigh to the place where Godfrey's tents were rear'd  
 There was a woe'ful spectacle yseen,  
 Death in a thousand ugly forms appear'd  
 The Soldan chang'd hue for grief and teen  
 On that sad look his shame and loss he lea'd  
 Ah! with what grief his men his friends, he found  
 And standards proud, inglorious lie on ground!

## XXVI

And saw on visage of some well-known friend  
 (In soul despite) a racial Frenchman tread  
 And there another ragged peasant reed  
 The arms and garment from some champion dead;  
 And there with stately pomp by heaps they wend,  
 And Christians slain roll up in webs of lead  
 Lastly the Turks and slurs Arab (brought  
 On heaps) he saw them burn with fire to nought.

## XXVII

Deeply he sighed, and with naked sword  
Out of the coach he leaped in the mire,  
But Ismen call'd again the angry lord,  
And with grave words appeas'd his foolish ire  
The prince content remounted at his word,  
Towards a hill on drove the aged sire,  
And hasting forward up the bank they pass,  
Till far behind the Christian leader was

## XXVIII

There they alight and took their way on foot,  
The empty chariot vanish'd out of sight,  
Yet still the cloud environ'd them about,  
At their left hand down went they from the height  
Of Sion's hill, till they approach'd the rout,  
On that side where to west he looketh right,  
There Ismen stay'd, and his eyesight bent  
Upon the bushy rocks, and thither went

## XXIX

A hollow cave was in the craggy stone,  
Wrought out by hand a number years tofore,  
And for of long that way had walked none,  
The vault was hid with plants and bushes hoar  
The wizard stooping in thereat to gone,  
The thorns aside and scratching brambles bore,  
His right hand sought the passage through the cleft,  
And for his guide he gave the prince his left —

## XXX

What! (quoth the Soldan) by what privy mine,  
What hidden vault, behoves it me to creep?  
This sword can find a better way than thine,  
Although our foes the passage guard and keep —  
Let not (quoth he) thy princely foot repine  
To tread this secret path, though dark and deep,  
For great king Herod us'd to tread the same,  
He that in arms had whilome so great fame

## XXXI.

This passage made he, when he would suppress  
 His subjects' pride and them in bondage hold,  
 By this he could from that small fastness  
 Antons call'd of Antons the bold,  
 Convey his folk, unseen of more and less,  
 Even to the midst of the temple old;  
 Thence hither where those privy ways begin  
 And bring unseen whole armies out and in:

## XXXII.

But now saith I in all this world lives none  
 That knows the secret of this darksome place;  
 Come then where Aladin sits on his throne,  
 With lords and princes set about his grace;  
 He seareth more than fitteth such an one,  
 Such signs of doubt show in his cheer and face  
 Filly you come hear see, and keep you still,  
 Till time and season serve then speak your fill.—

## XXXIII.

This said, that narrow entrance past the knight,  
 (So creeps a camel through a scollops eye)  
 And through the ways as black as darkest night  
 He followed him that did him rule and guide:  
 Strait was the way at first withouten light,  
 But further in did further amplify  
 So that upright walked at ease the men  
 Ere they had passed half that secret den.

## XXXIV.

A privy door Lamen unlock'd at last,  
 And up they climb'd a little-used stair  
 Thervnt the day a feeble beam in cast,  
 Dim was the light, and fresh & clear the air;  
 Out of the hollow cave at length they pass'd,  
 Into a goodly hall high, broad, and fair  
 Where crown'd with gold, and all in purple clad,  
 Sat the sad king among his nobles sad.

## XXXV

The Turk (close in his hollow cloud imbar'd),  
 Unseen, at will did all the prease behold,  
 These heavy speeches of the King he heard,  
 Who thus from lofty siege his pleasure told —  
 My lords, last day our state was much impair'd,  
 Our friends were slain, kill'd were our soldiers bold,  
 Great helps and greater hopes are us bereft,  
 Nor ought but aid from Egypt land is left

## XXXVI

And well you see far distant is that aid,  
 Upon our heels our danger treadeth still,  
 For your advice was this assembly made,  
 Each what he thinketh speak, and what he will —  
 A whisper soft arose when this was said,  
 As gentle winds the groves with murmurs fill,  
 But with bold face, high looks, and merry cheer,  
 Argantes rose, the rest their talk forbear —

## XXXVII

O worthy sovereign, (thus began to say  
 The hardy young man to the tyrant wise,)  
 What words be these? what fears do you dismay?  
 Who knows not this, you need not our advice?  
 But on our hands your hope of conquest lay,  
 And, for no loss true virtue damnifies,  
 Make her our shield, pray her us succours give,  
 And without her let us not wish to live

## XXXVIII

Nor say I this for that I ought misdeem  
 That Egypt's promis'd succours fail us might,  
 Doubtful of my great master's words to seem,  
 To me were neither lawful, just, nor right,  
 I speak these words, for spurs I them esteem  
 To waken up each dull and fearful sprite,  
 And make our hearts resolv'd to all assays,  
 To win with honour, or to die with praise —

Thus much Argantes said and said no more  
 (As if the case were clear of which he spoke)  
 Orsano rose, of princely stem ybore  
 Whose presence amongst them bore a mighty stroke,  
 A man esteemed well in arms of yore  
 But now was coupled new in marriage yoke  
 Young babes he had, to fight which made him loth;  
 He was a husband and a father both.—

## XL.

My lord (quoth he) I will not reprehend  
 The earnest zeal of this exortatus speech  
 From courage sprung which seeld is close ypen d  
 In swelling stomach without violent breach;  
 And though to you our good Clerk a friend  
 In terms too bold and surfeit oft death preach,  
 Yet hold I that for good in warlike feat  
 For his great deeds respond his speeches great

## XLI.

But if it you humours (whom age  
 And long experience hath made wise and sly)  
 To rule the heat of youth and hardy rage,  
 Which somewhat have misled this knight awry  
 In equal balance ponder them and gage  
 Your hopes far distant with your perils nigh;  
 This town's old walls and rampires new usurpers  
 With Godfrey's forces, and his engines rare:

## XLII.

But (if I may say what I think unblamed)  
 This town is strong by nature site and art  
 But engines huge and main vents are framed  
 Against these defences by our adverse part  
 Who thinks him most secure is earliest shamed  
 I hope the best, yet fear imminent Mart  
 And with this siege if we be long up-pent,  
 Famine I doubt, our store will all be spent;

## XIII

For all that store of cattle and of grain

Which yesterday within these walls you brought,  
While your proud foes triumphant through the plain

On nought but shedding blood and conquest thought,  
Too little is this city to sustain,

To raise the siege unless some means be sought,  
And it must last till the prefixed hour,  
'That it be rais'd by Egypt's aid and pow'r

## XIV

But what if that appointed day they miss?

Or else ere we expect what if they came?  
The victory yet is not ours for this

Oh save this town from ruin, us from shame!  
With that same Godhey still our warfare is,

These armies, soldiers, captains, are the same  
Who have so oft, amid the dusty plain,  
Turks, Persians, Syrians, and Arabians slain

## XLV

And thou, Argantes, wottest what they be,

Oft hast thou fled from that victorious host,  
Thy shoulders often hast thou let them see,

And in thy feet hath been thy safeguard most,  
Clorinda bright and I fled both with thee,

None than his fellows had more cause to boast,  
Nor blame I any, for in every fight

We showed courage, valour, strength, and might

## XLVI

And though this hardy knight the certain threat

Of near approaching death to hear disdain,  
Yet to this state of loss and danger great,

From this strong foe, I see the tokens plain,  
No fort, how strong soe'er by art or seat,

Can hinder Godfrey why he should not reign  
This makes me say (to witness heav'n I bring)  
Zeal to this state, love to my lord and king

## XLVII.

The king of Tripoli was well advis'd  
 To purchase peace and so preserve his crown;  
 But Sofism (who Godfrey's love despis'd)  
 Is either dead or deep in prison thrown  
 Else fearful is he run away disguis'd  
 And scent his life is left him for his own;  
 And yet with gifts, with tribute, and with gold,  
 He might in peace his empire still have hold.—

## XLVIII.

Thus spake Orontes and some inkling gave  
 In doubtful words of that he would have said;  
 To sue for peace, or yield himself a slave,  
 He durst not openly his king persuade;  
 But at these words the Souldan gan to rave,  
 And gainst his will wrapt in the cloud he staid  
 Whom Tervan thus bespake —How can you bear  
 These words, my lord or these reproaches bear?

## XLIX.

Oh let me speak (quoth he) with ire and scorn  
 I burn and gainst my will thus hld I stay —  
 Thus said, the smoky cloud was cleft and torn  
 Which like a veil upon them stretch'd lay  
 And up to open heav'n forthwith was borne,  
 And left the prince in view of light'ning day  
 With princely look and the praise he shinn'd,  
 And on a sudden thus declar'd his mind:—

## L.

Of whom you speak behold the Soldan hero,  
 Neither afraid, nor run away for dread;  
 And that theselanders, lies, and falles were  
 This hand shall prove upon that coward's head  
 I, who ha'e shed a sea of blood well near  
 And heap'd up mountains high of Christian dead  
 I in their camp who still maintain'd the fray  
 (My men all murder'd) I that run away

## II.

If this, or any coward vile beside,  
 False to his faith and country, dares reply,  
 And speak of concord with yond men of pride,  
 By your good leave, sir king, here shall he die,  
 'The lambs and wolves shall in one fold abide,  
 The doves and serpents in one nest shall lie,  
 Before one town us and these Christians shall  
 In peace and love unite within one wall —

## III

While thus he spoke, his broad and trenchant sword  
 His hand held high aloft in threat'ning guise  
 Dumb stood the knights, so dreadful was his word  
 A storm was in his front, fire in his eyes,  
 He turn'd at last to Sion's aged lord,  
 And calm'd his visage stern in humbler wise —  
 Behold (quoth he), good prince, what aid I bring,  
 Since Soliman is join'd with Judah's king —

## III.

King Aladine from his rich throne upstart,  
 And said—Oh how I joy thy face to view,  
 My noble friend, it less'neth in some part  
 My grief for slaughter of my subjects true,  
 My weak estate to 'stablish come thou art,  
 And may'st thine own again in time renew,  
 If heav'n's consent — With that the Soldan bold  
 In dear embracements did he long enfold

## LIV.

Their greetings done, the king resign'd his throne  
 'To Soliman, and set himself beside  
 In a rich seat adorn'd with gold and stone,  
 And Ismen sage did at his elbow bide,  
 Of whom he ask'd what way they two had gone,  
 And he declar'd all what had them betide  
 'Clorinda bright to Soliman address'd  
 Her salutations first, then all the rest



## LV

Among them rose Ormus      valiant knight,  
Whom late the Soldan with a convoy sent,  
And when most hot and bloody was the fight,  
By secret paths and blind bye-ways he went,  
Till, aided by the silence and the night,  
Safe in the city's walls himself he pent,  
And there refresh'd with corn and cattle store  
The pined soldiers, famish'd nigh before.

## LVI.

With surly countenance and dishonour'd grace  
Sellen and sad, sat the Ciu      stout,  
Like a fierce lion grumbling in his place,  
His fiery eyes that turns and rolls about  
Nor darst Oromes view the Soldan's face  
But still upon the floor did pore and tout.  
Thus with his lords and peers in counselling  
The Turkish monarch sat with Judah a king

## LVII.

Godfrey this while gave victory the rein  
And following her the streets he opened all  
Then for his soldiers and his captains slain  
He celebrates a stately funeral,  
And told his camp within a day or twain  
He would assault the city's mighty wall,  
And all the heathen there inclos'd doth threat  
With fire and sword, with death and danger great:

## LVIII.

And, for he had that noble squadron known  
In the last fight which brought him so great aid,  
To be the lords and princes of his own  
Who follow'd late the sly enticing maid,  
And with them Tancred (who had late been thrown  
In prison deep, by that false witch betray'd),  
Before the hermit and some private friends,  
For all those worthless lords and knights, he sends

## LIX

And thus he said —Some one of you declare  
 Your fortunes, whether good or to be blamed,  
 And to assist us with your valours rare  
 (In so great need) how was your coming framed?—  
 They blush, and on the ground amazed stare,  
 (For virtue is of little guilt ashamed),  
 At last the English prince, with count'nance bold,  
 The silence broke, and thus their errors told

## LX

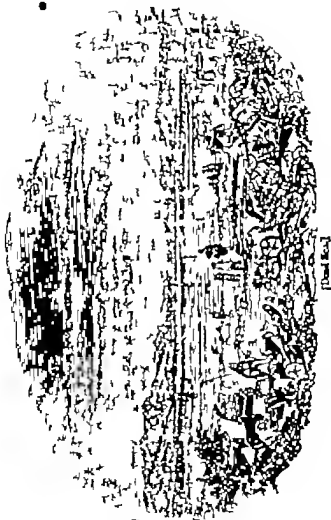
We (not elect to that exploit by lot)  
 With secret flight from hence ourselves withdrew,  
 Following false Cupid, I deny it not,  
 Enticed forth by love and beauty's hue,  
 A jealous fire burnt in our stomachs hot,  
 And by close ways we passed least in view  
 Her words, her looks (alas! I know too late),  
 Nursed our love, our jealousy, our hate

## LXI

At last we 'gan approach that woeful clime  
 Where fire and brimstone down from heav'n was sent,  
 To take revenge for sin and shameful crime  
 'Gainst kind commit, by those who would repent  
 A loathsome lake of brimstone, pitch, and slime,  
 O'ergoes that land, erst sweet and redolent,  
 And when it moves, thence stench and smoke up-flies  
 Which dim the welkin and infect the skies

## LXII

This is the lake in which yet never might  
 Aught that hath weight sink to the bottom down,  
 But like to cork, to leaves, or feathers light,  
 Stones, iron, men, there float, and never drown  
 Therein a castle stands, to which by sight  
 But o'er a narrow bridge no way is known  
 Hither us brought, here welcom'd us the witch,  
 The house within was stately, pleasant, rich



[Dead Sea]

## LXIII

The heav'ns were clear, and wholesome was the air,  
 High trees, sweet meadows, waters pure and good,  
 For there in thickest shade of myrtles fair

A crystal spring pour'd out a silver flood,  
 Amid the herbs, the grass, and flowers rare,  
 The falling leaves down patter'd from the wood,  
 The birds sung hymns of love, yet speak I nought  
 Of gold and marble rich, and richly wrought

## LXIV

Under the curtain of the green-wood shade,  
 Beside the brook, upon the velvet grass,  
 In massy vessels of pure silver made,  
 A banquet rich and costly furnish'd was,  
 All beasts, all birds, beguil'd by fowler's trade,  
 All fish were there in floods or seas that pass;  
 All dainties made by art, and at the table  
 An hundred virgins serv'd, for husbands able

## LXV

She, with sweet words and false enticing smiles,  
 Infused love among the dainties set,  
 And with empoison'd cups our souls beguiles,  
 And made each knight himself and God forget.  
 She rose, and turn'd again within short whiles,  
 With changed looks where wrath and anger met;  
 A charming rod, a book, with her she brings,  
 On which she mumbled strange and secret things

## LXVI

She read, and chang'd I felt my will and thought,  
 I long'd to change my life and place of biding,  
 That virtue strange in me no pleasure wrought,  
 I leap'd into the flood myself there hiding,  
 My legs and feet both into one were brought,  
 Mine arms and hands into my shoulders sliding,  
 My skin was full of scales like shields of brass,  
 Now made a fish, where late a knight I was



## LXXXI

Now on our way, the way to death, we ride,  
 But Providence divine thus for us wrought,  
 Rinaldo (whose high virtue is his guide  
 To great exploits exceeding human thought)  
 Met us, and all at once our guard defy'd,  
 And, ere he left the fight, to earth them brought,  
 And in their harness arm'd us in the place,  
 Which late were ours before our late disgrace

## LXXXII

I and all these the hardy champion knew,  
 We saw his valour, and his voice we heard  
 Then is the rumour of his death untrue,  
 His life is safe, good fortune long it guard  
 Three times the golden sun has risen new  
 Since us he left and rode to Antioch-ward,  
 But first his armours broken, hack'd, and cleft,  
 Unfit for service, there he doft and left —

## LXXXIII

Thus spake the Briton prince with humble cheer  
 The hermit sage to heav'n cast up his eyne,  
 His colour and his count'nance changed were,  
 With heavenly grace his looks and visage shine,  
 Ravish'd with zeal, his soul approached near  
 The seat of angels pure and saints divine,  
 And there he learn'd of things and haps to come,  
 To give foreknowledge true, and certain doom

## LXXXIV

At last he spoke (in more than human sound),  
 And told what things his wisdom great foresaw;  
 And at his thund'ring voice the folk around  
 Attentive stood, with trembling and with awe —  
 Rinaldo lives, he said, the tokens found  
 From women's craft their false beginnings draw,  
 He lives, and heav'n will long preserve his days,  
 To greater glory and to greater praise



## BOOK XI.

## THE ARGUMENT

With grave procession, songs, and psalms devout,	
Heav'n's sacred aid the Christian lords invoke	4
That done, they scale the wall which kept them out,	19
The fort is almost won, the gates high broke	
Godfrey is wounded by Clorinda stout,	54
And lost is that day's conquest by the stroke	
The angel cures him, he returns to fight,	74
But lost his labour, for day lost his light.	

## I

THE Christian armies' great and puissant guide,  
 T' assault the town that all his thoughts had bent,  
 Did ladders, rams, and engines huge provide,  
 When reverend Peter to him gravely went,  
 And drawing him with sober grace aside,  
 With words severe thus told his high intent —  
 Right well, my lord, these earthly strengths you move,  
 But let us first begin from heav'n above,

## II

With public prayer, zeal, and faith devout,  
 The aid, assistance, and the help obtain  
 Of all the blessed of the heav'nly rout,  
 With whose support you conquest sure may gain  
 First let the priests, before thine armies stout,  
 With sacred hymns their holy voices strain,  
 And thou, and all thy lords and peers with thee,  
 Of godliness and faith ensamples be —





## VII

To thee, O Father, Son, and sacred Spright,  
 One true, eternal, everlasting King,  
 To Christ's dear mother Mary, virgin bright,  
 Psalms of thanksgiving and of praise they sing,  
 To them that angels down from heav'n to fight,  
 'Gainst the blasphemous beast and dragon bring,  
 To him also that of our Saviour good  
 Washed the sacred front in Jordan's flood,

## VIII

Him likewise they invoke, called the rock  
 Whereon the Lord, they say, his church did rear,  
 Whose true successors close or else unlock  
 The blessed gates of grace and mercy dear,  
 And all th' elected twelve, the chosen flock,  
 Of his triumphant death who witness bear,  
 And them by torment, slaughter, fire, and sword,  
 Who martyrs died to confirm his word,

## IX

And them also whose books and writings tell  
 What certain path to heav'nly bliss us leads,  
 And hermits good and anchoresses, that dwell  
 Mew'd up in walls, and mumble on their beads,  
 And vugin nuns in close and private cell,  
 Where (but shrift fathers) never mankind treads.  
 On these they called, and on all the rout  
 Of angels, martyrs, and of saints devout

## X

Singing and saying thus the camp devout  
 Spread forth her zealous squadrons broad and wide,  
 Towards mount Olivet went all this rout,  
 So call'd of olive trees the hill which hide,  
 A mountain known by fame the world throughout,  
 Which riseth on the city's eastern side,  
 From it divided by the valley green  
 Of Josaphat, that fills the space between

## XL

Neither the armies went, and chaunted shrill,  
That all the deep and hollow dales resound  
From hollow mounts and ca ca in every hill  
A thousand echoes also sung around  
It seem'd some choir that sung with art and skill  
Dwelt in those savage dens and shady ground  
For oft, wounded from the banks they hear  
The name of Christ and of his mother dear

## XII.

Upon the walls the pagans old and young  
Stood hush'd and still, amazed and amazed  
At their grave order and their humble song  
At their strange pomp and customs new they gazed  
But when the show they had beholden long,  
An hideous yell the wicked miscreants raised,  
That with vile blasphemies the mountains hear  
The woods, the waters, and the valleys roar

## XIII.

But yet with sacred notes the hosts proceed  
Though blasphemous they hear and cursed things:  
So with Apollo's harp Pan tunes his reed  
So adorns his where Philomela sings.  
Nor flying darts nor stones the Christians dread,  
Nor arrows shot, nor quarries cast from slings;  
But with assured faith, as dreading nought,  
The holy work begun to end they brought.

## XIV

A table set they on the mountain's height,  
To minister thereon the sacrament;  
In golden candlesticks a hallowed light  
At either end of which wax there burnt  
In costly vestments sacred William dight,  
With fear and trembling to the altar went  
And ye ye there and service loud begins,  
Both for his own and all the armies' sins.

## XV

Humbly they heard his words that stood hur nigh,  
The rest far off upon him bent their eyes,  
But when he ended had the service high,—  
You servants of the Lord depart—he cries  
His hands he lifted then up to the sky,  
And blessed all those warlike companies,  
And they dismiss'd return'd the way they came,  
Their order as before, their pomp the same

## XVI

Within their camp arriv'd, this voyage ended,  
Towards his tent the Duke himself withdrew,  
Upon their guide by heaps the bands attended,  
Till his pavilion's stately door they view,  
There to the Lord his welfare they commended,  
And with him left the worthies of the crew,  
Whom at a costly and rich feast he placed,  
And with the highest room old Ramond graced

## XVII

Now when the hungry knights sufficed are  
With meat, with drink, with spices of the best,  
Quoth he—When next you see the morning star,  
T' assault the town be ready all and prest  
To-morrow is a day of pains and war,  
This of repose, of quiet, peace, and rest  
Go, take your ease this evening and this night,  
And make you strong against to-morrow's fight —

## XVIII

They took their leave, and Godfrey's heralds rode  
To intimate his will on every side,  
And publish'd it through all the lodgings broad,  
That 'gainst the morn each should himself provide,  
Meanwhile they might their hearts of cares unload,  
And rest their tired limbs that evening tide  
Thus fared they till night their eyes did close,  
Night, friend to gentle rest and sweet repose

## XIX.

With little sign as yet of springing day  
 Out peep'd not well appear'd, the rising morn,  
 The plough yet ture not up the fertile lay  
 Nor to their feed the sheep from folds clum'd,  
 The birds sat silent on the green-wood spray  
 Amid the grass unheerd was hound and horn;  
 When trumpets shrill, true signs of hardy fights,  
 Call'd up to arms the soldiers, call'd the knights.

## XX.

Arm! arm! at once an hundred squadrons cried,  
 And with their cry to arm them all begin  
 Godfrey arose that day he laid aside  
 His hawkberk strong he went to combat in  
 And don'd a breast plate fair of proof untried  
 Such one as footmen use, light, easy thin:  
 Scantly their lord thus clothed had his grooms,  
 When aged Ramond to his presence comes

## XXI.

And furnish'd thus when he the man beheld,  
 By his attire his secret thought he guess'd:  
 Where is (quoth he) your sure and trusty shield,  
 Your helm your hawkberk strong where all the rest?  
 Why be you half disarm'd? why to the field  
 Approach you in these weak defences drest?  
 I see this day you mean a course to run,  
 Wherein may peril much small prizes be won:

## XXII.

Alas! do you that idle prizes expect,  
 To set first foot this conquer'd wall above?  
 Of less account some knight thereto object,  
 Whose loss so great and harmful cannot prove  
 My lord, your life with greater care protect,  
 And love yourself because all us you love  
 Your happy life is spirit, soul, and breath  
 Of all this camp, *perdu* it then from death —



## XXII.

All full of arms and weapons was the wall  
 Under whose beads that fair plain doth run  
 There stood the Soldan like a giant tall  
 (So stood at Rhodes the coloss of the sun)  
 Waist-high Argantes shew'd himself withall  
 At whose stern looks the French to quake begun  
 Clorinda on the corner tower alone,  
 In silver arms, like ringing Cynthia shone

## XXIII.

Her rattling quiver at her shoulders hung,  
 Therein a flesh of arrows weathered well  
 In her left hand her bow was bended strung  
 Therein a shaft headed with mortal steel  
 So fit to shoot, she singled forth among  
 Her foes who first her quarry's strength should feel  
 So fit to shoot Latona's daughter stood  
 When Niobe she kill'd and all her brood.

## XXIV.

The aged tyrant totter'd on his feet  
 From gate to gate, from wall to wall he flow  
 He comforts all his hands with speeches sweet,  
 And e'ry fort and bastion doth review  
 For e'ry nood prepar'd, in e'ry street  
 New regiments he plac'd, and weapons new  
 The matrons grave within their temples hue,  
 To idols false for succours call, and cry —

## XXV.

O Macon! break in twain the steel'd lance  
 Of wicked Godfrey with thy righteous hands,  
 Against thy name he doth his arm ad once  
 His rebel blood pour out upon these sands.—  
 These cries within his ears no entrance  
 Could find for nought he hears, nought understands,  
 While thus the town for her defence ordains,  
 His armies Godfrey ordaineth on the plains

## XXXX

His forces first on foot he forward brought,  
With goodly order, providence, and art,  
And 'gainst those towers which t' assail he thought,  
In battles twain his strength he doth depart,  
Between them cross-bows stood, and engines wrought  
To cast a stone, a quarry, or a dart,  
From whence, like thunder's dint, or lightnings new,  
Against the bulwarks stones and lances flew

## XXXXI

His men-at-arms did back his bands on foot  
The light-horse ride far off, and serve for wings  
He gave the sign, so mighty was the rout  
Of those that shot with bows and cast with slings,  
Such storms of shafts and stones flew all about,  
That many a Pagan proud to death it brings  
Some died, some at the loops durst scarce out peep,  
Some fled and left the place they took to keep

## XXXXII

The hardy Frenchmen, full of heat and haste,  
Ran boldly forward to the ditches large,  
And o'er their heads an iron penthouse vast  
They built, by joining many a shield and targe  
Some with their engines ceaseless shot and cast,  
And volleys huge of arrows sharp discharge,  
Upon the ditches some employ'd their pain,  
To fill the moat and even it with the plam

## XXXXIII

With slime or mud the ditches were not soft,  
But dry and sandy, void of waters clear,  
Though large and deep, the Christians fill them off  
With rubbish, fagots, stones, and trees they bear.  
Adrastus first advanc'd his crest aloft,  
And boldly 'gan a strong scalado rear,  
And through the falling storm did upward climb  
Of stones, darts, arrows, fire, pitch, and lime



## XXXV

The hardy Switzer now so far was gone  
 That half-way up with mickle pain he got,  
 A thousand weapons he maintain'd then  
 And his audacious climbing ceased not  
 At last upon him fell a mighty stone,  
 As from some engine great it had been shot,  
 It broke his helm he tumbled from the height;  
 The strong Circe cast that wondrous weight.

## XXXVI

Not mortal was the blow yet with the fall  
 On earth sore bruised the man lay in a swoon.  
 Argantes gan with bowing words to call,—  
 Who cometh next? this first is tumbled down  
 Come hardy soldiers come, assault this wall;  
 I will not shrink, nor fly nor hide my crown  
 If in your trench yourselves for dread you bold,  
 There shall you die, like sheep kill'd in their fold.—

## XXXVII

Thus beset he but in their trenches deep  
 The hidden squadrons kept themselves from scath;  
 The curtain made of shields did well off keep  
 Both darts and shot, and scorned all their wrath.  
 But now the ram, upon the ramparts steep,  
 On mighty beams his head advanced high  
 With dreadful horns of iron tough tree-great  
 The walls and bulwarks trembled at his threat.

## XXXVIII

An hundred able men meanwhile let fall  
 The weights behind the engine tumbled down,  
 And batter'd flat the battlements and wall  
 (So fell Talgetus hill on Sparta town)  
 It crush'd the steely shield in pieces small,  
 And beat the helmet to the wearer's crown,  
 And on the ruins of the walls and stones  
 Dispos'd left their blood, their brains, and bones.

## XXXIV

The fierce assailants kept no longer close  
 Under the shelter of their targets line,  
 But their bold fronts to chance of war expose,  
 And 'gainst those towers let their virtue shine  
 The scaling ladders up to skies arose,  
 The ground-works deep some closely undermine,  
 The walls before the Frenchmen shrink and shake,  
 And gaping sign of headlong falling make

## XL

And fall'n they had, (so far the strength extends  
 Of that fierce ram, and his redoubted stroke,)  
 But that the Pagans' care the place defends,  
 And sav'd by warlike skill the wall nigh broke,  
 For to what part so'er the engine bends,  
 There sacks of wool they place, the blow to choke,  
 Whose yielding breaks the strokes thereon which light,  
 So weakness oft subdues the greatest might

## XLI

While thus the worthies of the western crew  
 Maintain'd their brave assault and skirmish hot,  
 Her mighty bow Clorinda often drew,  
 And many a sharp and deadly arrow shot,  
 And from her bow no steeled shaft there flew,  
 But that some blood the cursed engine got,  
 Blood of some valiant knight or man of fame,  
 For that proud shootress scorned weaker game

## XLII

The first she hit among the Christian peers  
 Was the bold son of England's noble king,  
 Above the trench himself he scantily rears,  
 But she an arrow loosed from the string,  
 The wicked steel his gauntlet breaks and tears,  
 And through his right hand thrust the piercing sting:  
 Disabled thus from fight, he 'gan retire,  
 Groaning for pain, but fletting more for ire

## XLIII.

Lord Stephen of Amboise on the ditch a brim  
 And on a ladder high Clotharma, died  
 From back to breast an arrow pierced him,  
 The other was shot through from side to side.  
 Then, as he manag'd brave his courser trim,  
 On his left arm she hit the Flemings' guildon;  
 He stopt, and from the wound the reed out-twin'd,  
 But left the iron in his flesh behind.

## XLIV

As Ademare stood to behold the fight,  
 High on a bank withdrawn to breathe a space,  
 A fatal shaft upon his forehead light,  
 His hand he lifted up to feel the place,  
 Wherewith a second arrow chanced right,  
 And nail'd his hand unto his wounded face  
 He fell, and with his blood detain'd the land,  
 His holy blood shed by a virgin's hand.

## XLV

While P 1 made stood near the battlement,  
 Despising perils all and all mishap,  
 And upward still his hardy footings bent,  
 On his right eye he caught a deadly clap  
 Through his right eye Clorinda's seventh shaft went,  
 And in his neck broke forth a bloody gap  
 He underneath that bulwark dying fell,  
 Which late to scale and win he trusted well.

## XLVI.

Thus shot the maid. The Duke with hard assay  
 And sharp assault meanwhile the town oppos'd  
 Against that part which to his campward lay,  
 An engine huge and wondrous he address'd,  
 A tower of wood, built for the town's decay  
 As high as were the walls and bulwarks best  
 A turret full of men and weapons pent,  
 And yet on wheels it rolled, mov'd, and went.

## XLVII

This rolling fort his nigh approaches made,  
 And darts and arrows spit against his foes,  
 As ships are wont in fight, so it assay'd  
 With the strong wall to grapple and to close  
 The Pagans on each side the peeece invade,  
 And all their force against this mass oppose,  
 Sometimes the wheels, sometimes the battlement,  
 With timber, logs, and stones, they broke and rent.

## XLVIII

So thick flew stones and darts, that no man sees  
 The azure heavens, the sun his brightness lost,  
 The clouds of weapons, like two swarms of bees,  
 Met in the air, and there each other cross'd  
 And look how falling leaves drop down from trees,  
 When the moist sap is nipp'd with timely frost,  
 Or apples in strong winds from branches fall,  
 The Saracines so tumbled from the wall,

## XLIX

For on their part the greatest slaughter light,  
 They had no shelter 'gaunst so sharp a shower;  
 Some left alive betook themselves to flight,  
 So feared they this deadly thund'ring tower  
 But Solman stay'd like a valiant knight,  
 And some with him that trusted in his power;  
 Argantes, with a long beech tree in hand,  
 Ran thither, this huge engine to withstand

## L.

With this he push'd the tower, and back it drives  
 The length of all his tree, a wond'rous way  
 The hardy virgin by his side arrives,  
 To help Argantes in this hard assay  
 The band that us'd the ram, this season, staves  
 To cut the cords wherein the woolpacks lay,  
 Which done, the sacks down in the trenches fall,  
 And to the battery naked left the wall

## LII.

The tower above, the run beneath doth thunder  
What lime and stone such puissance could abide?  
The wall began (now bruise'd and crush'd round)  
Her wounded lap to open broad and wide  
Godfrey himself and his brought safely under  
The shatter'd wall, where greatest breach he spied  
Himself he saws beheld his mighty targe,  
A shield not us'd but in some desperate charge.

## LIII.

From hence he sees where Saladin descends  
Down to the threshold of the gaping breach  
And there it seems the mighty prince intends,  
Godfredo's hoped entrance to impeach  
Argantes (and with him the maid) defends  
The walls above, to which the tower doth reach  
His noble heart, when Godfrey this beheld!  
With courage now with wrath and valour swell'd

## LIII.

He turn'd about and to good Sigisno spoke  
Who bore his greatest shield and mighty bow —  
That sure and lucky target let me take,  
Impenetrable is that shield I know  
Over these ruins will I pass and make  
And enter first, the way is eath and low  
And time requires that by some noble feat  
I should make known my strength and puissance great.

## LIV.

He scarce had spoken scarce receiv'd the targe,  
When on his leg a sudden shaft him hit,  
And through that part a hole made wide and large,  
Where his strong sinews fasten'd were and knit.  
Clorinda, thou this arrow didst discharge,  
And let the Pagans bless thy hand for it,  
For by that shot thou saved'st them that day  
From bondage vile, from death and sure decay

## LV

The wounded Duke, as though he felt no pain,  
Still forward went and mounted up the breach,  
His high attempt at first he nould refrain,  
And after call'd his lords with cheertul speech  
But when his leg could not his weight sustain,  
He saw his will did far his power outreach,  
And more he strove his grief increas'd the more,  
The bold assault he left at length therefore,

## LVI

And with his hand he beckon'd Guelpho near,  
And said—I must withdraw me to my tent,  
My place and person in mine absence bear,  
Supply my want, let not the fight relent,  
I go, and will ere long again be here,  
I go and straight return —This said, he went,  
On a light steed he leap'd, and o'er the green  
He rode, but rode not (as he thought) unseen

## LVII

When Godfrey parted, parted eke the heart,  
The strength and fortune of the Christian bands,  
Courage increased in their adverse part,  
Wrath in their hearts, and vigour in their hands  
Valour, success, strength, hardiness, and art,  
Fail'd in the princes of the western lands,  
Their swords were blunt, faint was their trumpet's blast,  
Their sun was set, or else with clouds o'ercast

## LVIII

Upon the bulwarks now appeared bold  
'That fearful band that late for dread was fled,  
The women that Clorinda's strength behold,  
Their country's love to war encouraged,  
They weapons got, and fight like men they would,  
Their gowns tuck'd up, their locks were loose and spicad,  
Sharp darts they cast, and without dread or fear,  
Expos'd their breasts to save their fortress dear

## LIX.

But that which most dismay'd the Christian knights,  
 And added courage to the Pagans most  
 Was Guelpho's sudden fall in all men's sight—  
 Who tumbled headlong down his footing lost  
 A mighty stone upon the worthy knight,  
 But whence it came none wist nor from what coast;  
 And with like blow which more their hearts dismay'd  
 Beside him low in dust old Raimond laid.

## LX.

And Eustace chieft within the ditches larve  
 To narrow shifts and last extremes they drive  
 Upon their foes so fierce the Pagans charge  
 And with good fortune so their blows they give  
 That whom they hit, in spite of helm or target  
 They deeply wound, or else of life deprive.  
 At this their good success Argantes proud  
 Waxing more fell, thus roar'd and cried aloud:—

## LXI.

This is not Antioch, nor the evening dark  
 Can help your privy sleights with secretly shade  
 The sun yet shines, your falsehood can be mark  
 In other ways this bold assault is made;  
 Of rage and glory quenched is the spark  
 That made you first these eastern lands invade;  
 Why cease you now? why take you not this part?  
 What, are you weary for a charge so short?—

## LXII.

Thus rag'd he and in such hellish sort  
 Increased the fury in the brain-sick knight  
 That he career'd that large and ample sort  
 Too strait a field wherein to prove his might  
 There where the breach had fram'd a new-made port  
 Himself he plac'd with nimble steps and light;  
 He clear'd the passage out, and thus he cried  
 To Boliman that fought close by his side:—

## LVIII

Come, Soliman, the time and place behold  
That of our valours well may judge the doubt,  
What stayest thou ? among these Christians bold  
First leap he forth that holds himself most stout —  
While thus his will the mighty champion told,  
Both Soliman and he at once leap'd out  
Fury the first provok'd, disdain the last,  
Who scorn'd the challenge ere his lips it past

## LVII

Upon their foes unlooked for they flew,  
Each spited other for his virtue's sake,  
So many soldiers this fierce couple slew,  
So many shields they cleft and helms they brake,  
So many ladders to the earth they threw,  
That well they seem'd a mount thereof to make,  
Or else some vantage fit to save the town,  
Instead of that the Christians late beat down

## LXV

The folk that strove with rage and haste before  
Who first the wall and rampire should ascend,  
Retire, and for that honour strive no more,  
Scantly they could their limbs and lives defend,  
They fled, their engines lost the Pagans tore  
In pieces small, their rams to nought they rend,  
And all unfit for further service make,  
With so great force and rage their beams they brake

## LXVI

The Pagans ran, transported with their ire,  
Now here, now there, and woeful slaughters wrought,  
At last they called for devouring fire,  
Two burning pines against the tower they brought  
So from the palace of their hellish sire  
(When all this world they would consume to nought)  
The fury sisters come with fire in hands,  
Shaking their snaky locks and sparkling brands



## LXVII.

But noble Tamerul, who thus while spied,  
Gave exhortation to his bold Latinos  
When of these knights the wood-rous acts he spied  
And saw the champions with their burning pikes  
He left his talk and thither forthwith hied,  
To stop the rage of those ill Saracines  
And with such force the fight he there renewed  
That now they fled and lost who late pursued

## LXVIII.

Thus chang'd the state and fortune of the fry  
Meanwhile the wretched Duke, in grief and tears  
Within his great pavilion rich and gay  
Good Sigiore and Baldwin stood between  
His other friends, whom his own p. dismay  
With grief and tears about assembled been :  
He strove in haste the weapon out to wind,  
And broke the reed but left the head behind.

## LXIX.

He bade them take the speediest way they might,  
Of that unlucky hurt to make him smart  
And to lay open the depth thereof to sight  
He willed them open search and lance the wound.—  
Send me again (quoth he) to end this fight,  
Before the sun be sinken under ground.—  
And leant on a broken spear he thrust  
His leg straight out to him that cure it must.

## LXX.

Erotimus born on the banks of Po,  
Was he that undertook to cure the knight ;  
All what green herbs or waters pure could do,  
He knew their power their virtue and their might ;  
A noble poet was the man also ;  
But in this science he had more delight  
He could restore to health death-wounded men,  
And make their names immortal with his pen.

## LXXI

The mighty Duke yet never changed cheer,  
 But griev'd to see his friends lamenting stand  
 The leach prepar'd his cloths and cleansing gear,  
 And with a belt his gown about him band,  
 Now with his herbs the steely head to tear  
 Out of the flesh he prov'd, now with his hand,  
 Now with his hand, now with his instrument,  
 He shak'd and pluck'd it, yet not forth it went

## LXXII

His labour vain, his art prevailed nought,  
 His luck was ill although his skill was good  
 To such extremes the wounded Prince he brought,  
 That with fell pain he swooned as he stood  
 But th' angel pure (that kept him) went and sought  
 Divine dictaminum out of Ida wood,  
 This herb is rough and bears a purple flower,  
 And in his budding leaves lies all his power

## LXXIII

Kind nature first upon the craggy clift,  
 Bewray'd this herb unto the mountain goat,  
 That when her sides a cruel shaft hath rift,  
 With it she shakes the reed out of her coat  
 This in a moment fetch'd the angel swift,  
 And brought from Ida hill, though far remote,  
 The juice whereof in a prepared bath,  
 Unseen the blessed spirit poured hath

## LXXIV

Pure nectar from that spring of Lydia then,  
 And panaces divine, therein he threw  
 The cunning leach to bathe the wound began,  
 And of itself the steely head out flew,  
 The bleeding staunch'd, no vermic drop out-ran,  
 The leg again wax'd strong, with vigour new  
 Erotimus cried out—This hurt and wound  
 No human art or hand so soon makes sound,

## LXXV

Some angel good I think, come down from skies  
Thy surgeon is, for here plain taken are  
Of grace divine, to which thy help applies  
Thy weapon take, and haste again to war —  
In precious cloths his leg the chieftain ties,  
Nought could the man from blood and fight debair  
A sturdy lance in his right hand be braced,  
His shield he took, and on his helmet laced;

## LXXVI

And with a thousand knights and barons bold  
Towards the town he hasted from his camp  
In clouds of dust was Titan's face enroll'd  
Trembled the earth whereon the worthies stamp  
His foes far off his dreadful looks behold  
Which in their hearts of courage quench'd the lamp,  
A chilling fear ran cold through every vein.  
Lord Godfrey shouted thrice and all his train

## LXXVII.

Their sovereign's voice his hardy people know,  
And his loud cries that cheer'd each fearful heart  
Therewith now strength they took and courage now  
And to the fierce        it again they start.  
The Pagans twain this while themselves withdrew  
Within the breach to save that better'd part,  
And with great loss a skirmish hot they hold  
Against Tancred's and his squadron bold.

## LXXVIII.

Thither came Godfrey armed round about  
In trusty plate, with fierce and dreadful look  
At first approach against Argantes stout,  
Headed with poignant steel a lance he shook  
No resting engine with such force throws out  
A knotty spear and as the way it took  
It whistled in the air the fearless knight  
Oppos'd his shield against that weapon's might:

## LXXIX

The dreadful blow quite through his target drove,  
And bored through his breast-plate strong and thick,  
The tender skin it in his bosom rove,  
The purple blood outstreamed from the quick  
To wrest it out the wounded Pagan strove,  
And little leisure gave it there to stick,  
At Godfrey's head the lance again he cast,  
And said—Lo, there again thy dart thou hast —

## LXXX

The spear flew back the way it lately came,  
And would revenge the harm itself had done,  
But miss'd the mark whereat the man did aim,  
He stepp'd aside the furious blow to shun  
But Sigiere in his throat receiv'd the same,  
The murdering weapon at his neck out-run,  
Nor aught it griev'd the man to lose his breath,  
Since in his Prince's stead he suffer'd death

## LXXXI

Ev'n then the Soldan struck, with monstrous main,  
The noble leader of the Norman band,  
He reel'd awhile and stagger'd with the pain,  
And wheeling round fell grov'ling on the sand  
Godfrey no longer could the grief sustain  
Of these displeasures, but with flaming brand  
Up to the breach in heat and haste he goes,  
And hand to hand there combats with his foes

## LXXXII

And there great wonders surely wrought he had,  
Mortal the fight, and fierce had been the fray.  
But that dark night, from her pavilion sad,  
Her cloudy wings did on the earth display,  
Her quiet shades she interposed, glad  
To cause the knights their arms aside to lay  
Godfrey withdrew, and to their tents they wend,  
And thus this bloody day was brought to end



## BOOK XII

## THE ARGUMENT

Clorinda hears her eunuch old report	
Her birth, her offspring, and her native land	18
Disguis'd she fireth Godfrey's rolling fort,	45
The burned peece falls smoking on the sand	46
With Tancred long, unknown, in desp'rate sort	51
She fights, and falls through pierced with his brand	64
Christen'd she dies With sighs, with plaints, and tears,	
He wails her death Argant revengement swears	100

## I

Now in dark night was all the world imbar'd,  
 But yet the tired armies took no rest,  
 The careful French kept heedful watch and ward,  
 While their high tower the workmen newly dress'd  
 The Pagan crew to reinforce prepar'd  
 The weaken'd bulwarks, late to earth down kest,  
 Their rampiers broke and bruised walls to mend  
 Lastly their hurts the wounded knights attend

## II

'Their wounds were dress'd, part of the work was brought  
 To wished end, part left to other days  
 A dull desire to rest deep midnight wrought,  
 His heavy rod sleep on their eye-lids lays  
 Yet rested not Clorinda's working thought,  
 Which thirsted still for fame and warlike praise,  
 Argantes eke accompanied the maid  
 From place to place, who to herself thus said —

## III.

This day Arrantes stood and Salomon  
 Strange things he saw and purchased for his men  
 Among our foes out of the wall they ran  
 Their rams they broke and sent their iron in  
 I used my bow of bow-stick the last of all  
 Myself we had meanwhile within the wall  
 And happy was my shot and my aim true,  
 But that was all a woman's hand could do.

## IV.

On land and beasts in fere is wild that feed  
 It were more fit wild arrows to be used  
 Then for a feeble mind in war to be  
 With strong and hardy knight to be  
 Why take I not again my iron bow  
 And spend my days in wars? If we be true  
 Thus thought thus minded thus devised the maid  
 And turning to the knight at last thus said —

## V.

My thoughts are full my lord of strange desire  
 Some high attempt of war to undertake  
 Whether high God my talent therein give  
 Or of his will his good mankind death make  
 Among our foes behold the light and fire  
 I will among them war and burn or be  
 The tower of Cal grant therein I have my will  
 And that perform'd betide no good or ill.

## VI.

But if it fortune such my chance should be  
 That to this town I be or turn again  
 Mine canuch (whom I dearly love) with them  
 I leave; my faithful maids, and all my train;  
 To Egypt then conducted safely see  
 Those woeful men and that aged woman  
 Help them my lord in that distressed case  
 Their feeble sex his age deserveth grace

## VII

Argantes wond'ring stood, and felt th' effect  
Of true renown pierce through his glorious mind, —  
And wilt thou go (quoth he) and me neglect,  
Disgrac'd, despis'd, leave in this fort behind?  
Shall I, while these strong walls my life protect,  
Behold thy flames and fires toss'd in the wind?  
No, no, thy fellow have I been in arms,  
And will be still, in praise, in death, in harms.

## VIII

This heart of mine death's bitter stroke despiseth,  
For praise this life, for glory take this breath —  
My soul the more (quoth she) thy friendship prizeth,  
For this thy proffer'd aid requir'd uneath,  
I but a woman am, no loss ariseth  
To this besieged city by my death,  
But if (as God forbid) this night thou fall  
Ah! who shall then, who can, defend this wall?—

## IX

Too late these 'scuses vain (the knight replied)  
You bring, my will is firm, my mind is set,  
I follow you whereso you list me guide,  
Or go before if you my purpose let —  
This said, they hasted to the palace wide,  
About their prince where all his lords were met,  
Clorinda spoke for both, and said—Sir King,  
Attend my words, hear, and allow the thing

## X.

Argantes here, this bold and hardy knight,  
Will undertake to burn the wond'rous tow'r,  
And I with him, only we stay till night  
Bury in sleep our foes at deadeast hour —  
The King with that cast up his hands on high,  
The tears for joy upon his cheeks down pour,  
Praised (quoth he) be Macon whom we serve!  
This land I see he keeps, and will preserve



## XI.

Nor shall so soon this happy kingdom fall  
 While such unconquer'd hearts my state defend  
 But for this act what praise or guerdon shall  
 I give your virtues, which so far extend?  
 Let fame your praises sound through nations all  
 And fill the world their life to either end  
 Take half my wealth and kingdom for your deed  
 You are rewarded half ev'n with the deed.—

## XII.

Thus spake the Prince, and gently gan distraun  
 Now him now her between his friendly arms.  
 The Soldan by no longer could refrain  
 That noble envy which his bosom warms  
 Nor I (quoth he) bear this broad sword in vain  
 Nor yet am unexpert in night alarms  
 Take me with you.—Ah (quoth Clorinda) no!  
 Whom leave we here of prowess if you go?—

## XIII.

This spoken ready with a proud refusal  
 Argantes was his passion'd aid to scorn,  
 Whom Abdiel prevents, and with excuse  
 To Soliman thus gan his speeches turn —  
 Right, noble Prince, as aye hath been your use  
 Yourself so still you bear and long have borne,  
 Bold in all acts, no danger can affright  
 Your heart, nor tired is your strength with fight:

## XIV

If you went forth great things perform you would  
 In my conceit, yet far unfit it seems  
 That you (who most excel in courage bold)  
 At once should leave this town in these extremes  
 Nor would I that these twain should leave this hold  
 My heart their noble lives far worthier deem  
 If this attempt of less importance were  
 Or weaker posts so great a weight could bear

## XV

But, for well guarded is the mighty tower,  
 With hardy troops and squadrons round about,  
 And cannot harmed be with little power,  
 Nor fits the time to send whole armies out,  
 This pair, who past have many a dreadful stour,  
 And proffer now to prove this venture stout,  
 Alone to this attempt let them go forth,  
 Alone than thousands of more price and worth

## XVI

Thou (as it best beseems a mighty king)  
 With ready hands beside the gate attend,  
 That when this couple have perform'd tho thing,  
 And shall again then footsteps homeward bend,  
 From their strong foes upon them following  
 Thou mayst them keep, preserve, save, and defend —  
 Thus said the King, the Soldan must consent,  
 Silent remain'd the Turk, and discontent.

## XVII

Then Isman said — You twain that undertake  
 This hard attempt, awhile I pray you stay,  
 Till I a wild-fire of fine temper make,  
 That this great engine burn to ashes may,  
 Haply the guard, that now doth watch and wake,  
 Will then lie tumbled sleeping on the lay —  
 Thus they conclude, and in their chambers sit  
 To wait the time for this adventure fit

## XVIII

Clorinda there her silver arms off rent,  
 Her helm, her shield, her hawkberk shining bright,  
 As a colour black as jet or coal she hent,  
 Wherein without a plume herself she dight,  
 For thus disguis'd amid her foes she meant  
 To pass unseen, by help of friendly night  
 To whom her eunuch, old Arsetes, came,  
 That from her cradle nurs'd and kept the dame.

## XIX.

This aged sire had follow'd far and near  
 Through lands and seas, the strong and hardy maid,  
 He saw her loss & her arms and wonted gear  
 Her danger nigh that sudden change foretold  
 By his white locks, from black that changed were  
 In following her the woeful man her pray'd  
 By all his service and his taken pain  
 To leave that fond attempt but pray'd in vain.

## XX.

At last quoth he—Since, harden'd to thine ill,  
 Thy cruel heart is to thy loss prepar'd  
 That my weak age, nor tears that down distil,  
 Nor humble suit, nor plaint thou hast regard  
 Attend awhile, strange things unfold I will  
 Hear both thy birth and high estate declar'd  
 Follow my counsel, or thy will, that done.—  
 She fit to hear the cunning thus began —

## XXI.

Scarcely rul'd, and yet power doth reign  
 In mighty Ethiope and her deserts waste  
 The lore of Christ both he and all his train  
 Of people black hath kept and long embrac'd  
 To him a Pagan was I sold for gain,  
 And with his queen (as her chief comfort) plac'd  
 Black was this queen as jet, yet on her eyes  
 Sweet loveliness in black attired lies.

## XXII.

The fire of love and frost of jealousy  
 Her husband's troubled soul alike torment  
 The tide of fond suspicion flow'd high  
 The foe to love, and plague to sweet content  
 He mov'd her up from sight of mortal eye,  
 Nor day he would his beams on her had bent:  
 She, wise and lowly by her husband's pleasure  
 Her joy her peace her will, her wish did measure.

## XXIII

Her prison was a chamber, painted round  
With goodly portraits and with stories old  
As white as snow there stood a virgin bound  
Beside a dragon fierce, a champion bold  
The monster did with poignant spear through wound,  
The gored beast lay dead upon the mould  
The gentle queen before this image laid,  
She plain'd, she mourn'd, she wept, she sigh'd, she pray'd

## XXIV

At last with child she prov'd, and forth she brought  
(And thou art she) a daughter fair and bright,  
In her thy colour white new terror wrought,  
She wonder'd on thy face with strange affright,  
But yet she purpos'd in her fearful thought  
To hide thee from the king thy father's sight,  
Lest thy bright hue should his suspect approve,  
For seld a crow begets a silver dove

## XXV

And to her spouse to shew she was dispos'd  
A negro's babe, late born, in room of thee,  
And for the tower wherein she lay enclos'd  
Was with her damsels only wond and me,  
To me, on whose true faith she most repos'd,  
She gave thee, ere thou couldest christen'd be,  
Nor could I since find means thee to baptize,  
In Pagan lands thou know'st it's not the guise

## XXVI.

To me she gave thee, and she wept withal,  
To foster thee in some far distant place  
Who can her griefs and plaints to reck'ning call,  
How oft she swooned at the last embraco?  
Her streaming tears amid her kisses fall,  
Her sighs her dire complaints did interlace  
And looking up at last—O God! quoth she,  
Who dost my heart and inward mourning see,

## XXVII

If mind and body spotless to this day  
 If I have kept my bed still undefil'd  
 (Not for myself a sinful wretch, I pray  
 That in thy presence am an abject vile)  
 Pardon this babe whose mother must deny  
 To nourish it, I swear to this harmless child,  
 Oh let it live, and christen like me it make  
 But for good fortune elsewhere may it take.

## XXVIII.

Thou heav'nly soldier, which deliver'd hast  
 That sacred virgin from the serpent old,  
 If on thine altars I have offerings plac'd  
 And sacrific'd myrrh, frankincense and gold  
 On this poor child thy heav'nly looks down cast,  
 With graver eye this scely babe behold.—  
 This said, her strength and living spirit was fled  
 She sigh'd, she groan'd, she swoon'd in her bed.

## XXIX.

Weeping I took thee in a little chest,  
 Cover'd with herbs and leaves, I brought thee out  
 So secretly that none of all the rest  
 Of such an act suspicion had or doubt;  
 To wilderness my steps I first address'd  
 Where horrid shades inclos'd me round about:  
 A tigress there I met, in whose fierce eyes  
 Fury and wrath, rage, death and terror lies.

## XXX.

Up to a tree I leapt, and on the grass  
 (Such was my sudden fear) I left thee lying:  
 To thee the beast with furious course did pass,  
 With curious looks upon thy visage prying  
 All meek and lowly both meek and mild she was  
 With friendly cheer thy tender body eyeing  
 At last she lick'd thee, and with gesture mild  
 About thee play'd, and thou upon her smil'd.

## XXVI

Her fearful muzzle, full of dreadful threat,  
In thy weak hand thou took'st, withouten dread,  
The gentle beast with milk-outstretched teat  
(As nurses custom) proffer'd thee to feed  
As one that wond'reth on some marvel great,  
I stood this while amazed at the deed  
When thee she saw well fill'd and satisfied,  
Unto the woods again the tigress hied

## XXVII

She gone, down from the tree I came in haste,  
And took thee up, and on my journey wend'  
Within a little thorpe I staid at last,  
And to a nurse the charge of thee commend,  
And sporting with thee there long time I past,  
Till term of sixteen months were brought to end,  
And thou began (as little children do)  
With half-clipt words to prattle, and to go

## XXVIII

But having past the August of mine age,  
When more than half my tap of life was run,  
Rich by rewards given by your mother sage,  
For merits past and service yet undone,  
I long'd to leave this wand'ring pilgrimage,  
And in my native soil again to won,  
To get some seely home I had desire,  
Loth still to warm me at another's fire

## XXIX

To Egypt-ward, where I was born, I went,  
And bore thee with me by a rolling flood,  
Till I with savage thieves well nigh was hent,  
Before the brook, the thieves behind me stood  
Thee to forsake I never could consent,  
And gladly would I 'scape those outlaws wood:  
Into the flood I leapt far from the brim,  
My left hand bore thee, with the right I swim

## XXXV

Swift was the current in the middle stream  
 A whirlpool gaped with devouring jaws,  
 The gulf (on such mishap ere I could dream)  
 Into his deep abyss my current draws:  
 There I forsook thee the wild waters seem  
 To pity thee a gentle wind there blows,  
 Whose friendly puffs safe to the shore thee drive  
 Where wet and weary I at last arrive.

## XXXVI.

I took thee up, and in my dream that night  
 (When buried was the world in sleep and shade)  
 I saw a champion clad in armour bright  
 That o'er my head shak'd a flaming blade:  
 He said—I charge thee execute a right  
 That charge this infant's mother on thee laid;  
 Baptize the child, high Heav'n's esteeems her dear  
 And I her keeper will attend her near

## XXXVII.

I will her keep, defend, save and protect;  
 I made the waters mild the tigers tame  
 O wretch, that heav'nly warnings doth reject!—  
 The warrior vanish'd having said the same.  
 I rose and journey'd on my way direct,  
 When blushing morn from Titan's bed forth came;  
 But, for my faith is true and sure I ween,  
 And dreams are false, you still unchristened born.

## XXXVIII.

A Pagan therefore, thee I fostered have,  
 Nor of thy birth the truth did ever tell.  
 Since you increased are in courage brave,  
 Your sex and nature's self you both excel  
 Full many a realm have you made bond and slave,  
 Your fortunes last yourself remember well  
 And how in peace and war in joy and teen,  
 I have your servant and your tutor been

## XXXIX.

Last morn, from skies ere stars exiled were,  
 In deep and death-like sleep my senses drown'd,  
 The self-same vision did again appear,  
 With stormy wrathful looks and thund'ring sound —  
 Villain, quoth he, within short while thy dear  
 Must change her life and leave this sinful ground,  
 Thine be the loss, the torment, and the cure—  
 This said, he fled through skies, through clouds, and air

## XL

Hear then, my joy, my hope, my darling, hear!  
 High heav'n some dire misfortune threatened hath,  
 Displeas'd, pardie, because I did thee lear  
 A lore repugnant to thy parents' faith  
 Ah! for my sake this bold attempt forbear,  
 Put off these sable arms, appease thy wrath —  
 This said, he wept she pensive stood and sad,  
 Because like dream herself but lately had

## XLI

With cheerful smile she answered him at last—  
 I will this faith observe, it seems me true,  
 Which from my cradle age thou taught me hast,  
 I will not change it for religion new,  
 Nor with vain shows of fear and dread aghast,  
 This enterprise forbear I to pursue,  
 No, not if death, in his most dreadful face  
 Wherewith he scareth mankind, kept the place —

## XLII

Approaching 'gan the time (while thus she spake)  
 Wherein they ought that dreadful hazard try  
 She to Argantes went, who should partake  
 Of her renown and praise, or with her die  
 Ismen, with words more hasty, still did make  
 Their virtue great, which by itself did fly,  
 Two balls he gave them made of hollow brass,  
 Wherein inclos'd fire, pitch, and brimstone was



## XLIII.

And forth they went, and over dale and hill  
 They hasted forward with a speedy pace  
 Unseen, unmarked, undescried, until  
 Beside the engine close themselves they place:  
 New courage there their swelling hearts did fill  
 Rage in their breasts, fury shone in their face  
 They yearn'd to blow the fire and draw the sword:  
 The watch descried them both and gave the word.

## XLIV

Silent they passed on the watch begun  
 To rear a huge alarm with hideous cries  
 Therewith the hardy couple forward run  
 To execute their valiant enterprise  
 So from a cannon or a roaring gun  
 At once the noise, the flame and bullet flies.  
 They run they give the charge, begin the fray  
 And all at once their foot break, spoil, and slay

## XLV

They passed first through thousand thousand blows,  
 And then performed their designments bold  
 A fiery ball each on the engine throws  
 The stuff was dry the fire took quickly hold  
 Furious upon the timber work it grows  
 How it increased none well be told  
 How it crept up the peeco, and how to skies  
 The burning jacks and tow'ring smoke upfies.

## XLVI.

A mass of solid fire burning bright,  
 Roll'd up in smould'ring fumes there bursteth out;  
 And there the blast ring winds add strength and might,  
 And gather close the sperr'd flames about  
 The Frenchmen trembled at the dreadful sight,  
 To arms in haste and fear ran all the rout;  
 Down fell the peeco, drow'd so much in war;  
 Thus, what long days doth make one hour doth mar

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Silent they passed on the watch begun

To rear a huge alarm with loud voices cries

Therewith the hardy couple forward run

To execute their valiant enterprises;

So from a cannon or a roaring gun

At once the noise the flame and bullet flew,

They run they give the charge begun the fire

And all at once their force break squal and slay

## XLV.

They passed first through a storm of thousand blows

And then performed their designment bold

A fiery ball each on the engine throws

The stuff was dry the fire took quickly hold;

Furious upon the timber work it grows

How it increased cannot well be told

How it crept up the peeco and how to skies

The burning sparks and tower'ing smoke upflew.

## XLVI.

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Roll'd up in smould'ring fumes there bursteth out;

And there the blust'ring winds add strength and might,

And gather close the sperr'd flames about.

The Frenchmen trembled at the dreadful sight,

To arms in haste and fear ran all the rout;

Down fell the peeco, dreaded so much in war;

Thus, what long days doth make one hour doth mar

## XLVII

Two Christian bands this while came to the place  
 With speedy haste, where they beheld the fire,  
 Argantes to them cried with scornful grace,— [ire  
 Your blood shall quench these flames and quench mine  
 This said, the maid and he with sober pace  
 Drew back, and to the bank themselves retire  
 Faster than brooks which falling showers increase  
 Their foes augment, and faster on them prease

## XLVIII

The golden port was open'd, and forth stept,  
 With all his soldiers bold, the Turkish king,  
 Ready to aid them two his force he kept,  
 When fortune should them home with conquest bring  
 Over the bars the hardy couple leapt,  
 And after them a band of Christians fling,  
 Whom Soliman drove back with courage stout,  
 And shut the gate, but shut Clorinda out

## XLIX

Alone was she shut forth, for in that hour  
 Wherein they clos'd the port, the virgin went,  
 And, full of heat and wrath, her strength and power  
 'Gainst Arimon (that struck her erst) she bent  
 She slew the knight, nor Argant, in that stower,  
 Wist of her parting or her herce intent  
 The fight, the prease, the night, and darksome skies,  
 Care from his heart had ta'en, sight from his eyes

## L

But when appeased was her angry mood,  
 Her fury calm'd, and settled was her head,  
 She saw the gates were shut, and how she stood  
 Amid her foes, she held herself for dead  
 While none her mark'd, at last she thought it good  
 To save her life some other path to tread,  
 She feigned her one of them, and close she drew  
 Amid the prease, that none her saw nor knew

## L.

Then as a wolf guilty of some murder  
 Flies to some grove to hide himself from view,  
 So favour'd with the night, with secret speed,  
 Discover'd from the jessie she must flow  
 Tancréd alone of her escape took heed  
 He on that quarter was arriv'd new;  
 When Arimon she kill'd he thither came  
 He saw it, mark'd it, and pursued the dame

## LII.

He deem'd she was some man of mickle might  
 And on her person would he worship win  
 O'er the hills the nymph her journey dight  
 Towards another port, there to get in.  
 With blurtous noise fast after spurr'd the knight.  
 She heard and stay'd and thus her words begin —  
 What haste hast thou? ride softly; take thy breath;  
 What bringst thou? — He answer'd, War and death —

## LIII.

And war and death (quoth she) here mayst thou get,  
 If thou for battle come — with that she stay'd.  
 Tancréd to ground his foot in haste down set  
 And left his steed — on foot he saw the maid.  
 Their courage hot, their ire and wrath they whet,  
 And either champion drew a treuchant blade:  
 Together run they and together struck  
 Like two fierce bulls whose rage and love provoked.

## LIV.

Worthy of royal lists and brightest day  
 Worthy a golden trump and laurel crown  
 The actions were and wonders of that fray  
 Which silent night did in dark bosom crown  
 Yet, night, consent that I their acts display  
 And make their deeds to future ages known  
 And in records of long-enduring story  
 Enrol their praise their fame, their worth and glory

## LV

They neither shrunk nor 'vantage sought of ground,  
They travers'd not, nor skipt from part to 'part,  
Their blows were neither false nor feigned found,  
The night, their rage, would let them use no art;  
Their swords together clash with dreadful sound,  
Their feet stand fast, and neither stir nor start,  
They move their hands, stedfast their feet remain,  
Nor blow nor join they struck or thrust in vain

## LVI

Shame bred desire a sharp revenge to take,  
And veng'ance taken gave new cause of shame,  
So that with haste and little heed they strake,  
Fuel enough they had to feed the flame  
At last so close their battle fierce they make,  
They could not wield their swords, so nigh they came,  
They us'd the hilts, and each on other rush'd,  
And helm to helm and shield to shield they crush'd

## LVII

Thrice his strong arms he folds about her waist,  
And thrice was forc'd to let the virgin go,  
For she disdained to be so embrac'd,  
No lover would have strain'd his mistress so  
They took their swords again, and each enchas'd  
Deep wounds in the soft flesh of his strong foe;  
Till weak and weary, faint, alive, unceath  
They both retir'd at once, at once took breath

## LVIII

Each other long beheld, and leaning stood  
Upon their swords, whose points in earth were pight,  
When daybreak rising from the eastern flood,  
Put forth the thousand eyes of blindfold night  
Tancred beheld his foe's out-streaming blood  
And gaping wounds, and wax'd proud was the sight.  
O vanity of man's unstable mind,  
Puft up with every blast of friendly wind!



## LXIII

As Ægean's seas, when storms be calm'd again  
 That roll'd their tumbling waves with troublous blast,  
 Do yet of tempests past some show retain,  
 And here and there their swelling billows cast,  
 So, though their strength were gone, and might were vain,  
 Of their first fierceness still the fury lasts,  
 Wherewith sustain'd, they to their tackling stood,  
 And heaped wound on wound, and blood on blood

## LXIV

But now, alas! the fatal hour arrives  
 That her sweet life must leave that tender hold,  
 His sword into her bosom deep he drives,  
 And bath'd in lukewarm blood his iron cold,  
 Between her breasts the cruel weapon rives  
 Her curious square embost with swelling gold  
 Her knees grow weak, the pains of death she feels,  
 And, like a falling cedar, bends and reels

## LXV

The Prince his hand upon her shield doth stretch,  
 And low on earth the wounded damsel laith,  
 And while she tell, with weak and woeful speech  
 Her prayers last and last complaints she saith  
 A spirit new did her those prayers teach,  
 Spirit of hope, of charity, and faith,  
 And though her life to Christ rebellious were,  
 Yet died she his child and handmaid dear —

## LXVI

Friend, thou hast won, I pardon thee, nor save  
 This body, that all torments can endure,  
 But save my soul, baptism I dying crave,  
 Come, wash away my sins with waters pure,—  
 His heart relenting nigh in sunder rave,  
 With woeful speech of that sweet creature,  
 So that his rage, his wrath, and anger died,  
 And on his cheeks salt tears for ruth down slide.





## LXXI

And his weak sprite (to be unbodied  
From fleshly prison free that ceaseless strived)  
Had followed her fair soul but lately fled,  
Had not a Christian squadron there arrived,  
To seek fresh water thither haply led,  
And found the Princess dead, and him deprived  
Of signs of life, yet did the knight remain  
On live, nigh dead, for her himself had slain

## LXXII

Their guide far off the Prince knew by his shield,  
And thither hasted full of grief and fear,  
Her dead, him seeming so, he there beheld,  
And for that strange mishap shed many a tear  
He would not leave the corpses fair in field  
For food to wolves, though she a Pagan were,  
But in their arms the soldiers both uphent,  
And both lamenting brought to Tancred's tent.

## LXXIII

With these dear burdens to their camp they pass,  
Yet would not that dead-seeming knight awake,  
At last he deeply groan'd, which token was  
His feeble soul had not her flight yet take  
The other lay a still and heavy mass,  
Her spirit had that earthen cage forsake  
Thus were they brought, and thus they placed were  
In sundry rooms, yet both adjoining near

## LXXIV

All skill and art his careful servants used  
To life again their dying lord to bring,  
At last his eyes unclos'd, with tears suffused,  
He felt their hands and heard their whispering,  
But how he thither came long time he mused,  
His mind astonish'd was with every thing  
He gaz'd about, his squires in fine he knew,  
Then weak and woeful thus his plants out threw —

## LXXV

What! live I yet? and do I breathe and see  
 Of this accursed day the hateful light,  
 This spiteful ray which still upbraids me  
 With that accursed deed I did this night?  
 Ah, coward hand! afraid why shouldst thou be?  
 (Thou instrument of death, ah me and despite!)  
 Why shouldst thou fear with sharp and trusty knife  
 To cut the thread of this blood-gulchy life!

## LXXVI.

Pierce through this bosom, and my cruel heart  
 In pieces cleave break every string and vein!  
 But thou, to slaughter's vile which used art,  
 Think'st it were pity so to ease my pain  
 Of lockless love therefore in torments smart  
 A sad example must I still remain  
 A woeful monster of unhappy love  
 Who still must live lest death his comfort prove:

## LXXVII.

Still must I live in anguish, grief and care  
 Furies my guilty conscience that torment  
 The ugly shades, dark night, and troubled air  
 In grisly forms her slaughter still present,  
 Madness and death about my bed repair  
 Hell gape wide to swallow up his tent  
 Swift from myself I run, myself I fear  
 Yet still my hell within myself I bear

## LXXVIII.

But where, alas! where be those relics sweet,  
 Wherein dwelt late all love all joy all good?  
 My fury left them cast in open street  
 Some beast hath torn her flesh and lick'd her blood  
 Ah! noble prey for savage beast unmeet!  
 Ah! sweet, too sweet, and far too precious food  
 Ah! seely nymph! whom night and darksome shade  
 To beasts and me (far worse than beasts) betray'd.

## LXXIX

But where you be, if still you be, I wend  
 'To gather up those relics dear at leaſt  
 But if ſome beaſt hath from the hills deſcend,  
 And on her tender bowels made his leaſt,  
 Let that ſelf monſter me in pieces rend,  
 And deep entomb me in his hollow cheſt,  
 For where ſhe buried is there ſhall I have  
 A ſtately tomb, a rich and coſtly grave —

## LXXX

'Thus mourn'd the knight his ſquires him told at laſt  
 'They had her there for whom theſe tears he ſhed  
 A beam of comfort his dim eyes outcaſt,  
 Like lightning through thick clouds of darkneſs ſpread,  
 The heavy burden of his limbs in haſte,  
 With nucklo pain, he drew forth of his bed,  
 And ſcant of ſtrength to ſtand, to move, or go,  
 Thither he ſtagger'd, reeling to and fro

## LXXXI

When he came there, and in her breaſt eſpied  
 (His handiwork) that deep and cruel wound,  
 And her ſweet face with leaden paleneſs dyed,  
 Where beauty late ſpread forth her beams around,  
 He trembled ſo, that near his ſquires beſide  
 To hold him up, he had ſunk down to ground,  
 And ſaid—O face! in death ſtill ſweet and fair,  
 Thou canſt not ſweeten yet my grief and care

## LXXXII

O fair right hand! the pledge of faith and love,  
 Given me but late, too late, in ſign of peace,  
 How haps it now thou canſt not ſtir nor move?  
 And you, dear limbs! now laid in reſt and eaſe,  
 Through which my cruel blade this flood-gate rove,  
 Your pains have end, my torments never ceaſe  
 O hands! O cruel eyes! accurs'd alike,  
 You gave the wound, you gave them light to ſtrike

But thither now run forth my guilty blood  
 Whither my plaints, my sorrows cannot wend.—  
 He said no more, but, as his passion woud  
 Enforced him, he gan to tear and rend  
 His hair his face, his wounds a purple flood  
 Did from each side in rolling streams descend  
 He had been slain, but that his pain and woe  
 Berest his senses, and paused him so.

## LXXXIV

Cast on his bed, his squire recall'd his sprite  
 To execute again her hateful charge:  
 But telling fame the name of the knight,  
 And hard mischance, had told this while at large.  
 Godfrey and all his lords of worth and might  
 Ran thither and the duty would discharge  
 Of friendship true, and with sweet words the rage  
 Of bitter grief and woe they would manage.

## LXXXV

But as a mortal wound the more doth smart  
 The more it scorched he, he rilled, or sought,  
 So their sweet words to his afflicted heart  
 More grief more anguish, pain and torment brought:  
 But re-ward Peter that would set apart  
 Care of his sheep, as a good shepherd ought,  
 His vanity with grave advice reproved  
 And told what mourning Christian knights behoved —

## LXXXVI.

O Tancred, Tancred! how far different  
 From thy beginnings good these follies be!  
 What makes thee deaf? what hath thy eyesight blent?  
 What must, what cloud thus overshade thee?  
 This is a warning good from heaven down sent,  
 Yet His advice thou canst not hear nor see,  
 Who calleth and conducts thee to the way  
 From which thou willing dost and witting stray

## LXXXVII

'To worthy actions and achievements fit  
 For Christian knights He would thee home recall,  
 But thou hast left that course, and changed it  
 'To make thyself a heathen damsel's thrall  
 But see, thy grief and sorrows' painful fit  
 Is made the rod to scourge thy sins withal,  
 Of thine own good thyself the means He makes,  
 But thou His mercy, goodness, grace forsakes

## LXXXVIII

'Thou dost refuse of Heav'n the proffer'd grace,  
 And 'gainst it still rebel with sinful ire,  
 O wretch! O whither doth thy rage thee chase?  
 Retrain thy grief, bridle thy fond desire,  
 At hell's wide gate vain sorrow doth thee place,  
 Sorrow, misfortune's son, despair's foul sire  
 O see thine ill, thy plaint and woe restrain,  
 The guides to death, to hell, and endless pain --

## LXXXIX

This said, his will to die the patient  
 Abandoned, that second death he feared,  
 These words of comfort to his heart down went,  
 And that dark night of sorrow somewhat cleared,  
 Yet now and then his grief deep sighs forth sent,  
 His voice shrill plaints and sad laments oft heard,  
 Now to himself, now to his murder'd love,  
 He spoke, who heard perchance from heav'n above.

## XC

Till Phœbus' rising, from his evening fall,  
 To her, for her, he mourns, he calls, he cries  
 The nightingale so, when her children small  
 Some churl takes before their parents' eyes,  
 Alone, dismay'd, quite bare of comforts all,  
 Tires with complaints the seas, the shores, the skies,  
 Till in sweet sleep against the morning bright  
 She fall at last, so mourn'd, so slept the knight

## XCX.

And clad in silken veil, amid his dream  
(For whose sweet sake he mourn'd) appear'd the maid,  
Fairer than erst, yet with that heavenly beam  
Not out of knowledge was her deeply shado;  
With looks of ruth her eyes celestial seen  
To pity his sad plight, and thus she said —  
Behold how fair how glad thy love appears,  
And for my sake, my dear forbear these tears

## XCII.

Thine be the thanks my soul thou madest fit  
At unawares out of her earthly nest;  
Thine be the thanks thou hast advanced it  
In Abraham's dear bosom long to rest,  
There still I love thee, there for Tancred sit  
A seat prepared is among the blest  
There in eternal joy eternal light,  
Thou shalt thy love enjoy and she her knight

## XCIII

Unless thyself thyself heav'n's joys envy  
And thy vain sorrow thee of bliss deprive:  
I do know I love thee, that I will deny  
As angels men as saints may wights alive.—  
This said, of zeal and love forth of her eye  
A hundred glorious beams bright shining drive  
Amid which rays herself she clos'd from sight,  
And with new joy new comfort, left her knight.

## XCIV

Thus comforted he wak'd and men discreet  
In surgery to cure his wounds were sought.  
Meanwhile of his dear love the relics sweet  
(As best he could) to grave with pomp he brought.  
Her tomb was not of varied Spartan grit,  
Nor yet by cunning hand of Scopus wrought,  
But built of polished stone, and thereon laid  
The lively shape and portrait of the maid.

## XCV

With sacred burning lamps in order long  
And mournful pomp the corpse was brought to ground,  
Her arms upon a leafless pine were hong,  
The hearse withypress, arms with laurel crown'd  
Next day the Prince (whose love and courage strong  
Drew forth his limbs, weak, feeble, and unsound)  
To visit went, with care and rov'rance meet,  
The buried ashes of his mistress sweet

## XCVI

Before her new-mado tomb at last arrived,  
The woeful prison of his living spright,  
Pale, cold, sad, comfortless, of sense deprived,  
Upon the marble grey he fix'd his sight,  
Two streams of tears were from his eyes derived  
Thus, with a sad alas, began the knight —  
Oh, marblo dear! on my dear mistress plac'd,  
My flames within, without my tears thou hast

## XCVII

Not of dead bones art thou the mournful grave,  
But of quick love the fortress and the hold,  
Still in my heart thy wonted brand I have,  
More bitter far, alas! but not more cold  
Receive theso sighs, these kisses sweet receive,  
In liquid drops of melting tears enroll'd,  
And give them to that body pure and elaste  
Which in thy bosom cold entomb'd thou hast

## XCVIII

Foi if her happy soul her eyo doth bend  
On that sweet body which it lately dress'd,  
My love, thy pity, cannot her offend,  
Anger and wrath is not in angels bless'd,  
She pardon will the trespass of her friend,  
That hope relieves me with these griefs oppress'd  
This hand sho knows hath only sinn'd, not I,  
Who living lov'd her, and foi love now die,



## XCIX.

And loving will I die O happy day  
 Whene'er it chanceth! but O far more blest,  
 If as about thy polish'd sides I stray  
 My bones within thy hollow grave might rest;  
 Together should in heav'n our spirits stay  
 Together hould our bodies lie in chest  
 So happy death should join what life doth sever:  
 O death! O life! sweet both, both blessed over —

## C.

Meanwhile the news in that besieged town  
 Of this mishap was whisper'd here and there  
 Forthwith it spread and for too true was known  
 Her woeful loss was talk'd everywhere,  
 Bimsgled with cries and plaints to heaven up thrown  
 As if the city's self new taken were  
 With conquer'ing foes, or as if flame and fire  
 Nor houses, nor church, nor street had left entire.

## CI.

But all men's eyes were on Amos bent,  
 His sighs were deep, his looks full of despair  
 Out of his woeful eyes no tears there went,  
 His heart was harden'd with his too much care,  
 His silver locks with dust he foul besprent,  
 He knock'd his breast, his face he rent and tare;  
 And while the pious flock'd to the sunuch old,  
 Thus to the people spake Amos bold:—

## CII.

I would, when first I knew the hardy maid  
 Excluded was among her Christian foes,  
 Have follow'd her to give her timely aid  
 Or by her side this breath and life to lose.  
 What did I not, or what left I must?  
 To make the king the gates again unlock?  
 But he denied; his power did aye restrain  
 My will my suit was waste, my speech was vain.

## CIII

Ah! had I gone, I would from danger free  
Have brought to Sion that sweet nymph again,  
Or in the bloody fight, where kill'd was she,  
In her defence there nobly have been slain  
But what could I do more? The counsels be  
Of God and man 'gainst my designments plain  
Dead is Clorinda fair, laid in cold grave,  
Let me revenge her whom I could not save

## CIV

Hierusalem! hear what Argantes saith,  
Hear heav'n! and if he break his oath and word,  
Upon this head cast thunder in thy wrath,  
I will destroy and kill that Christian lord,  
Who this fair dame by night thus murder'd hath,  
Not from my side I will ungird this sword,  
Till Tancred's heart it cleave and shed his blood,  
And leave his corse to wolves and crows for food —

## CV

This said, the people with a joyful shout  
Applaud his speeches and his words approve,  
And calm'd their grief, in hope the boaster stout  
Would kill the Prince who late had slain his love  
O promise vain! it otherwise fell out  
Men purpose, but high Gods dispose above,  
For underneath his sword this boaster died,  
Whom thus he scorn'd and threaten'd in his pride

## BOOK XIII.

## THE ARJ MAN

Ismeno sets, to guard the forest old,	
The wicked sprites, whose ugly shapes affray	17
And put to flight the men, whose labour would	
To their dark shades let in heron's golden ray	
Thither goes Tancred, hardy faithful, bold	32
But foolish pity lets him not assay	40
His strength and courage.—Heat the Christian power	52
Annoys, whom to refresh God sends a shower	4

## I.

But scant dissolved into ashes cold  
 The smoking tower fell on the scorched grass  
 When now device found out the trench her old,  
 By which the town besieged secured was.  
 Of timber fit his foes deprive he would  
 Such terror bred that late-consuming mass  
 So that, the strength of Sion's walls to take  
 They should no turrets, rams nor engines make

## II.

From Godfrey's camp a grove a little way,  
 Amid the valleys deep, grew out of sight,  
 Thick with old trees, whose horrid arms display  
 An ugly shade like everlasting night:  
 There when the sun spreads forth his clearest ray  
 Dim thick uncertain, gloomy seems the light  
 A when, in evening day and darkness strive  
 Which should his foe from our horizon drive.

## III

But when the sun his chair in seas doth steep,  
Night, horror, darkness thick, the place invade,  
Which veil the mortal eyes with blindness deep,  
And with sad terror make weak hearts afraid  
Thither no groom drives forth his tender sheep  
To browse, or ease their faint in cooling shade,  
Nor traveller nor pilgrim there to enter  
(So awful seems that forest old) dare venture

## IV.

United there the ghosts and goblins meet  
To frolic with their mates in silent night,  
With dragon wings some cleave the welkin fleet,  
Some nimbly run o'er hills and valleys light,  
A wicked troop that with allurement sweet  
Draws sinful man from what is good and right,  
And there with hellish pomp their banquets brought,  
They solemnise thus the vain pagans thought

## V

No twist, no twig, no bough, nor branch, therefore,  
The Saracines cut from that sacred spring,  
But yet the Christians spared ne'er the more  
The trees to earth with cutting steel to bring  
Thither went Ismen old with tresses hoar,  
When night on all this earth spread forth her wing;  
And there, in silence deaf and mirkome shade,  
His characters and circles vain he made

## VI

He in the circle set one foot unshod,  
And whisper'd dreadful charms in ghastly wise,  
Three times (for witchcraft loveth numbers odd)  
Toward the east he gaped, westward thrice  
He struck the earth thrice with his charmed rod,  
Wherewith dead bones he makes from graves to rise:  
And thrice the ground with naked foot he smote,  
And thus he cried loud with thund'ring note —

## VII.

Hear! hear! ye spirits all that whillome fell  
 Cast down from heav'n with dint of roaring thunder  
 Hear! ye amid the empty air that dwell,  
 And storms and show re pour on these kingdoms under;  
 Hear! all ye devils that lie in deepest hell  
 And rend with torments damned ghosts around  
 And of those lands of death, of pain, and fear  
 Thou monarch great, great Dis great Pluto hear!

## VIII.

Keep ye this forest well keep every tree  
 Number'd I give you them, and truly told  
 As souls of men in bodies clothed be,  
 So every plant a spirit shall hide and hold  
 With trembling fear make all the Christians flee  
 When they presume to cut these cedars old.—  
 This said, his charms he gan again repeat,  
 Which none can say but they that use like feat.

## IX.

At those strange speeches still night's splendid fires  
 Quenched their lights, and shrunk away for doubt;  
 The feeble moon her all her beams retires,  
 And wraps her horns with folding clouds about.  
 When his sprites to come with speed requires —  
 Why come ye not, ye ever damned rout?  
 Why tarry ye so long? pardon ye stay  
 Till stronger charms and greater words I say

## X.

I have not yet forgot for want of use  
 What dreadful terms belong this sacred seat  
 My tongue (if still your stubborn hearts refuse)  
 That so much dreaded name can well repeat,  
 Which heard, great Dis cannot himself restrain  
 But hither run from his eternal seat:  
 O great and fearful!—More he would have said,  
 But that he saw the sturdy sprites obey'd.

## XI

Legions of devils by thousands thither come,  
 Such as in spars'd air their bidding make,  
 And thousands also which by heavenly doom  
 Condemned lie in deep Avernus' lake  
 But slow they came, displeased all and some  
 Because those woods they should in keeping take,  
 Yet they obey'd, and took the charge in hand,  
 And under every branch and leaf they stand

## XII

When thus his cursed work performed was,  
 The wizard to his king declar'd the feat —  
 My lord, let fear, let doubt and sorrow pass,  
 Henceforth in safety stands your regal seat  
 Your foe (as he supposed) no mean now has  
 To build again his rams and engines great —  
 And then he told at large from part to part  
 All what he late perform'd by wondrous art —

## XIII

Besides this help, another hap (quoth he)  
 Will shortly chance that brings not profit small,  
 Within few days Mars and the Sun I see  
 Their fiery beams unite in Leo shall,  
 And then extreme the scorching heat will be,  
 Which neither rain can quench nor dews that fall,  
 So placed are the planets high and low,  
 That heat, fire, burning, all the heav'n's foreshow

## XIV

So great with us will be the warmth thorefore,  
 As with the Garamantes or those of Inde,  
 Yet nill it grieve us in this town so sore,  
 We have sweet shade and waters cold by kind  
 Our foes abroad will be tormented more,  
 What shield can they or what refreshing find?  
 Heav'n will them vanquish first, then Egypt's crew  
 Destroy them quite, weak, weary, faint, and few

## XV

Then shalt not still and conquer thou no more  
 The full heart of unbelief and hate  
 But if Argives hold (that better no more  
 All cause of quiet peace through just and right)  
 I resolve thee forth to battle as before  
 And mean to caluminate of this error but  
 For shortly thou shalt read their cause and fear  
 And war and trouble come: they for us come —

## XVI

The king as told by those perishes far (where  
 Held Godfrey a power his wife, and son to  
 And now the walls he was in great repair  
 Which late the rats had torn'd as the lions torn  
 With wine fur'd it and a deal of wine  
 He furnish'd each breach and bulwark town;  
 And all his folk, were women children small  
 With collars and again repair'd the wall.

## XVII

But Godfrey could this while longer forth last  
 To go to assault against that fort in vain,  
 Till he had builded new his dreadful tower,  
 And reared it to his downfall as ramp again.  
 His workmen therefore he dispatch'd that hour,  
 To hew the trees out of the forest main.  
 They went and soon the wood appear'd to him  
 When wonders now their fearful hearts affright.

## XVIII

As sooty children dare not bend their eyes  
 Where they are told strange beards haunt the place;  
 Or as now monsters while he had they be  
 Their fearful thoughts present before their face;  
 So scared they and did yet wist not why,  
 Nor what perils them in that fearful chase;  
 Except their fear perchance while thus they fled,  
 Now chimeras sphinxes or like monsters bred.

## XIX

Swift to the camp they turned back dismay'd ,  
 With words confus'd uncertain tales they told,  
 That all which heard them scorned what they said,  
 And these reports for lies and fables hold  
 A chosen crew, in shining arms array'd,  
 Duke Godfrey thither sent of soldiers bold,  
 To guard the men, and their faint arms provoke,  
 To cut the dreadful trees with hardy stroke

## XX

These drawing near the wood, where close ypent  
 The wicked sprites in sylvan pinfolds were,  
 Their eyes upon those shades no sooner bent,  
 But frozen dread pierc'd through their entrails dear  
 Yet on they stalked still, and on they went,  
 Under bold semblance hiding coward fear,  
 And so far wander'd forth with trembling pace  
 Till they approach'd nigh that enchanted place .

## XXI.

When from the grove a fearful sound out breaks,  
 As if some earthquake hill and mountain tore,  
 Wherein the southern wind a rumbling makes,  
 Or like sea-waves against the craggy shore  
 There lions grumble, there hiss scaly snakes,  
 There howl the wolves, the rugged bears there roar,  
 There trumpets shrill are heard and thunders fell,  
 And all these sounds one sound expressed well

## XXII

Upon their faces pale well might you note  
 A thousand signs of heart-amating fear,  
 Their reason gone, by no device they wote  
 How to prease nigh or stay still where they were,  
 Against that sudden dread their breasts which smote,  
 Their courage weak no shield of proof could bear  
 At last they fled, and one, than all more bold,  
 Excus'd their flight, and thus the wonders told —



## XIII.

My lord, not one of us there is, I trust,  
 That darts cut down one branch in yonder forest—  
 I think there dwells a spirit in every bush;  
 There keeps his haunt great Diabolus too;  
 He hath a heart of hundred—  
 That without trembling darts straight the thing;  
 And scarce he waits who so hardy is  
 To hear the forest th— for near and his—

## XIV.

Thus said, Alvaro to his men gave word  
 Alvaro leader of the five were gone  
 A man both bold of wit and bold of deed  
 Who fear'd not loss of life nor loss of limb  
 No savage beasts in desert wild that feed,  
 Nor ugly men or cruel dragons;  
 Nor whirlwind or other earthquake, storm, or hail  
 That in this world is strange or fearful thing.

## XV.

He shook his head and smiling thus said he:—  
 The hardiness have I that would to kill  
 And those proud trees low in the dust to lay,  
 Wherewith such grisly fiends and men of ill  
 No roaring ghost my courage can dismay  
 No shriek of birds, beasts roar or dragons;  
 But through and through that forest will I wend,  
 Although to deepest hell the paths descend.—

## XVI.

Thus boasted he, and leave to God he left  
 And forward went with joyful cheer and will;  
 He view'd the wood and those thick shades admired;  
 He heard the wood rous noise and rustling still;  
 Yet not one foot th— where he man retired  
 He scorn'd the peril pressing forward still,  
 Till on the forest's utmost margin he stood;  
 A flaming fire from entrance there him kept.

## XVII

The fire increas'd, and built a stately wall  
 Of burning coals, quick sparks, and embers hot,  
 And with bright flames the wood environ'd all,  
 That there no tree nor twist Alcasto got  
 The higher stretch'd flames seem'd bulwarks tall,  
 Castles and turrets full of fiery shot,  
 With slings and engines strong of every sort,  
 What mortal wight durst scale so strange a fort ?

## XVIII

O what strange monsters on the battlement  
 In loathsome forms stood to defend the place !  
 Their frowning looks upon the knight they bent,  
 And threaten'd death with shot, with sword, and mace  
 At last he fled, and though but slow he went,  
 As lions do whom jolly hunters chase,  
 Yet fled the man, and with sad fear withdrew,  
 Though fear till then he never felt nor knew

## XIX

That he had fled long time he never wist,  
 But when far run he had discover'd it,  
 Himself for wonder with his hand he blist,  
 A bitter sorrow by the heart him bit,  
 Amaz'd, asham'd, disgrac'd, sad, silent, trist,  
 Alone he would all day in darkness sit,  
 Nor durst he look on man of worth or fame,  
 His pride late great now greater made his shame

## XX

Godfredo call'd him, but he found delays  
 And causes why he should his cabin keep  
 At length perforce he comes, but nought he says,  
 Or talks like those that babble in their sleep  
 His shamefacedness to Godfrey plain bewrays  
 His flight, so doth his sighs and sadness deep  
 Whereat amaz'd—What chance is this ? (quoth he)  
 These witchcrafts strange or nature's wonders be,

## XXXI.

But if his courage any champion gave  
 To try the hazard of this dreadful day,  
 I pray him leave the aid more great to join;  
 None news he may report us of the day—  
 This said, his horse attempt the forward going,  
 Yet so he took but fear and not the thing;  
 For them cumber'd with trouble, to move  
 The slight, the wary, the excellent and the free.

## XXXII.

This hope when useful Tancard left his lord,  
 To lay in marble cold his numerous dear;  
 The lively colour from his cheek was fled  
 His limbs were weak his looks of woe to bear;  
 Nothing when need to high attempts him led,  
 No labour would he then so dear try;  
 His valour, his true heart, and courage led  
 To his faint body strength and vigour gave.

## XXXIII.

To this exploit forth went the venturous knight  
 Fearless, yet himself silent, with all might;  
 The terrors of that forest dreadful sight  
 Storms, earthquakes, the worst ever be all despaired,  
 He feared nothing; yet a mixture light  
 (That quickly and d) in his heart ar'd  
 When he beheld him and the harm'd wood  
 A fiery city high as heaven up stood.

## XXXIV.

The knight step'd back and took a sudden pause  
 And to himself—What help these arms (quoth he)  
 If in this fire or monsters gaping jaws  
 I bealleg cast myself what loss it me?  
 For country's profit or my country's cause  
 To hazard life before me none shall be;  
 But this exploit of no such weight I hold  
 For it to lose a prince or champion bold.

## XXXV.

But if I fly, what will the pagans say ?

If I retire, who shall cut down this spring ?  
Godfredo will attempt it every day ,

What if some other knight perform the thing ?  
These flames uprisen to forestall my way,

Perchance more terror far than danger bring  
But hap what shall — Thus said, he forward stept,  
And through the fire (O wondrous boldness !) leapt.

## XXXVI

He bolted through, but neither warmth nor heat

He felt, nor sign of fire or scorching flame ,  
Yet wist he not, in his dismay'd conceit,

If that were fire or no through which he came ,  
For at first touch vanish'd those monsters great,  
And in their stead the clouds black night did frame,  
And hideous storms and showers of hail and rain ,  
Yet storms and tempests vanished straight again

## XXXVII

Amaz'd, but not afraid, the champion good

Stood still , but when the tempest past he spied,  
He enter'd boldly that forbidden wood,

And of the forest all the secrets cyled  
In all his walk no spright or fantasme stood,  
That stopt his way or passage free denied ,  
Save that the growing trees so thick were set,  
That oft his sight and passage oft they let

## XXXVIII

At length a fair and spacious green he spied,

Like calmest waters plain, like velvet soft,  
Wherein a cypress, clad in summer's pride,

Pyramid-wise, lift up its tops aloft ,  
In whose smooth bark, upon the evenest side,  
Strange characters be found, and view'd them oft ,  
Like those which priests of Egypt erst in stead  
Of letters us'd, which none but they could read

## XXIX.

Amongst them he picked out some words at last,  
 Writ in the Syrian tongue which well he could —  
 O hardy knight! who thou to these words hast join'd  
 Where death his palace and his rest hath found  
 O trouble not these souls in quiet pass'd!  
 O be not cruel as thy heart is bold!  
 I pardon these plants dejected of the only light;  
 With spirits dead why should men living be lit?—

## XL.

Thus found he grace in the tender soul  
 And while he mused on this wondrous wit,  
 Him thought he heard the softly whispering wind  
 His breast and the leaves and branches kiss,  
 And frame a sound like speech of a kind  
 But full of sorrow, grief, and woe was it;  
 Whereby his gentle dew his all fill'd with  
 With pity—how grief overcomes fear

## XLI.

He drew his sword at last and gave the tree  
 A mighty blow that made a gaping wound;  
 Out of the rift red streams he trickling saw  
 That all boded the verulent pain should;  
 His hair start up yet once again struck he  
 (He would give over till the end he found  
 Of this adventure) when with plaint and moan,  
 As from some hollow grave he heard one groan.—

## XLII.

Enough enough (the voice lamenting said)  
 Tattered thou hast me hurt; thou didst me drive  
 Out of the body of a noble maid  
 Who with me lieth whom late I kept all o;  
 And now within this woful cyprus laid  
 My tender mind thy weapon sharp doth give  
 Cruel! is it not enough thy foes to kill  
 But in their graves wilt thou torment them still?

## XVIII

I was Clorinda, now imprison'd here  
(Yet not alone) within this plant I dwell,  
For every Pagan lord and Christian peer,  
Before the city's walls last day that fell,  
(In bodies new or graves, I wot not clear,)  
But here they are confin'd by magic's spell,  
So that each tree hath life, and sense each bough,  
A murd'rer if thou cut one twist art thou —

## XIV

As the sick man that in his sleep doth see  
Some ugly dragon or some chimere new,  
Though he suspect or half persuaded be  
It is an idle dream, no monster new,  
Yet still he fears, he quakes, and strives to flee,  
So fearful is that wond'rous form to view  
So fear'd the knight, yet he both knew and thought  
All were illusions false by witchcraft wrought

## XLV

But cold and trembling wax'd his frozen heart,  
Such strange affects, such passions it torment,  
Out of his feeble hand his weapon start,  
Himself out of his wits nigh after went  
Wounded he saw (he thought) for pain and smart  
His lady weep, complain, mourn, and lament,  
Nor could he suffer her dear blood to see,  
Or hear her sighs that deep far fetched be

## XLVI

Thus his fierce heart, which death had scorned oft,  
Whom no strange shape or monster could dismay,  
With feigned shows of tender love made soft,  
A spirit false did with vain plants betray  
A whirling wind his sword heav'd up aloft,  
And through the forest bare it quite away  
O'ercome retir'd the prince, and as he came  
His sword he found, and repossess'd the same

## XLVII.

Yet could return he had no mind to try  
 His courage further in those furious men;  
 But when to Guinevere thus he gave his word  
 He justly made his own his word to bind—  
 My lord, such he a warrior true and bold  
 Of wonders true like old romances told were  
 What of the fire the monster the dreadful deed!  
 You heard all truly found to be as told

## XLVIII.

A burning fire (so are it no darts charmed)  
 Built like a banded wall to his own tower!  
 Whence with carts as I described was his reward  
 Of warriors' souls burning, & whole land as I said  
 But through that there all I put and set, & here  
 O name or threatened be with fire or sword;  
 Then ran and all he found but for his own  
 To day the night, to welcome turn of the moon

## XLIX.

What would you more? Each tree through all that wood  
 Hath none hath life like of any the human kind  
 I heard their words as in that grove I stood  
 That mournful voices till I hear in mind  
 And (as they were of flesh) the purple blood  
 At every blow streams from the wounded rind,  
 No no! not I nor any be (I trust)  
 Hath power to cut one leaf one branch one bough—

## L.

While thus he said the Christians noble Guide  
 Felt uneasiness strife in his content as then lay;  
 He thought what if himself in person tried  
 Those witchcrafts strange and bring those charms to  
 For such be dream'd them; or elsewhere provide  
 For timber easier got though further sought;  
 But from his study he at last abray'd  
 Call'd by the hermit old that to him said:—

## LI

Leave off thy hardy thought, another's hands  
Of these her plants the wood dispoilen shall  
Now, now the fatal ship of conquest lands,  
Her sails are struck, her silver anchors fall,  
Our champion broken hath his worthless bands,  
And looseth from the soil which held him thrall  
The time draws nigh when our proud foes in field  
Shall slaughter'd lie, and Sion's fort shall yield —

## LII

This said, his visage shone with beams divine,  
And more than mortal was his voice's sound  
Godfredo's thoughts to other aets incline,  
His working brain was never idle found  
But in the Crab now did bright 'Titan shine,  
And scorch'd with scalding beams the parched ground,  
And, made unfit for toil or warlike feat,  
His soldiers, weak with labour, faint with sweat

## LIII.

The planets mild their lamps benign quench'd out,  
And cruel stars in heav'n did signorise,  
Whose influence cast fiery flames about,  
And hot impressions through the earth and skies  
The growing heat still gather'd deeper root,  
The noisome warmth through lands and kingdoms flies,  
A harmful night a hurtful day succeeds,  
And worse than both next morn her light outspreads

## LIV

When Phœbus rose, he left his golden weed,  
And don'd a gite in deepest purple dy'd,  
His sanguine beams about his forehead spread,  
A sad presage of ill that should betide,  
With vermeil drops at even his tresses bleed,  
Foreshows of future heat, from th' ocean wide  
When next he rose, and thus increased still  
Their present harms with dread of future ill



LVI.

While thus he beat against earth his working rage,  
He burnt the dew sets, burnt his Clime dear;  
The leaves grew waxen, just the wither'd rays  
The grass and crumpling herbs all parched were;  
Earth cleft in rifts, in smokes such strains decay'd  
The barren clouds with lightning bright appear;  
And mind not fear'd lost Clime's shield again  
Had driven away his awe's ill quaked shade.

LVI.

As from a furnace flew the smoke to smoke  
Such smoke as that when danc'd & danc'd  
Within his caves sweet Zephyr about her  
Still was the air the sack but came not west  
But o'er the lands with lukewarm breathing there  
The southern wind from sultry West went  
Which, thick and warm, his hot smug'd blasts  
Upon their bowers thrush, and fowls cast.

LVII.

Nor yet more comfort brought the gloomy night  
In her thick shades was burning heat uproll'd  
Her sable mantle was embroidered bright  
With blazing stars, and gliding fires for gold  
Nor to refresh (and carthly) thy thirsty joints  
The niggard moon let fall her May-dew's cold;  
And dried up the vital rind: so was  
In trees, in plants, in herbs, in flowers, in grass.

LVIII.

Sleep to his quiet dalea called fled  
From these unquiet nights, and oft in vain  
The soldiers restless sought the goal in bed;  
But most for thirst they mourn'd and most complain;  
For Judah's tyrant had strong poison shed  
(Poison that breeds more woe and deadly pain  
Than Acheron or Stygian waters bring)  
In every fountain, cistern, well, and spring;

## LX

And little Siloe, that his store bestows  
Of purest crystal on the Christian bands,  
The pebbles naked in his channel shows,  
And scanty glides above the scorched sands  
Nor Po in May, when o'er his bank he flows,  
Nor Ganges, waterer of the Indian lands,  
Nor seven-mouth'd Nile, that yields all Egypt drink,  
'To quench their thirst the men sufficient think

## LX

He that tho gliding rivers erst had seen  
Adown their verdant channels gently roll'd,  
Or falling streams which to the valleys green,  
Distill'd from tops of Alpino mountains cold,  
Those he desu'd in vain, new torments been  
Augmented thus with wish of comforts old,  
Those waters cool he drank in vain conceit,  
Which more increas'd his thirst, increas'd his heat

## LXI

The sturdy bodies of the warriors strong,  
Whom neither marching far, nor tedious way,  
Nor weighty arms which on their shoulders hong  
Could weary make, nor death itself dismay,  
Now weak and feeble, cast their limbs along,  
Unwieldy burthens, on the burned clay,  
And in each vein a smould'ring fire there dwelt,  
Which dried their flesh, and solid bones did melt

## LXII

T anguish'd the steed late fierce, and proffer'd grass,  
His fodder erst, despis'd, and from him kest,  
Each step he stumbled, and, which lofty was  
And high advanc'd before, now fell his crest,  
His conquests gotten all forgotten pass,  
Nor with desire of glory swell'd his breast,  
The spoils won from his foe, his late rewards,  
He now neglects, despises, nought regards

## LXIII.

Let us wish the faithful dog and wretched raven  
 Of his dear lord and aban lach sur-  
 Parting, he had, and gather'd treasure  
 To end the burnin in his entrails  
 But breathin' (which was Nature and grace)  
 To save the wretched beast, he leaved out  
 For little else, and shall help their sin,  
 That breathe forth air and soul! — Two men in

## LXIV.

Thus let us wish the earth in this estate  
 Lay world th — of it. (Christians should  
 The faithful people, too, in the present  
 Of loyal courage, should be able to do it)  
 Of their distress they talk and oft debate;  
 These sad complaints were heard the camp, but  
 What hope hath Godfrey? Shall we still live  
 Till all his soldiers all our armies do?

## LXV.

Alas! with what device what strength shall he  
 To scale these walls or pass strong fort to get?  
 Whence hath he in more new? shall he not see  
 If we wishful he, a point as his word doth what?  
 These tokens shown true as we and witness be  
 Our angry God our proud attempts doth let  
 And scorching sun so hot his beams unprais'd  
 That not more cooling shade our Athol's needs;

## LXVI.

Or this be it an oath or little thing  
 That us despise, as lected and disdain'd  
 Like abjects vile to death he thus should bring  
 That so his empire may be still maintain'd  
 Is it so great a bliss to be a king  
 When he that wears the crown with blood is stain'd  
 And buys his sceptre with his people's lives?  
 See nether glory vain soul mankind driest!

## LXVII.

See, see the man, call'd holy, just, and good,  
That courteous, meek, and humble would be thought,  
Yet never car'd in what distress we stood,  
If his vain honour were diminish'd nought,  
When dried up from us is spring and flood,  
His water must from Jordan streams be brought,  
And now he sits at feasts and banquets sweet,  
And minglcth waters fresh with wines of Crete!—

## LXVIII

The French thus murmur'd, but the Greekish knight,  
Tatine, that of this war was weary grown—  
Why die we here (quoth he), slain without fight,  
Kill'd, not subdu'd, murder'd, not overthrow'n?  
Upon the Frenchmen let the penance light  
Of Godfrey's folly, let me save mine own —  
And as he said, without farewell, the knight  
And all his cornet stole away by night

## LXIX

His bad example many a troop prepares  
To imitate, when his escape they know,  
Clotharius his band, and Ademare's,  
And all whose guides in dust were buried low,  
Discharg'd of duty's chains and bondage snares,  
Free from their oath, to none they service owe,  
But now concluded all on secret flight,  
And shrunk away by thousands every night

## LXX

Godfredo this both heard, and saw, and knew,  
Yet nould with death them chastise, tho' he mought,  
But with that faith wherewith he could remew  
The stedfast hills, and seas dry up to nought,  
He pray'd the Lord upon his flock to rew,  
To ope the springs of grace, and ease this drought,  
Out of his looks shone zeal, devotion, faith,  
His hands and eyes to heav'n he heaves, and saith —

## LXXX.

Father and Lord! if in the desert waste  
 Thou hast room — in our thy childrens' state,  
 The craggy rock when Moses' staff and hand,  
 And drew forth flowing streams of water clear  
 Like merry Lord like grace can we demand;  
 And though our merits less than theirs; yet  
 Thy grace supply that want, for though they be  
 Thy first-born sons thy children yet are we —

## LXXXI.

These prayers just, from humble heart forth sent  
 Were not so slow to climb the starry sky  
 But swift as winged birds through ether's gate  
 Before the Father of the host as light;  
 The Lord accepted them and gently laid  
 Upon the faithful host his gracious hand  
 And in what joy and what distress it laid  
 He saw and grieved to see and thus he said:—

## LXXXII.

Mine enemies dear till now have suffer'd war  
 Distress and danger hell's infernal power  
 Their enemy hath been, the world their foe;  
 But happy be their actions from this hour,  
 What they begin to blessed end shall go;  
 I will refresh them with a gentle shower;  
 Uinaldo shall return; the Egyptian crew  
 They shall encounter conquer and subdue —

## LXXXIV

At these high words great heav'n began to shake  
 The fixed stars, the planets wad ring all  
 Trembled the air the earth and ocean quak  
 Spring fountain river forest dale and hill;  
 From north to east a lightning flash out broke  
 And coming drops preceded with thunder shrill  
 With joyful shouts the soldiers on the plain  
 These! these bless'd of long-desired rain.

## LXXXV

A sudden cloud, as when Elias pray'd,  
 (Not from dry earth exhal'd by Phœbus' beams,)  
 Arose, moist heav'n his windows open laid,  
 Whence clouds by heaps out-rush, and wat'ry streams,  
 • The world o'erspread was with a gloomy shade,  
 That like a dark and mirksome even it seems,  
 The dashing rain from molten skies down fell,  
 And o'er their banks the brooks and fountains swell

## LXXXVI

In summer season, when the cloudy sky  
 Upon the parched ground doth rain down send,  
 As duck and mallard in the furrows dry  
 With merry noise the promis'd showers attend,  
 And spreading broad their wings displayed lie  
 'To keep the drops that on their plumes descend,  
 And where the streams swell to a gather'd lake,  
 Thercin they dive, and sweet refreshing take,

## LXXXVII

So they the streaming showers with shouts and cries  
 Salute, which heav'n shed on the thirsty lands  
 The falling liquor from the dropping skies  
 He catcheth in his lap, he bare-head stands,  
 And his bright helm to drink therein unties,  
 In the fresh streams he dives his sweaty hands,  
 Their faces some, and some their temples wet,  
 And some to keep the drops large vessels set

## LXXXVIII

Nor man alone, to ease his burning sore,  
 Herein doth dive and wash, and hereof drinks,  
 But earth itself, weak, feeble, faint before,  
 Whose solid limbs were cleft with rifts and chinks,  
 Receiv'd the falling showers, and gather'd store  
 Of liquor sweet, that through her veins down sinks,  
 And moisture new infused largely was  
 In trees, in plants, in herbs, in flowers, in grass

## LXXX.

Earth like the parent was when he by her  
 Hath overruled at last those wicked stars  
 Whose feeble limbs had born the last of his  
 Whereon his strength of arms depended her;  
 But now restored in health and vigour  
 As sound as erst as fresh as first he stands;  
 So that, forgotten all his grief and pain  
 His pleasant robes and crown he takes again.

## LXXXI.

Craved the rain the sun began to shine  
 With fruitful moisture and the gentle ray  
 Full of strong power and of our summer  
 As he his beams in April or in May  
 O happy soul who trusts in help divine  
 The world's afflictions thou canst drive away  
 Can virtue prosper and virtue can be great  
 And conquer fortune late and destroy fate.

## BOOK XIV

## THE ARGUMENT

The Lord to Godfrey in a dream doth shew	
His will Rinaldo must return at last.	12
They have their asking who for pardon sue	21
Two knights to find the prince are sent in haste,	26
But Peter, who by vision all foreknew,	29
Sendeth the searchers to a wizard, plac'd	33
Deep in a vault, who first at large declares	
Armida's trains, then how to shun those snares	

## I

Now from the fresh, the soft, and tender bed  
 Of her still mother, gentle night out flew,  
 The fleeting balm on hills and dales she shed,  
 With honey drops of pure and precious dew,  
 And on the verdure of green forests spread  
 The virgin primrose and the violet blue,  
 And sweet-breath'd Zephyr on his spreading wings  
 Sleep, ease, repose, rest, peace and quiet brings

## II

The thoughts and troubles of broad-waking day  
 They softly dipt in mild oblivion's lake,  
 But He, whose Godhead heav'n and earth doth sway,  
 In his eternal light did watch and wake,  
 And bent on Godfrey down the gracious ray  
 Of his bright eye, still ope for Godfrey's sake,  
 To whom a silent dream the Lord down sent,  
 Which told his will, his pleasure, and intent.



## III.

Far in the east (the golden gate bebind  
 Whence the last sun came) a crystal port was  
 And ere the sun his broad doors open wide  
 The beams of springen day unlock'd this  
 Hence came the dream, by which beas'n's sacred laws  
 Reveals to man those high laws of his:  
 Hence towards Godfrey ere he left his bed  
 A vision strange his golden slumbers bescow'd:

## IV.

Such smil'd not such shapes such portraits air  
 Did never yet in dream or sleep appear  
 For all the forms in sea, in earth, or air  
 The stars in heaven, the stars in every sphere  
 All what was wondrous, underneath heaven and fate  
 All in that vision well presented were:  
 His dream had plac'd him in a crystal wide  
 Floet with golden fire top, bottom and sides:

## V.

There while he wond'ring on the circles sat  
 The stars, their various course, and harmony  
 A knight (with him up rays and fire embrac'd)  
 Presents himself unware before his eye  
 Who with a voice that far surmounts the just  
 All human speech thus said approaching him—  
 What Godfrey! knowst thou not thy Hugo here?  
 Come and embrace thy friend and fellow dear—

## VI.

He answer'd him:—That glorious shining light  
 Which in thine eyes his glistering beams both place,  
 Estranged hath from my foreknowledge quite  
 Thy countenance thy favour, and thy face—  
 This said three times he stretch'd his hands outright,  
 And would in friendly arms the knight embrace,  
 And thrice the spirit fled and thrice he twin'd  
 Nought in his folded arms but air and wind.

## VII.

Lord Hugo smil'd —Not as you think (quoth he)  
 I clothed am in flesh and earthly mould,  
 My spirit pure and naked soul you see,  
 A citizen of this celestial hold,  
 This place is heav'n, and here a room for thee  
 Prepared is, among Christ's champions bold —  
 Ah when (quoth he), these mortal bonds unknit,  
 Shall I in peace, in ease, and rest there sit?—

## VIII

Hugo replied—Ere many years shall run,  
 Amid the saints in bliss here shalt thou reign;  
 But first great wars must by thy hand be done,  
 Much blood be shed, and many pagans slain,  
 The holy city by assault be won,  
 The land set free from servile yoke again,  
 Wherein thou shalt a Christian empire frame,  
 And after thee shall Baldwin rule the same

## IX.

But, to increase thy love and great desire  
 To heaven-ward, this blessed place behold,  
 These shining lamps, these globes of living fire,  
 How they are turned, guided, mov'd, and roll'd,  
 The angels singing here and all their quire  
 Then bend thine eyes on yonder earth and mould,  
 All in that mass, that globe, and compass see,  
 Land, sea, spring, fountain, man, beast, grass, and tree.

## X.

How vile, how small, and of how slender price,  
 Is thero reward of goodness, virtue's gain,  
 A narrow room our glory vain up-ties,  
 A little circle doth our pride contain,  
 Earth like an isle amid the water lies,  
 Which sea sometime is call'd, sometime the main,  
 Yet nought therein responds a name so great,  
 It's but a lake, a pond, a marshy strait —

## XI.

Thus said the one—the other bended down  
 His looks to ground, and half in scorn he smiled;  
 He saw at once earth, sea, flood, castle town  
 Strangely divided, strangely all compild,  
 And wonder'd folly man so far hould down  
 To set his heart on things so base and vild,  
 That servile empire scorcheth and dumb fame,  
 And scarce beav'n's bliss yet proff'reth beav'n the same.

## XII.

When thus he answer'd—Since the Lord not yet  
 Will free my spirit from this cage of clay  
 Lost worldly error vain my voyage let,  
 Teach me to heav'n the best and surest way—  
 Hugo replied—Thy happy foot is set  
 In the true path nor from this passage stray  
 Only from exile young Rinaldo call  
 This give I thee in charge, else nought at all:

## XIII.

For as the Lord of hosts, the King of bliss,  
 Hath chosen thee to rule the faithful band,  
 So be thy stratagems appoint'd to be  
 To execute, so both shall win this land  
 The first is thine, the second place is his,  
 Thou art this army's head and he the hand;  
 No other champion can his place supply  
 And that thou do it doth thy state deny

## XIV

Th' enchanted forest, and her charmed troon  
 With cutting steel shall be to earth down hewn,  
 And thy weak armies, which too feeble been  
 To scale again these walls re-nursed new  
 And fainting lie dispersed on the green,  
 Shall take new strength, new courage at his view  
 The high-built towers, the eastern squadrons, all  
 Shall conquer'd be, shall fly shall die, shall fall.—

## XV

He held his peace, and Godfrey answer'd so —  
 O how his presenee would recomfort me,  
 You that man's hidden thoughts perceive and know,  
 (If I say truth, or if I love him) see  
 But say, what messengers shall for him go?  
 What shall their speeches, what their errand be?  
 Shall I entreat, or also command the man?  
 With credit neither well perform I can —

## XVI

Th' eternal Lord (the other knight replied)  
 That with so many graces hath thee blest,  
 Wills, that among the troops thou hast to guide  
 Thou honour'd be and fear'd of most and least  
 Then speak not thou, lest blemish some betide  
 Thy sacred empire if thou make request,  
 But when by suit thou moved are to ruth,  
 Then yield, forgive, and home recall the youth

## XVII

Guelpho shall pray thee (God shall him inspire)  
 To pardon this offence, this fault commit  
 By hasty wrath, by rash and headstrong ire,  
 To call the knight again, yield thou to it  
 And though the youth (enwraught in fond desire)  
 Far hence in love and looseness idle sit,  
 Yet fear it not he shall return with speed,  
 When most you wish him, and when most you need

## XVIII

Your hermit Peter (to whose sapient heart  
 High Heav'n his secrets open, tells, and shews)  
 Your messengers direct can to that part  
 Where of the prince they shall hear certain news,  
 And learn the way, the manner, and the art  
 To bring him back to these thy warlike crews,  
 That all thy soldiers, wander'd and misgone,  
 Heav'n may unite again and join in one

## XIX.

But this conclusion shall my speeches end,  
 Know that his blood shall mixed be with thine,  
 Whence barons bold and worthies shall descend  
 That many great exploits shall bring to fine.—  
 This said he anish'd from his sleeping friend,  
 Like smoke in wind, or mist in Titan's shine  
 Sleep fled likewise, and in his troubled thought,  
 With wonder pleasure, joy with marvel fought.

## XX.

The Duke look'd up, and saw the starry sky  
 With orient beams of silver morning spread  
 And started up for praise and virtue lie  
 In toil and travail sin and harm in bed  
 His arms he took, his sword girt to his thigh  
 To his pavilion all his lords them sped,  
 And there in council gave the princes sit  
 For strength by wits war is ruled by wit.

## XXI.

Lord Gualpho there (within whose gentle breast  
 Heav'n had infus'd that new and sudden thought)  
 His pleasing words thus to the Duke address'd —  
 Good prince, mild, though unask'd kind, unbesought  
 O let thy mercy grant my just request  
 Pardon this fault, by rage, not malice, wrought  
 For great offence I grant, so late comit  
 My suit too hasty is, per-haps unfit

## XXII.

But since to Godfrey meek benign, and kind,  
 For Prince Rinaldo bold I humbly sue,  
 And that the suitor's self is not behind  
 Thy greatest friends, in state or friendship true;  
 I trust I shall thy grace and mercy find  
 Acceptable to me and all this crew  
 O call him home this trespass to amend  
 He shall his blood in Godfrey's service spend:

## XXIII

And if not he, who else dares undertake  
 Of this enchanted wood to cut one tree ?  
 'Gainst death and danger who dares battle make  
 With so bold face, so fearless heart, as he ?  
 Beat down these walls, these gates in pieces break,  
 Leap o'er these rampires high, thou shalt him see  
 Restore therefore to this desirous band [hand,  
 Their wish, their hope, their strength, their shield, their

## XXIV

To me my nephew, to thyself restore  
 A trusty help when strength of hand thou needs,  
 In idleness let him consume no more,  
 Recall him to his noble acts and deeds,  
 Known be his worth as was his strength of yore,  
 Where'er thy standard broad her cross outspreads,  
 O let his fame and praise spread far and wide,  
 Be thou his lord, his teacher, and his guide —

## XXV.

Thus he entreated, and the rest approve  
 His words, with friendly murmurs whisper'd low  
 Godfrey, as though their suit his mind did move  
 To that whereon he never thought till now—  
 How can my heart (quoth he), if you I love,  
 To your request and suit but bend and bow ?  
 Let rigour go, that right and justice be  
 Wherein you all consent and all agree

## XXVI

Rinaldo shall return, let him restrain  
 Henceforth his headstrong wrath and hasty ire,  
 And with his hardy deeds let him take pain  
 To correspond your hope and my desire  
 Guelpho, thou must call home the knight again,  
 See that with speed he to these tents retire,  
 The messengers appoint as likes thy mind,  
 And teach them where they should the young man find —

## XXVII.

Up starts the Dane that bore Prince Sweno's brand —  
 I will (quoth he) that message undertake  
 I will refuse no pains by sea or land  
 To give the knight this sword kept for his sake.—  
 This man was bold of courage, strong of hand,  
 Guelpho was glad he did the proffer make —  
 Thou shalt (quoth he) Ubaldo shalt thou have  
 To go with thee, a knight, stout, wise, and grave.—

## XXVIII.

Ubaldo in his youth had known and seen  
 The fashion strange of many an uncouth land  
 And travell'd over all the realms between  
 The Arctic circle and hot Meruo's strand  
 And as a man whose wit his guide had been  
 Their customs use he could, tongues understand  
 For this, when spent his youthful ~~manhood~~ were  
 Lord Guelpho entertain'd and held him dear

## XXIX.

To these committed was the charge and care  
 To find and bring again the champion bold.  
 Guelpho commends them to the fort repair  
 Where Boamwyl doth his seat and sceptre hold,  
 For public fame said that Bertoldo's heir  
 There liv'd, there dwelt, there stay'd. The hermit old  
 (That knew they were misled by false ~~men~~)  
 Among them came and parled in this sort —

## XXX.

Sir knights (quoth he) If you intend to ride  
 And follow each report fond people say  
 You follow but a rash and trothless guide,  
 That leads vain men smiles and makes them stray  
 Near Ascalon go to the salt sea side  
 Where a swift brook falls in with hideous way  
 An aged sire, our friend there shall you find,  
 All what he saith that do that keep in mind:

## XXXI

Of this great voyage which you undertake,  
 Much by his skill, and much by mine advice,  
 Hath he foreknown, and welcome for my sake  
 You both shall be, the man is kind and wise —  
 Instructed thus no further question make  
 The twain elected for this enterprise,  
 But humbly yielded to obey his word,  
 For what the hermit said that said the Lord

## XXXII

They took their leave and on their journey went,  
 Their will could brook no stay, their zeal no let  
 To Ascalon their voyage straight they bent,  
 Whose broken shores with brackish waves are wet,  
 And there they heard how 'gainst the cliffs (besprent  
 With bitter foam) the roaring surges beat,  
 A tumbling brook their passage stopp'd and stay'd,  
 Which late-fall'n rain had proud and puissant made, .

## XXXIII

So proud that over all his banks he grew,  
 And through the fields ran swift as shaft from bow  
 While here they stopt and stood, before them drew  
 An aged sire, grave and benign in show,  
 Crown'd with a beechen garland gather'd new,  
 Clad in a linen robe that raught down low,  
 In his right hand a rod, and on the flood,  
 Against the stream, he march'd, and dry-shod yode

## XXXIV

As on the Rhine (when winter's freezing cold  
 Congeals the streams to thick and harden'd glass)  
 The beauties fair of shepherds' daughters bold,  
 With wanton windlays, run, turn, play, and pass,  
 So on this river pass'd the wizard old,  
 Although unfrozen, soft, and swift it was,  
 And thither stalked where the warriors stood,  
 To whom (their greetings done) he spoke and said —



## XXXV

Great pains, great travail lords, you have begun  
 And of a winning guide great need you stand ;  
 Far off alas ! is great Bertoldo's son,  
 Impass'd in a waste and desert land ;  
 What soil remains by which you must not run,  
 What promontory rock, sea, shore, or sand ?  
 Your search must stretch, before the prince be found,  
 Beyond our world, beyond our half of ground

## XXXVI

But yet your hearts to see my cell I pray,  
 In hidden caves and vaults though bask'd low  
 Great wonders there, strange things I will betray  
 Things good for you to hear, and fit to know —  
 This said, he bids the river make them way  
 The flood retir'd, and backward gan to flow  
 And here and there two crystal mountains rose  
 So bed the Red Sea once, and Jordan thrice.

## XXXVII

He took their hands and led them hurrying down  
 Under the flood, through vast and hollow deeps  
 Such light they had as when through shadows brown  
 Of thickest deserts feeble Cynthia peeps.  
 There sparkling caves they saw all overflow'd,  
 There all his waters pure great Neptune keeps  
 And thence, to moisten all the earth, he brings  
 Seas, rivers, floods, lakes, fountains wells, and springs

## XXXVIII

Whence Ganges, Indus, Volga, later Po  
 Whence Euphrates, whence Tigris spring they view  
 Whence Tanais whence Nilus comes also,  
 (Although his head till then no creature knew)  
 But under these a wealthy stream doth go  
 That sulphur yields and ore, rich, quick, and new  
 Which the sunbeam doth polish purge, and fine,  
 And makes it silver pure, and gold divine

## XXIX

And all his banks the rich and wealthy stream  
Hath fair beset with pearl and precious stone,  
Like stars in sky or lamps on stage that seem,  
The darkness there was day the night was gone  
There sparkled (clothed in his azure beam)  
The heav'nly sapphire, there the hyacinth shone,  
The carbuncle there flam'd, the diamond sheen  
There glister'd bright, there smil'd the emerald green

## XL

Amaz'd the knights amid these wonders pass'd,  
And fix'd so deep the marvels in their thought  
That not one word they utter'd, till at last  
Ubaldo spake, and thus his guide besought —  
O father, tell me, by what skill thou hast  
These wonders done, and to what place us brought?  
For well I know not if I wake or sleep,  
My heart is drown'd in such amazement deep —

## XLI

You are within the hollow womb (quoth he)  
Of fertile earth, the nurse of all things made,  
And but you brought and guided are by me,  
Her sacred entrails could no wight invade,  
My palace shortly shall you splendent see  
With glorious light, though built in night and shade  
A pagan was I born, but yet the Lord  
To grace (by baptism) hath my soul restor'd

## XLII

Nor yet by help of devil or aid from hell  
I do this uncouth work and wond'rous feat,  
The Lord forbid I use or charm or spell  
To raise foul Dis from his infernal seat,  
But of all herbs, of every spring and well,  
The hidden power I know and virtue great,  
And all that kind hath hid from mortal sight,  
And all the stars, their motions and their might,



[Cuneiform]

## XIII

For in these caves I dwell not buried still  
From sight of heav'n, but often I resort  
To tops of Lebanon or Carmel hill,  
And there in liquid air myself disport,  
There Mars and Venus I behold at will,  
As bare as erst when Vulcan took them short,  
And how the rest roll, glide, and move, I see,  
How their aspects benign or froward be

## XIV

And underneath my feet the clouds I view,  
Now thick, now thin, now bright with Iris' bow,  
The frost and snow, the rain, the hail, the dew, [blow,  
The winds from whence they come and whence they  
How Jove his thunder makes and lightning new,  
How with the bolt he strikes the earth below,  
How comate, crinite, caudate stars are fram'd,  
I knew, my skill with pride my heart inflam'd

## XLV

So learned, cunning, wise, myself I thought,  
That I suppos'd my wit so high might climb  
To know all things that God had fram'd or wrought,  
Fire, air, sea, earth, man, beast, sprite, place, and time  
But when your hermit me to baptism brought,  
And from my soul had wash'd the sin and crime,  
Then I perceiv'd my sight was blindness still  
My wit was folly, ignorance my skill

## XLVI

Then saw I that, like owls in shining sun,  
So 'gainst the beams of truth our souls are blind,  
And at myself to smile I then begun,  
And at my heart puff'd up with folly's wind  
Yet still these arts as I before had done  
I practised, such was the hermit's mind,  
Thus hath he chang'd my thoughts, my heart, my will,  
And rules mine art, my knowledge, and my skill

## XLVII.

In him I rest, on him my thoughts depend  
My lord, my teacher, and my guide is he  
This noble work he strives to bring to end  
He is the architect, the workmen we.  
The hardy youth hoves to this camp to send  
From prison strong my care, my charge shall be  
So he commands and me ere this foretold  
Your coming oft to seek the champion bold.—

## XLVIII.

While thus he said, he brought the champions twain  
Down to a vault wherein he dwells and lies.  
It was a cave, high wide, large, ample, plain,  
With goodly rooms, halls, chambers, galleries  
All what is bred in rich and precious vein  
Of wealthy earth, and hid from mortal eyes,  
There shines and fair adorn'd was every part  
With riches grown by kind, not fram'd by art.

## XLIX.

A hundred grooms, quick, diligent, and neat,  
Attendance gave about these strangers bold  
Against the wall there stood a cupboard great  
Of plate, of silver crystal gold:  
But when with precious wines and costly meat  
They filled were, thus spake the wizard old —  
Now fits the time, Sir-Knights, I tell and show  
What you desire to hear and long to know

## L.

Armida's craft, her leight and hidden guile  
You partly wot, her acts and arts untrue,  
How to your camp she came, and by what wile  
The greatest lords and princes thence she drew  
You know she turn'd them first to monsters vile,  
And kept them since clos'd up in secret mow,  
Lastly to Gaza-ward in bonds them sent,  
Whom young Rinaldo rescu'd as they went.

## LI

What chanced since I will at large declare,  
(To you unknown) a story strange and true  
When first her prey, got with such pain and care,  
Escap'd and gone the witch perceiv'd and knew,  
Her hands she wrung for grief, her clothes she tare,  
And full of woe these heavy words out threw —  
Alas! my knights are slain, my pris'ners free,  
Yet of that conquest never boast shall he

## LII

He in their place shall serve me, and sustain  
Their plagues, their torments suffer, sorrows bear,  
And they his absence shall lament in vain,  
And wail his loss and theirs with many a tear —  
Thus talking to herself she did ordain  
A false and wicked guile, as you shall hear  
Thither she hasted where that valiant knight  
Had overcome and slain her men in fight

## LIII

Rinaldo there had doft and left his own,  
And on his back a pagan harness tied,  
Perchance he deemed so to pass unknown,  
And in those arms less noted safe to ride  
A headless corse, in fight late overthrown,  
The witch in his forsaken arms did hide,  
And by a brook expos'd it on the sand,  
Whither she wis'd would come a Christian band

## LIV

Their coming might the dame foreknow right well,  
For secret spies she sent forth thousand ways,  
Which every day news from the camp might tell,  
Who parted thence booties to search, or preys  
Beside, the sprites, conjur'd by secret spell,  
All what she asks or doubts reveals and says  
The body therefore plac'd she in that part  
That further'd best her sleight, her craft, and art ;

## LY

And near the corpse a varlet false and sly  
She left, attir'd in shepherd's homely wood,  
And taught him how to counterfeit and lie  
As time requir'd, and he perform'd the deed :  
With him your soldiers spoke, of jealousy  
And false suspect amongst them he strew'd the seed  
That since brought forth the fruit of strife and jar  
Of civil brawls, contention, discord, war :

## LYL

And as she waked so the soldiers thought  
By Godfrey's practice that the prince was slain  
Yet slash'd that suspicion false to nought,  
When truth spread forth her silver wings again.  
Her false devices thus Armida wrought,  
This was her first deceit, her foremost train  
What next she practis'd shall you hear me tell  
Against our knight, and what thereof befall

## LVII.

Armida hunted him through wood and plain  
Till on Orontes flowery bank he stay'd  
There, where the stream did part and meet again  
And in the midst a gentle island made,  
A pillar fair was plight beside the main  
Near which a little frigate floating laid  
The marble white the prince did long behold  
And this inscription read there writ in gold —

## LVIII

Whoso thou art whom will or chance doth bring  
With happy steps to flood Orontes' sides  
Know that the world hath not so strange a thing  
Twixt east and west as this small island hides  
Then pass and see without more tarrying —  
The hasty youth to pass the stream provides  
And for the cog was now so small and strait,  
Along he row'd and bade his squires there wait.

## LIX

Landed, he stalks about, yet nought he sees  
But verdant groves, sweet shades, and mossy rocks,  
With caves and fountains, flowers, herbs, and trees,  
So that the words he read he takes for mocks  
But that green isle was sweet at all degrees,  
Wherewith entic'd, down sits he and unlocks  
His closed helm, and bares his visage fair,  
To take sweet breath from cool and gentle air

## LV.

A rumbling sound amid the waters deep  
Meanwhile he heard, and thither turn'd his sight,  
And tumbling in the troubled stream took keep  
How the strong waves together rush and fight,  
Whence first he saw, with golden tresses, peep  
The rising visage of a virgin bright,  
And then her neck, her breasts, and all as low  
As he for shame could see or she could show.

## LXI

So in the twilight doth sometimes appear  
A nymph, a goddess, or a fairy queen,  
And though no syren but a sprite this were,  
Yet by her beauty seem'd it she had been  
One of those sisters false which haunted near  
The Tyrrhene shores, and kept those waters shcen,  
Like theirs her face, her voice was, and her sound,  
And thus she sung and pleas'd both skies and ground —

## LXII

Ye happy youths, whom April fresh and May  
Attire in flow'ring green of lusty age,  
For glory vain or virtue's idle ray  
Do not your tender limbs to toil engage,  
In calm streams fishes, birds in sunshine play,  
Who followeth pleasure he is only sage,  
So nature saith, yet 'gainst her sacred will  
Why still rebel you, and why strive you still?



## LXIII.

O souls, who youth possess yet scorn the name  
 A precious but a short-abiding treasure  
 Virtue itself is but an idle name  
 Proud by the world 'bove reason all and measure  
 And honour, glory, praise, renown, and fame  
 That men's proud hearts bewitch with telling tales  
 An echo is, a shade, a dream, a flower  
 With each wind blasted, spoil'd with every shower:

## LXIV

But let your happy souls in joy possess  
 The ivory chambers of your heads, fair  
 Your passed harms also with forgetfulness  
 Hasten not your coming ills with thought and care  
 Regard no blazing star with burning tears  
 Nor storm, nor threatening sky, nor thundering air:  
 This wisdom is good life and worldly bliss  
 Kind truthfulness to nature — I use this —

## LXV

Thus sang the spirit false and stealing sleep  
 (To which her tones entic'd his heavy eyes)  
 By step and step did on his senses creep,  
 Till every limb therein unmoved lies;  
 Not thunders loud could from this slumber deep  
 (Of quiet death true image) make him rise  
 Then from her ambush forth Armida start  
 Swearing revenge and threatening torments smart,

## LXVI

But when she looked on his face awhile  
 And saw how sweet he breath'd, how still he lay  
 How his fair eyes thought closed seem to smile  
 At first she stay'd, astound with great dismay;  
 Then sat her down (so loo'ose can art beguile)  
 And as she sat and look'd, fled fast away  
 Her wrath. Thus on his forehead gaz'd the maid  
 As in his spring Narcissus tooting laid:

## LXVII

And with a veil she wiped now and then  
From his fair cheek the globes of silver sweat,  
And cool air gather'd with a trembling fan  
To mitigate the rage of melting heat  
Thus (who would think it ?) his hot eye-glance can  
Of that cold frost dissolve the hardness great  
Which late congeal'd the heart of that fair dame,  
Who, late a foe, a lover now became

## LXVIII

Of woodbines, lilies, and of roses sweet,  
Which proudly flower'd through that wanton plain,  
All platted fast, well knit, and joined meet,  
She fram'd a soft but surely holding chain,  
Wherewith she bound his neck, his hands, and feet  
Thus bound, thus taken, did the prince remain,  
And in a coach, which two old dragons drew,  
She laid the sleeping knight, and thence she flew

## LXIX

Nor turn'd she to Damascus' kingdom large,  
Nor to the fort built in Asphalte's lake,  
But jealous of her dear and precious charge,  
And of her love asham'd, the way did take  
To the wide ocean, whither skiff or barge  
From us doth seld or never voyage make,  
And there, to frolic with her love awhile,  
She chose a waste, a sole and desert isle ,

## LXX

An isle that with her fellows bears the name  
Of Fortunate, for temperate air and mould ,  
There on a mountain high alight the dame,  
A hill obscur'd with shades of forests old,  
Upon whose sides the witch by art did frame  
Continual snow, sharp frost, and winter cold ,  
But on the top, fresh, pleasant, sweet, and green,  
Beside a lake a palace built this queen

## LXXI.

There in perpetual, sweet, and flowing spring  
She lives at ease and joys her lord at will.  
The hardy youth from this strange prison bring  
Your valours must, directed by my skill  
And overcome each monster and each thing  
That guards the palace, or that keeps the hill  
Nor shall you want a guide or engines fit  
To bring you to the monster or conquer it.

## LXXII.

Beside the stream yfarted shall you find  
A dame, in visage young but old in years  
Her curled locks about her front are twin'd  
A party-colour'd robe of silk she wears;  
She shall conduct you swift as air or wind  
Or that fit bird that Jove's hot winged bears;  
A faithful pilot, cunning, trusty, sure  
As Typhis was or Ulysses' Palinurus.

## LXXIII.

At the hill's foot, whereon the witch doth dwell  
The serpents hiss and cast their poison veld;  
The ugly bears do rear their bristles fell;  
There gaze the bears and roar the lions wild;  
But yet a rod I have can easily quell  
Their rage and wrath, and make them meek and mild;  
Yet on the top and height of all the hill  
The greatest danger lies and greatest ill:

## LXXIV.

There welleteth out a fair clear bubbling spring  
Whose waters purge the thirsty guests entice;  
But in those liquors cold the secret sting  
Of strange and deadly poison cloas'd lies;  
One sup thereof the drinker's heart doth bring  
To sudden joy whence laughter vain doth rise;  
Nor that strange merriment once stops or stays,  
Till with his laughter's end he end his days.

## LXXV

Then from those deadly wicked streams refrain  
 Your thirsty lips, despise the dainty cheer  
 You find expos'd upon the grassy plain,  
 Nor those false damsels once vouchsafe to hear,  
 That in melodious tunes their voices strain,  
 Whose faces lovely, smiling, sweet, appear,  
 But you their looks, their voice, their songs despise,  
 And enter fair Armida's paradise

## LXXVI

The house is builded like a maze within,  
 With turning stairs, false doors, and winding ways,  
 The shape whereof, plotted in vellum thin,  
 I will you give, that all those sleights bewrays  
 In 'midst a garden lies, where many a gin  
 And net to catch frail hearts false Cupid lays,  
 There, in the verdure of the arbours green,  
 With your brave champion lies the wanton queen

## LXXVII

But when she haply riseth from the knight,  
 And hath withdrawn her presenee from the place,  
 Then take a shield I have of diamonds bright,  
 And hold the same before the young man's face,  
 That he may glass therein his garments light,  
 And wanton soft attire, and view his case,  
 That with the sight, shame and disdain may move  
 His heart to leave that base and servile love

## LXXVIII

Now resteth nought that needful is to tell,  
 But that you go secure, safe, sure, and bold,  
 Unseen the palace may you enter well,  
 And pass the dangers all I have foretold,  
 For neither art, nor charm, nor magic spell,  
 Can stop your passage or your steps withhold,  
 Nor shall Armida (so you guarded be)  
 Your coming aught foreknow or once foresee

## LXXIV

And eke as safe from that enchanted fort  
You shall return and scape unhurt away  
But now the time doth us to rest import,  
And you must rise by peep of springing day —  
This said, he led them through a narrow port  
Into a lodging fair wherein they lay;  
There glad and full of thoughts he left his guests,  
And in his wonted bed the old man rests.

## BOOK XV

## THE ARGUMENT

The well-instructed knights forsake their host,  
And come where their strange bark in harbour lay,  
And setting sail, behold on Egypt's coast  
The monarch's ships and armies in array  
Their wind and pilot good, the seas in post  
They pass, and of long journeys make short way  
The far-sought isle they find.—Armida's charms  
They scorn, they shun her sleights, despise her arms

## I

THE rosy-finger'd morn with gladsome ray  
Rose to her task from old 'Tithonus' lap,  
When their grave host came where the warriors lay,  
And with him brought the shield, the rod, the map —  
Arise (quoth he), ere lately-broken day  
In his bright arms the round world fold or wrap,  
All what I promis'd here I have them brought,  
Enough to bring Armida's charms to nought —

## II

They started up, and every tender limb  
In sturdy steel and stubborn plate they dight,  
Before the old man stalk'd, they follow'd him  
Through gloomy shades of sad and sable night,  
Through vaults obscure again and entries dim,  
The way they came their steps remeasur'd right,  
But at the flood arriv'd—Farewell (quoth he),  
Good luck your aid, your guide good fortune be —

## III.

The flood receiv'd them in his bow'rs so low  
And lift them up above his billows thin;  
The waters so cast up a leech or loach,  
By violence first plung'd and di'd them in.  
But when upon the shore the waves them throw  
The knights for their fair guide to look begin;  
And gird'g round, a little lark they spy'd  
Wherein a damsel sat the stern to guide

## IV

Upon her front her locks were curled new  
Her eyes were courteous, full of peace and love  
In look a saint, an angel bright in shew  
So in her visage grace and virtue strove  
Her robe seem'd sometimes red and sometimes blue,  
And changed still as she did stir or move  
That look how oft man's eye beheld the same  
So oft the colours changed, went and came:

## V

The feathers so that tender, soft, and plain,  
About the dove's smooth neck close round had been  
Do in one colour never long remain  
But change their hue against glimpses of Phœbus shewn  
And now of rubies bright a vermeil chain  
Now make a carknet rich of emeralds green;  
Now mingle both now alter turn and change  
To thousand colours, rich, pure, fair, and strange —

## VI.

Enter this boat, you happy men (she says)  
Wherein through raging waves secure I ride;  
To which all tempest, storm, and wind obeys,  
All burdens light, benign is stream and tide.  
My Lord, that rules your journeys and your ways,  
Hath sent me here your servant and your guide. —  
This said her shallop dro' she gainst the wind,  
And nether cast amid the steadfast land.

## XI

The passengers to land-ward turn'd their sight,  
And there saw pitched many a stately tent,  
Soldier and footman, captain, lord, and knight,  
Between the shore and city came and went  
Huge elephants, strong camels, coursers light,  
With horned hoofs the sandy ways out rent,  
And in the haven many a ship and boat  
(With mighty anchors fasten'd) swim and float

## XII

Some spread their sails, and some with strong oars sweep  
The waters smooth, and brush the buxom wave,  
Their breasts in sunder cleave the yielding deep,  
The broken seas for anger foam and rave  
When thus their guide begun—Sir knights, take keep  
How all these shores are spread with squadrons brave,  
And troops of hardy knights, yet on these sands  
The monarch scant hath gather'd half his bands

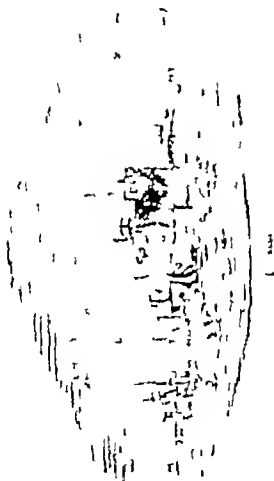
## XIII

Of Egypt only these the forces are,  
And aid from other lands they here attend,  
For 'twixt the noon-day sun and morning star,  
All realms at his command do bow and bend,  
So that I trust we shall return from far,  
And bring our journey long to wished end,  
Before this king or his lieutenant shall  
These armies bring to Sion's conquer'd wall —

## XIV

While thus she said, as soaring eagles fly  
'Mongst other birds securely through the air,  
And mounting up behold with wakeful eye  
The radiant beams of old Hyperion's hair,  
Her gondola so passed swiftly by  
"Twixt ship and ship, withouten fear or care  
Who should her follow, trouble, stop, or stay,  
And forth to sea made lucky speed and way





## XV

Themselves forencst old Raphia's town they fand,  
A town that first to sailors doth appear  
As they from Syria pass to Egypt land  
The sterile coasts of barren Rinoceere  
They pass'd, and seas where Casius' hill doth stand,  
That with his trees o'erspreads the waters near,  
Against whose roots breaketh the brackish wave,  
Where Jove his temple, Pompey hath his grave

## XVI

Then Damietta next, where they behold  
How to the sea his tribute Nilus pays,  
By his seven mouths, renown'd in stories old,  
And by a hundred more ignoble ways  
They pass'd the town built by the Grecian bold,  
Of him call'd Alexandria till our days,  
And Pharos' tower and isle, remov'd of yore  
Far from the land, now joined to the shore

## XVII

Both Crete and Rhodes they left by north unseen,  
And sail'd along the coasts of Atrie lands,  
Whose sea towns fair, but realms more inward been  
All full of monsters and of desert sands  
With her five cities then they left Cyrene,  
Where that old temple of false Ammon stands.  
Next Ptolemis, and that sacred wood  
Whence spring the silent streams of Lethe flood

## XVIII

The greater Sirtes (that sailors often cast  
In peril great of death and loss extreme)  
They compass'd round about and safely pass'd,  
Then Cape Judeca and flood Magras' stream,  
Then Tripoli, 'gainst which is Malta plac'd,  
That low and hid, to lurk in seas doth seem,  
The little Sirtes then, and Alzerbe's isle,  
Where dwelt the folk that lotos eat erewhile:

## XXX

Nest Toms on the crowded shore they  
 Whence lay a rock on either side the  
 Toms and women in beauty to see and  
 Above as far as Lotos' beams  
 Gained which (from far North of the sea)  
 His roared great great lumbered boats  
 The dense there yet not out where narrow and  
 Flows steadily in and out of Carthage's mouth:

## XXI

Great Carthage low in and a road it was  
 Her ruins gave the look to be the most just  
 So clear fall, as yet as the sea is  
 Their people and people he had in mind and  
 Then why would mortal man reject it  
 Where he is at least not and by gain?  
 From there the was lost there's a waste they  
 And for business on there in the land of

## XXII

Amidst his place they came to there,  
 Where wandering legends said their souls to be  
 Then Hagar and Alvaro the infamous den  
 (Of pariahs false) (from they left with  
 All Tugitan they a dilly or even  
 Where elephants and angry bees loved;  
 Where now the ruins of the and More he  
 Gained which Granada's shores and courts they see

## XXIII

Now are they there where first the sea broke in  
 By great Aladdin's help (as stories tell us)  
 True may it be that where those souls be in  
 It whence was a firm and solid main  
 Before the sea there through did pass the wind,  
 And parted Africa from the land of Spain;  
 Alas hence, thence Calpe great up springs,  
 Such power hath thus to change the face of things

## XXIII

Four times the sun had spread his morning ray  
 Since first the dame launch'd forth her wond'rous barge  
 And never yet took port in creek or bay,  
 But fairly forward bore the knights her charge,  
 Now through the strait her jolly ship made way,  
 And boldly sail'd upon the ocean large,  
 But if the sea in midst of earth was great,  
 O what was this wherein earth hath her seat!

## XXIV

Now deep engulfed in the mighty flood,  
 They saw not Gades nor the mountains near,  
 Fled was the land and towns on land that stood,  
 Heav'n cover'd sea, sea seem'd the heav'ns to bear  
 At last—Fair lady (quoth Ubaldo good),  
 That in this endless main doth guide us here,  
 If ever man before here sailed tell,  
 Or other lands here be wherein men dwell?—

## XXV

Great Hercules (quoth she) when he had quell'd  
 The monsters fierce in Afric and in Spain,  
 And all along your coasts and countries sail'd,  
 Yet durst he not assay the ocean main,  
 Within his pillars would he have impal'd  
 The over-daring wit of mankind vain,  
 Till Lord Ulysses did those bounders pass,  
 To see and know he so desirous was

## XXVI

He pass'd those pillars, and in open wave  
 Of the broad sea first his bold sails untwain'd,  
 But yet the greedy ocean was his grave,  
 Nought helped him his skill 'gainst tide and wind,  
 With him all witness of his voyage brave  
 Lies buried there, no truth thereof we find,  
 And they whom storm hath forced that way since  
 Are drowned all, or unreturn'd from thence.

## XXII.

So that this mighty sea is yet unsought,  
 Where thousand isles and kingdoms lie unknown  
 Not void of men as some have vainly thought,  
 But peopled well and wonned like your own  
 The land is fertile ground, but scant well wrought,  
 Air wholesome, temperate sun, grass proudly green.—  
 But (quoth Ubaldo) dame, I pray thee teach  
 Of that hid world what be the laws and speech.—

## XXIII.

As thou mayest see their nation (answer'd she)  
 Their tongues, their rites, their laws so different are  
 Some pray to beasts, some to a stone or tree,  
 Some to the earth, the sun, or morning star  
 Their meats unwholesome, vile and hateful be,  
 Some eat man's flesh and captives taken in war  
 And all from Calpe's mountain west that dwell  
 In faith profane, in life are rude and fell.—

## XXIV.

But will our gracious God (the knight reply'd)  
 That with his blood all sinful men hath bought,  
 His truth for ever and his gospel hide  
 From all these lands as yet unknown, unsought?—  
 O no (quoth she) his name both far and wide  
 Shall there be known, all brought thither brought  
 Nor shall these long and tedious ways for ever  
 Your world and theirs, their lands your kingdoms sever

## XXV.

The time shall come that sailors shall delight  
 To talk or argue of Alexander's strait  
 And lands and seas that nameless yet remain  
 Shall well be known their bounders, site, and seat.  
 The ships encompass shall the solid main,  
 As far as seas outstretch their waters great,  
 And measure all the world and with the sun,  
 About this earth, this globe, this orb to run.

## XXXI

A knight of Genes shall have the hardiment  
 Upon this wond'rous voyage first to wend,  
 Nor winds nor waves that ships in sunder rent,  
 Nor seas unus'd, strange chine, or pool unkn'd,  
 Nor other peril nor astonishment,  
 'That makes frail hearts of men to bow and bend,  
 Within Abila's strait shall keep and hold  
 The noble spirit of this sailor bold

## XXXII

Thy ship, Columbus, shall her canvas wing  
 Spread o'er that world that yet concealed lies,  
 That scant swift Fame her looks shall after bring,  
 Though thousand plumes she have and thousand eyes.  
 Let her of Bacchus and Alcides sing,  
 Of thee to future age let this suffice,  
 That of thine acts she some forewarning give,  
 Which shall in verse and noble story live —

## XXXIII

Thus talking, swift 'twixt south and west they run,  
 And sheed out 'twixt froth and foam their way,  
 At once they saw before the setting sun,  
 Behind the rising beam of springing day,  
 And when the morn her drops and dews begun  
 To scatter' broad upon the flow'ring lay,  
 Far off a hill and mountain high they spy'd,  
 Whose top the clouds environ, clothe, and hide

## XXXIV

And drawing near, the hill at ease they view,  
 When all the clouds were molten, fullen, and fled,  
 Whose top, pyramid-wise, did pointed shew,  
 High, narrow, sharp, the sides yet more outspread,  
 Thence now and then fire, flame, and smoke out flew,  
 As from that hill where under lies in bed  
 Enceladus, whence with imperious sway  
 Bright fire breaks out by night, black smoke by day



## XXIX

She answer'd him—Well fits this high desire  
 Thy noble heart, yet cannot I consent,  
 For heav'n's decree, firm, stable, and entire,  
 Thy wish repugns, and 'gainst thy will is bent,  
 Nor yet the time hath Titan's gliding fire  
 Mete forth, prefix'd for this discoverment,  
 Nor is it lawful of the ocean main  
 That you the secrets know, or known explain

## XL

To you, withouten needle, map, or card,  
 It's given to pass these seas, and there arrive  
 Where in strong prison lies your knight imbar'd,  
 And of her prey you must the witch deprive  
 If further to aspire you be prepar'd,  
 In vain 'gainst fate and heav'n's decree you strive —  
 While thus she said, the first-seen isle gave place,  
 And high and rough the second shew'd his face

## XII

They saw how eastward stretch'd in order long,  
 The happy islands sweetly flow'ring lay,  
 And how the seas betwixt those isles introng,  
 And how they shoulder'd land from land away  
 In seven of them the people rude among  
 The shady trees their sheds had built of clay,  
 The rest lay waste, unless wild beasts unseen,  
 Or wanton nymphs, roam'd on the mountains green.

## XIII

A secret place they found in one of those,  
 Where the cleft shore sea in his bosom takes,  
 And 'twixt his stretched arms doth fold and close  
 An ample bay, a rock the haven makes,  
 Which to the main doth his broad back oppose,  
 Whereon the roaring billow cleaves and breaks,  
 And here and there two crags, like turrets high,  
 Point forth a port to all that sail thereby





## XLVII

Within a thick, a dark, and shady plot,  
 At the hill's foot that night the warriors dwell,  
 But when the sun his rays, bright shining, hot,  
 Dispi'd, of golden light th' eternal well,  
 Up, up' they cried, and fiercely up they got,  
 And climb'd boldly 'gainst the mountain fell,  
 But forth there crept (from whence I cannot say)  
 An ugly serpent which forestall'd their way,

## XLVIII

Armed with golden scales, his head and crest  
 He lifted high, his neck swell'd great with ire,  
 Flamed his eyes, and hiding with his breast  
 All the broad path, he poison breath'd and fire,  
 Now reach'd he forth in folds and forward press'd,  
 Now would he back in rolls and heaps retire  
 Thus he presents himself to guard the place,  
 The knights press'd forward with assured pace

## XLIX.

Charles drew forth his brand to strike the snake.  
 Ubaldo cried—Stay, my companion dear,  
 Will you with sword or weapon battle make  
 Against this monster that affronts us here?—  
 This said, he 'gan his charmed rod to shake,  
 So that the serpent durst not hiss for fear,  
 But fled, and dead for dread fell on the grass,  
 And so the passage plain, eath, open was

## L

A little higher on the way they met  
 A lion fierce, that hugely roar'd and cry'd;  
 His crest he reared high, and open set  
 Of his broad gaping jaws the furnace wide,  
 His stern his back oft smote his rage to whet  
 But when the sacred staff he once espy'd,  
 A trembling fear through his bold heart was spread,  
 His native wrath was gone, and swift he fled



## LV

The passage hard against the mountain steep  
 These travellers had faint and weary made,  
 That through those grassy plains they scanty creep,  
 They walk'd, they rested oft, they went, they stay'd,  
 When from the rocks that seem'd for joy to weep,  
 Before their feet a dropping crystal play'd,  
 Enticing them to drink, and on the flow'rs  
 The plenteous spring a thousand streams down pours

## LVI

All which united, in the springing grass  
 Eat forth a channel through the tender green,  
 And underneath eternal shade did pass,  
 With murmur shrill, cold, pure, and scanty seen,  
 Yet so transparent that perceived was  
 The bottom rich, and sands that golden been,  
 And on the brims the silken grass aloft  
 Proffer'd them seats, sweet, easy, fresh, and soft —

## LVII

See here the stream of laughter, see the spring  
 (Quoth they) of danger and of deadly pain,  
 Here fond desire must by sin govern  
 Be rul'd, our lust bridled with wisdom's rein,  
 Our ears be stopped while these syrens sing,  
 Their notes enticing man to pleasure vain  
 Thus past they forward where the stream did make  
 An ample pond, a large and spacious lake

## LVIII

There on a table was all dainty food  
 That sea, that earth, or liquid air could give,  
 And in the crystal of the laughing flood  
 They saw two naked vixens bathe and dive,  
 That sometimes toying, sometimes wrestling stood,  
 Sometimes for speed and skill in swimming strive,  
 Now underneath they div'd, now rose above,  
 And 'ticing baits laid forth of lust and love



## LXIII

This is the place wherein you may assuage  
Your sorrows past, here is that joy and bliss  
That flourish'd in the antique golden age,  
Here needs no law, here none doth aught amiss,  
Put off those arms, and fear not Mars his rage,  
Your sword, your shield, your helmet needless is,  
Then consecrate them here to endless rest,  
You shall love's champions be and soldiers blest

## LXIV

The fields for combat here are beds of down,  
Or heaped lilies' under shady brakes  
But come and see our queen with golden crown,  
That all her servants blest and happy makes,  
She will admit you gently for her own,  
Number'd with those that of her joy partakes  
But first within this lake your dust and sweat  
Wash off, and at that table sit and eat —

## LXV

While thus she sung, her sister lur'd them high,  
With many a gesture kind and loving show,  
To music's sound as dames in court apply  
Their cunning feet, and dance now swift now slow  
But still the knights unmoved passed by,  
These vain delights for wicked charms they know,  
Nor could their heav'nly voice or angel's look  
Surprise their hearts, if eye or ear they took

## LXVI

For if that sweetness once but touch'd their hearts,  
And proffer'd there to kindle Cupid's fire,  
Straight armed reason to his charge upstarts,  
And quencheth lust and killeth fond desire.  
Thus scorned were the dames, their wiles and arts,  
And to the palace gates the knights retire,  
While in their streams the damsels dived sad,  
Asham'd, disgrac'd, for that repulse they had



## III

Alcides there sat telling tales, and spun  
Among the feeble troops of damsels mild,  
(He that the fiery gates of hell had won,  
And heav'n upheld,) false love stood by and smil'd  
Arm'd with his club fair Iole forth run,  
His club with blood of monsters foul defil'd,  
And on her back his lion's skin had she,  
Too rough a bark for such a tender tree

## IV

Beyond was made a sea, whose azure flood  
The hoary froth crush'd from the surges blue,  
Wherein two navies great well-ranged stood  
Of warlike ships, fire from their arms out flew,  
The waters burnt about their vessels good,  
Such flames the gold therein enchased threw,  
Cæsar his Romans hence, the Asian kings  
Thence Antony and Indian princes, brings

## V

The Cyclades seem'd to swim amid the main,  
And hill 'gainst hill and mount 'gainst mountain smote,  
With such great fury met those armies twain,  
Here burnt a ship, there sunk a bark or boat,  
Here darts and wildfire flew, there drown'd or slain  
Of princes dead the bodies fleet and float,  
Here Cæsar wins, and yonder conquer'd been  
The eastern ships, there fled th' Egyptian queen

## VI

Antonius eke himself to flight betook,  
The empire lost to which he would aspire,  
Yet fled not he, nor fight for fear forsook,  
But follow'd her, drawn on by fond desire  
Well might you see, within his troubled look,  
Strive and contend love, courage, shame, and ire,  
Oft look'd he back, oft gaz'd he on the fight,  
But oft'ner on his mistress and her flight





## XI

The leaves upon the self-same bough did hide,  
Beside the young, the old and ripened fig,  
Hero fruit was green, there ripe with vermeil side,  
The apples new and old grow on one twig,  
The fruitful vine her arms spread high and wide,  
That bended underneath their clusters big,  
The grapes were tender here, hard, young, and sour,  
Thero purple, ripe, and nectar sweet forth pour

## XII

The joyous birds, hid under greenwood shade,  
Sung merry notes on every branch and bough,  
The wind, that in the leaves and waters play'd,  
With murmur sweet now sang, and whistled now,  
Ceased the birds, the wind loud answer made,  
And while they sung it rumbled soft and low  
Thus, were it hap or cunning, chance or art,  
The wind in this stange music bore his part

## XIII

With party-colour'd plumes and purple bill,  
A wond'rous bird among the rest there flew,  
That in plain speech sung lovelays loud and shrill,  
Her leden was like human language true,  
So much she talk'd, and with such wit and skill,  
That strange it seemed how much good she knew,  
Her feather'd fellows all stood hush'd to hear,  
Dumb was the wind, the waters silent were —

## XIV

The gently-budding rose (quoth she) behold,  
The first scant peeping forth with virgin beams,  
Half ope, half shut, her beauties doth up-fold  
In their dear leaves, and less seen fairer seems,  
And after spreads them forth more broad and bold,  
Then languisheth and dies in last extremes  
Nor seems the same that decked bed and bow'r  
Of many a lady late and paramour

## XV

So in the passing of a day doth pass  
 The bud and blossom of the life of man,  
 Nor e'er doth flourish more, but like the grass  
 Cut down, becometh withered, pale, and wan:  
 O gather then the rose while time thou hast,  
 Short is the day done when it scant began  
 Gather the rose of love while yet thou mayst,  
 Loving be lov'd, embracing be embrac'd.—

## XVI.

She compar'd, and as approving all she spoke  
 The choir of birds their heavenly tunes renew  
 The turtles sigh'd and sighs with kisses broke,  
 The fowls to shades unseen by pairs withdrew  
 It seem'd the laurel chest and stubborn oak,  
 And all the gentle trees on earth that grew  
 It seem'd the land, the sea, and heav'n above  
 All breath'd out fancy sweet and sigh'd out love.

## XVII.

Through all this music rare and strong consent  
 Of strange allayments, sweet 'bove morn and morn,  
 Severe, firm, constant, still the knights forth went,  
 Hardning their hearts against false enticing pleasure,  
 Twixt leaf and leaf their sight before they sent,  
 And after crept themselves at ease and leisure,  
 Till they beheld the queen sit with their knight  
 Beside the lake, shaded with boughs from sight:

## XVIII.

Her breasts were naked, for the day was hot,  
 Her locks unbound wav'd in the wanton wind  
 Some deal she swat, (tird with the game you wot,)  
 Her sweat-drops bright, white, round like pearls of  
 Her humbl' eyes a fiery smile forth shot, [Indo  
 That like sun-beams in silver fountains shin'd  
 O'er him her looks she hung and her soft breast  
 The pillow was where he and love took rest

## XIX.

His hungry eyes upon her face he fed,  
 And feeding them so pin'd himself away,  
 And she, declining often down her head,  
 His lips, his cheeks, his eyes kiss'd as he lay,  
 Wherewith he sigh'd, as if his soul had fled  
 From his frail breast to hers, and there would stay  
 With her beloved sprite    The armed pair  
 These follies all beheld and this hot fair

## XX

Down by the lovers' side there pendant was  
 A crystal mirror, bright, pure, smooth, and neat,  
 He rose and to his mistress held the glass,  
 (A noble page grac'd with that service great,)  
 She with glad looks, he with inflam'd, (alas!)  
 Beauty and love beheld both in one seat;  
 Yet them in sundry objects each espies,  
 She in the glass, he saw them in her eyes

## XXI

Her to command, to serve it pleas'd the knight;  
 He proud of bondage, of her empire she —  
 My dear, (she said,) that blesseth with thy sight  
 Even blessed angels, turn thine eyes to me,  
 For painted in my heart and pourtray'd right,  
 Thy worth, thy beauties, and perfections be,  
 Of which the form, the shape, and fashion best,  
 Not in this glass is seen, but in my breast,

## XXII

And if thou me disdain, yet be content  
 At least so to behold thy lovely hue,  
 That while thereon thy looks are fix'd and bent,  
 Thy happy eyes themselves may see and view;  
 So rare a shape no crystal can present,  
 No glass contain that heav'n of beauties true  
 O let the skies thy worthy mirror be,  
 And in clear stars thy shape and image see!—



## XXVII

And when the silence deep and friendly shado  
 Recall'd the lovers to their wonted sport,  
 In a fair room for pleasuro built they lay'd,  
 And longest nights with joys made sweet and short  
 Now while the queen her household things survey'd,  
 And left her lord, her garden, and disport  
 'The twain that hidden in the bushes were,  
 Before the Prince in glistering arms appear

## XXVIII

As the fierce steed for age withdrawn from war,  
 Wherein the glorious beast had always won,  
 That in vile rest, from fight sequester'd far,  
 Feeds with the mares at large, his service done,  
 If arms he see, or hear the trumpet's jar,  
 He neigheth loud, and thither fast doth run,  
 And wisheth on his back the armed knight,  
 Longing for jousts, for tournament, and fight.

## XXIX

So far'd Rinaldo when the glorious light  
 Of their bright harness glister'd in his eyes,  
 His noblo sprite awaked at that sight,  
 His blood began to warm, his heart to rise,  
 Though drunk with caso, dovoid of wonted might,  
 On sleep till then his weaken'd virtue lies  
 Ubaldo forward stept, and to him held  
 Of diamonds clear that pure and precious shield

## XXX

Upon the targe his looks amaz'd he bent,  
 And therein all his wanton habit spied,  
 His civet, balm, and perfumes redolent,  
 How from his locks thoy smok'd and mantle wide;  
 His sword, that many a Pagan stout had shent,  
 Bewrapt with flow'rs hung idly by his side,  
 So nicely decked that it seem'd the knight  
 Wore it for fashion sake, but not for fight



## XXXV

That done, he hasted from the charmed fort,  
 And through the maze pass'd with his searchers twain.  
 Amidst of her mount and chiefest port  
 Wonder'd to find the furious keeper slain,  
 Awhile she feared, but she knew in short  
 That her dear lord was fled, then saw she plain  
 (Ah, woeful sight!) how from her gates the man  
 In haste, in fear, in wrath, in anger ran

## XXXVI

Whither, O cruel! leav'st thou me alone?—  
 She would have cried, her grief her speeches stay'd,  
 So that her woeful words are backward gone,  
 And in her heart a bitter echo made  
 Poor soul! of greater skill than she was one  
 Whose knowledge from her thus her joy convey'd,  
 Thus wist she well, yet had desire to prove  
 If art could keep, if charms recall her love

## XXXVII

All what the witches of Thessalia land  
 With lips unpure yet ever said or spake,  
 Words that could make heav'n's rolling circles stand,  
 And draw the damned ghosts from Limbo lake,  
 All well she knew, but yet no time she fand  
 To use her knowledge or her charms to make,  
 But left her arts, and forth she ran to prove  
 If single beauty were best charm for love

## XXXVIII.

She ran, nor of her honour took regard  
 (Oh where be all her vaunts and triumphs now?  
 Love's empire great of late she made or maid,  
 To her his subjects humbly bend and bow,  
 And with her pride mix'd was a scorn so hard,  
 That to be lov'd she lov'd, yet whilst they woo,  
 Her lovers all she hates, that pleas'd her will,  
 To conquer men, and conquer'd, so to kill )



## XXIV

But now herself disdains d, abandoned  
 Ran after him that from her fled in scorn,  
 And her despised beauty laboured  
 With humble plaints and prayers to adorn  
 She ran and hasted after him that fled  
 Through frost and snow through brier bush and thorn  
 And sent her cries on messengers before  
 That reach'd not him till he had reach'd the shore.—

## XL

O thou that leav'st but half behind (quoth she)  
 Of my poor heart, and half with thee dost carry  
 O take this part or render that to me  
 Else kill them both at once: ah! tarry tarry  
 Hear my last words no jangling kiss of thee  
 I crave for some more fit with thee to marry  
 Keep them: n' lo! what fear'st thou if thou stay?  
 Thou may'st deny as well as run away —

## XLI

At this Blenheim stopp'd stood still and stay'd.  
 She came, sad, breathless weary faint, and weak  
 So woe-begone was never nymph or maid  
 And yet her beauty's pride grief could not break:  
 On him she look'd, she gaz'd but nought she said;  
 She would not, could not, or she durst not speak.  
 At her he look'd not, glanc'd not; if he did,  
 Those glances shamefast were, close secret hid.

## XLII

As minstrel singers, ere they strain on high  
 In loud melodious tunes their gentle voice  
 Prepare the hearers' ears to harmony  
 With sighings sweet, low notes and warbles choice;  
 So she, not having yet forgot parable  
 Her wailing shifts and sighs in Cupid's toys,  
 A sequence first of sighs and sobs forth cast  
 To breed compassion dear then spake at last —

## XVIII

Suppose not, cruel! that I come to woo  
Or pray, as ladies do their loves and lords,  
Such were we late, if thou disdain it now,  
Or scorn to grant such grace as love affords,  
At least yet as an en'my listen thou,  
Sworn foes sometime will talk and chaffer words,  
For what I ask thee may'st thou grant right well,  
And lessen nought thy wrath and anger fell

## XLIV

If me thou hate, and in that hate delight,  
I come not to appease thee, hate me still,  
It's like for like, I bore great hate and spite  
'Gainst Christians all, chiefly I wish'd thee ill  
I was a pagan born, and all my might  
Against Godfredo bent, mine art and skill,  
I follow'd thee, took thee, and bore thee fair  
To this strange isle, and kept thee safe from war,

## XLV

And more, which more thy hate may justly move  
More to thy loss, more to thy shame and grief,  
I thee enchanted and allur'd to love,  
Wicked deceit, craft worthy sharp reproof  
Mine honour gave I thee, all gifts above,  
And of my beauty made thee lord and chief,  
And to my suitors old what I deny'd,  
That gave I thee, my lover new, unpray'd

## XLVI

But reckon that among my faults, and let  
Those many wrongs provoke thee so to wrath  
That hence thou run, and that at nought thou set  
This pleasant house, so many joys which hath  
Go, travel, pass the seas, fight, conquest get,  
Destroy our faith, what, shall I say our faith?  
Ah no! no longer ours, before thy shrine  
Alone I pray, thou cruel saint of mine

## XLVII.

Whil only let me go with thee unhild  
 A small request although I were thy slave;  
 The speaker widdow be as the pery behind  
 Who transjans lets his captives with him go;  
 Among thy prisoners pour widdow be,  
 And let the camp increase thy prisoners be,  
 That thy lover be thou on the be-side  
 And point at me thy thrall and bond!

## XLVIII.

Despised I widdow be since my lord doth late  
 These locks, why keep I them or hold them dear?  
 Come out then off, that is my widdow state  
 My lady answer me and all my gear  
 I follow thee in spite of death and late  
 Through battle fierces where death is most appear;  
 Courage I have and strength enough, yett more  
 To lead thy owner pure and bear thy lance:

## XLIX.

I will or bear or be myself thy shield  
 And to defend thy life will lose mine own!  
 This breast, this I was soft shall be thy shield  
 Against storms of arrows, darts, and widdow thrown;  
 Thy foes pursue enroute ring thee in field  
 Will spare to strike thee (mine widdow known)  
 Less me they wound, nor will sharp vengeance take  
 On thee for this despised beauty's sake.

## L.

O wretch I dare I still want or help invoke  
 From this poor beauty scorned and dis- loved?  
 She said no more her tears her speeches broke, [rained;  
 Which from her eyes like streams from springs down  
 She would have caught him by the hand or cloak,  
 But he stopp'd backward and himself restrained;  
 Conquer'd his will, his heart ruth soften'd not,  
 There plaints no issue, love no entrance, got:

## LI

Love enter'd not to kindle in his breast  
(Which reason late had quench'd) his wonted flame,  
Yet enter'd pity in the place at least,  
(Love's sister, but a chaste and sober dame,)  
And stirr'd him so that hardly he suppress'd  
The springing tears that to his eyes up came,  
But yet e'en there his plaints repressed were,  
And (as he could) he look'd and feigned cheer

## LII.

Madam (quoth he) for your distress I grieve,  
And would amend it if I might or could,  
From your wise heart that fond affection drive,  
I cannot hate nor scorn you, though I would,  
I seek no vengeance, wrongs I all forgive,  
Nor you my servant nor my foe I hold,  
Truth is, you err'd, and your estate forgot,  
Too great your hate was, and your love too hot.

## LIII

But these are common faults, and faults of kind  
Excus'd by nature, by your sex, and years  
I erred likewise, if I pardon find,  
None can condemn you that our trespass hears  
Your dear remembrance will I keep in mind,  
In joys, in woes, in comforts, hopes, and fears,  
Call me your soldier and your knight, as far  
As Christian faith permits and Asia's war

## LIV

Ah! let our faults and follies here take end,  
And let our errors past you satisfy,  
And in this angle of the world ypend,  
Let both the fame and shame thereof now die  
From all the earth where I am known and kend  
I wish this fact should yet concealed lie,  
Nor yet in following me, poor knight, disgrace  
Your worth, your beauty, and your princely race

## LV

Stay here in peace I go, nor wend you may  
 With me, my guide your fellowship denies  
 Stay here, or hence depart some better way  
 And calm your thoughts you are both sage and wise.—  
 While thus he spoke her passions found no stay  
 But here and there she turn'd and roll'd her eyes  
 And staring on his face awhile at last  
 Thus in foul terms her bitter wrath forth burst:—

## LVI.

Of Sophia fair thou never wert the child  
 Not of the Arabian race yspring thou art;  
 The mad sea waves thee bore, some tigers wild  
 On Caucasus' cold crags nurs'd thee apart  
 Ah cruel man! in whom no token mild  
 Appeals of pity ruth or tender heart,  
 Could not my griefs, my woes, my plaints and all,  
 One sigh strain from thy breast, one tear make fall?

## LVII.

What shall I say or how renew my speech?  
 He scorns me leaves me, bids me call him mine  
 The victor hath his foe within his reach,  
 Yet pardons her that merits death and pine  
 Hear how he craves me how he can preach  
 (Like chaste Amneras) gainst love divine:  
 Oh heav'ns! oh gods! why do these men of shame  
 Thus spoil your temples and blaspheme your name?

## LVIII.

Go, cruel go! go with such peace, such rest,  
 Such joy such comfort as thou leav'st me here;  
 My angry soul, discharg'd from this weak breast  
 Shall haunt thee ever and stand thee near  
 And fury-like, in snakes and fire-brands dress'd,  
 Shall aye torment thee whom it late held dear:  
 And if thou scape the seas, the rocks, and sand  
 And come to fight amid the pagan bands,

## LIX.

There lying wounded 'mongst the hurt and slain,  
 Of these my wrongs thou shalt the vengeance bear,  
 And oft Armida shalt thou call in vain  
 At thy last gasp, this hope I soon to hear —  
 Here fainted she, with sorrow, grief, and pain,  
 Her latest words scant well expressed were,  
 But in a swoon on earth outstretch'd she lies,  
 Stiff were her frozen limbs, clos'd were her eyes.

## LX

Thou clos'd thine eyes, Armida, heav'n envied  
 Ease to thy grief or comfort to thy woe  
 Ah open them again, see tears down slide  
 From his kind eyes whom thou esteem'st thy foe,  
 If thou hadst heard, his sighs had mollify'd  
 Thine anger hard, he sigh'd and mourned so,  
 And, as he could, with sad and rueful look  
 His leave of thee and last farewell he took.

## LXI

What should he do? Leave on the naked sand  
 This woeful lady, half alive, half dead?  
 Kindness forbade, pity did that withstand,  
 But hard constraint, alas! did thence him lead  
 Away he went, the west wind blew from land  
 'Mongst the rich tresses of their pilot's head,  
 And with that golden sail the waves she cleft  
 To land he look'd till land unseen he left

## LXII

Wak'd from her trance, forsaken, speechless, sad  
 Armida wildly star'd and gaz'd about —  
 And is he gone (quoth she), nor pity had,  
 To leave me thus 'twixt life and death in doubt?  
 Could he not stay? could not the traitor lad  
 From this last trance help or recall me out?  
 And do I love him still, and on this sand  
 Still unreveng'd, still mourn, still weeping stand?

## LXIV

Flee no complaints farre off with arms and art  
 I will pursue to death this spiteful knight  
 Not earth a low centre, nor sea a deepest part  
 Nor heav'n, nor hell, can hide him from my might  
 I will o'ertake him, take him cleave his heart  
 Such vengeance fits a wronged lover a spate  
 In cruelty that cruel knight surpass  
 I will but what avail vain words alas!

## LXV

O fool! thou shouldst not have been cruel then,  
 (For then this cruel well deserved thine ire)  
 When thou in prison hadst entrapp'd the man  
 Now dead with cold, too late thouakest thro  
 But though my wit, my cunning nothing can,  
 Some other means shall work my heart's desire  
 To thee my beauty thine be all those wrongs,  
 Vengeance to thee, to thee revenge belongs

## LXVI

Thou shalt be his reward with murder's brand  
 That dare this traitor of his head deprive,  
 O you my lovers, on this rock doth stand  
 The castle of her love for whom you strive;  
 I, the sole heir of all Damascus' land  
 For this revenge myself and kingdom give:  
 If by this price my will I cannot gain  
 Nature gives beauty fortune wealth in vain.

## LXVII

But thee, vain gift! vain beauty! thee I scorn  
 I hate the kingdom which I have to give  
 I hate myself and rue that I was born  
 Only in hope of sweet revenge I live.—  
 Thus raging with fell ire she gan return  
 From that bare shore in haste and homeward drive,  
 And as true witness of her frantic ire  
 Her locks wav'd loose, face above, eyes sparkled fire.

## LXVII.

When she came home, she call'd with outcries shrill  
A thousand devils in Limbo deep that won,  
Black clouds the skies with horrid darkness fill,  
And pale for dread became th' eclipsed sun,  
The whirlwind bluster'd big on every hill,  
And hell to roar under her feet begun,  
You might have heard how through the palace wide  
Some spirits howl'd, some bark'd, some hiss'd, some cry'd.

## LXVIII.

A shadow blacker than the mirkest night  
Environ'd all the place with darkness sad,  
Wherein a firebrand gave a dreadful light,  
Kindled in hell by 'Tisiphone the mad  
Vanish'd the shade, the sun appear'd in sight,  
Pale were his beams, the air was nothing glad,  
And all the palace vanish'd was and gone,  
Nor of so great a work was left one stone

## LXIX.

As oft the clouds frame shapes of castles great  
Amid the air, that little time do last,  
But are dissolv'd by wind or Titan's heat,  
Or like vain dreams soon made and sooner pass'd,  
The palace vanish'd so, nor in his seat  
Left aught but rocks and crags by kind there plac'd:  
She in her coach, which two old serpents drew,  
Sat down, and as she us'd away she flew

## LXX

She broke the clouds and cleft the yielding sky,  
And 'bout her gather'd tempest, storm, and wind,  
The lands that view the south pole flew she by  
And left those unknown countries far behind  
The straits of Hercules she pass'd, which lie  
'Twixt Spain and Afric, nor her flight inclin'd  
To north or south, but still did forward ride,  
O'er seas and streams, till Syria's coasts she spy'd.



## LXXX.

Nor went she far and to Damascus fair  
 But of her country dear she fled the sight,  
 And guided to Asphalte's lake her chair  
 Where stood her rest: there she ends her flight  
 And from her damsel fair she made repair  
 To a deep vault, far from resort and light,  
 Where in sad thoughts a thousand doubts she cast,  
 Till grief and shame to wrath gave place at last.—

## LXXXI.

I will not hence (quoth she) till Egypt's Lord  
 In aid of Skon's King his host shall move,  
 Then will I use all helps that charms afford,  
 And change my shape or sex if so behoove  
 Well can I handle bow or lance or sword  
 The worthies all will aid me for my love:  
 I seek revenge, and to obtain the same,  
 Fear well regard of honour farewell shame

## LXXXII.

Nor let mine uncle and protector me  
 Reprove for this, he most deserves the blame;  
 My heart and soul (that weak and tender be)  
 He bent to deeds that maidens ill become;  
 His niece a wand'ring damsel first made he  
 He spur'd my youth, and I cast off my shame  
 He be the fault, if aught against mine estate  
 I did for love, or shall commit for hate.—

## LXXXIV

This said, her knights her ladies pages, squires  
 She all assembleth, and for journey fit,  
 In such fair arms and vestures them attires,  
 As show'd her wealth and well declar'd her wit;  
 And forward marched full of strange desires;  
 Nor rested she by day or night one whit,  
 Till she came there where all the eastern hands  
 Their kings and princes, lay on Gaza's strand

## BOOK XVII

## THE ARGUMENT.

Egypt's great host, in battle 'ray forth brought, The Caliph sends with Godfrey's pow'r to fight.	9
Armida, who Rinaldo's ruin sought, To them adjoins herself and Syria's might,	43
To satisfy her cruel will and thought, She gives herself to him that kills her knight.	16
He takes his fatal arms, and in his shield	57
His ancestors and their great deeds beheld	64

## I

GAZA (the city) on the frontier stands  
 Of Judah's realm, as men to Egypt ride,  
 Built near the sea, beside it of dry sands  
 Huge wildernesses lie and deserts wide,  
 Which the strong winds lift from the parched lands,  
 And toss like roaring waves in roughest tide,  
 That from those storms poor passengers almost  
 No refuge find, but there are drown'd and lost

## II

Within this town, won from the Turks of yore,  
 Strong garrison the king of Egypt plac'd,  
 And, for it nearer was and fitted more  
 That high emprise to which his thoughts he cast,  
 He left great Memphis, and to Gaza bore  
 His regal throne, and there, from countries vast  
 Of his huge empire, all the puissant host  
 Assembled he, and muster'd on the coast



[Jerusalem]

## III

Come say, my Muse<sup>1</sup> what manner times these were,  
And in those times how stood the state of things,  
What pow'r this monarch had, what arms they bear,  
What nations subject, and what friends he brings,  
For from all lands the southern ocean near

Or morning star, came princes, dukes, and kings,  
And only thou, of half the world well-nigh,  
The armies lords, and captains canst descry

## IV

When Egypt from the Greekish emperor  
Rebelled first and Christ's true faith deny'd,  
Of Mahomet's descent a warrior

There set his throne and rul'd that kingdom wide,  
Caliph he hight, and caliphs since that hour

Are his successors named all beside  
So Nilus old his kings long time had seen,  
That Ptolemies and Pharaohs call'd had been

## V

Establish'd was that kingdom in short while,

And grew so great, that over Asia's lands  
And Lybia's realms it stretched many a mile,

From Syria's coasts as far as Cyrene stands,

And southward passed 'gainst the course of Nile,

Through the hot clime where burnt Syene sands,

Hence bounded in with sandy deserts waste,

And thence with Euphrates' rich flood embrac'd

## VI

Maremma, myrrh and spices that doth bring,

And all the rich Red Sea it comprehends,

And to those lands toward the morning spring,

That lie beyond that gulf, it far extends

Great is that empire, greater by the king

That rules it now, whose worth the land amends

And makes more famous, lord thereof by blood,

By wisdom, valour, and all virtues good

## VII.

With Turks and Persians war he oft did wage  
And oft he won, and sometimes lost the field  
Nor could his adverse fortune aught amaze  
His valour's heat, or make his proud heart yield  
But when he grew unfit for war through age  
He sheath'd his sword and laid aside his shield  
But yet his warlike mind he laid not down,  
Nor his great thirst of rule praise and renown;

## VIII.

But by his knights still cruel wars maintain'd  
So wise his words, so quick his wit appears,  
That of the kingdom large o'er which he reign'd  
The charge seem'd not too weighty for his years  
His greatness Africk's lesser kings constrain'd  
To tremble at his name all India fears;  
And other realms that would his friendship hold  
Some armed soldiers sent, some gifts, some gold

## IX.

This mighty prince assembled had the flower  
Of all his realms against the Frenchmen stout,  
To break their rising empire and their power  
Nor of sure conquest had he fear or doubt  
To him Armida came, even at the hour  
When in the plains (old Gaza's walls without)  
The lords and leaders all their armies bring  
In battle ray muster'd before their king

## X.

He on his throne was set, to which on high  
Who climb'd an hundred lofty stairs first told  
Under a pentice wrought of silver bright,  
And trod on carpets made of silk and gold;  
His robes were such as best luxurians might  
A king so great, so grave, so rich, so old  
And twin'd of sixty coils of lawn and more  
A turban streaming adorn'd his lofty bore

## XI.

His right hand did his precious sceptre wield,  
His beard was grey, his looks severe and grave,  
And from his eyes (not yet made dim with eild)  
Sparkled his former worth and vigour brave,  
His gestures all the majesty upheild  
And state, as his old age and empire crave  
So Phidias carv'd, Apelles so, pardie,  
Erst painted Jove, Jove thund'ring down from sky

## XII

On either side him stood a noble lord,  
Whereof the first held in his upright hand  
Of severe justice the impartial sword,  
The other bore the scale and causes scann'd,  
Keeping his folk in peace and good accord,  
And termed was Lord Chancellor of the land  
But Marshal was the first, and us'd to lead  
His armies forth to war oft with good speed

## XIII

Of bold Circassians with their halberds long  
About his throne his guard stood in a ring,  
All richly arm'd in golden corslets strong,  
And by their sides their crooked swords down hing.  
Thus set, thus seated, his grave lords among,  
His hosts and armies great beheld the king,  
And every band, as by his throne it went,  
Their ensigns low inclin'd and arms down bent

## XIV

Their squadrons first the men of Egypt show  
In four troops, and each his several guide,  
Of the high country two, two of the low,  
Which Nile had won out of the salt sea side,  
His fertile slime first stopp'd the water's flow,  
Then harden'd to firm land the plough to bide,  
So Egypt still increas'd, within far plac'd  
That part is now where ships erst ancor cast.

## XV

The furthest band the people were that dwell'd  
In Alexandria's rich and fertile plain  
Along the western shore, whence Nile expell'd  
The greedy billows of the swelling main;  
Araspes was their guide, who more excell'd  
In wit and craft than strength or warlike pain;  
To place an ambush close, or to devise  
A treason false, was none so sly so wise.

## XVI.

The people next that gainst the morning rays  
Along the coast of Asia have their seat  
Arontes led them, whom no warlike praise  
Ennobled, but high birth and titles great  
His helm ne'er made him sweat in toilsome frays  
Nor was his sleep e'er broke with trumpet's threat  
But from soft ease to try the toll of fight,  
His fond ambition brought this carpet knight.

## XVII.

The third seem'd not a troop or squadron small  
But a huge host, nor seem'd it so much grain  
In Egypt grew as to sow in them all  
Yet from one town thereof came all that train,  
A town in people to huge shores equal  
That did a thousand streets and more contain;  
Great Cair it light, whose entrance from each side  
Came warring out to war Campion their guide.

## XVIII.

Next under Gazel marched they that plough  
The fertile lands above that town which lie,  
Up to the place where Nilus tumbling low  
Falls from his second cataract on high.  
Th' Egyptians weapon'd were with sword and bow,  
No weight of helm or hawkberk list they try,  
And richly arm'd, in their strong foes no dread  
Of death but great desire of spoil, they bred.

## XIX

The naked folk of Barca these succeed,  
Unarmed half, Alarcon led that band,  
That long in deserts liv'd in extreme need,  
On spoils and preys purchas'd by strength of hand  
To battle strong unfit, their king did lead  
His army next brought from Zumara land  
Then he of Tripoli, for sudden fight  
And skirmish short, both ready, bold, and light

## XX

Two captains next brought forth their bands to show,  
Whom Stony sent and Happy Arabie,  
Which never felt the cold of frost and snow,  
Or force of burning heat, unless fame lie,  
Where incense pure and all sweet odours grow,  
Where the sole phœnix doth revive, not die,  
And 'midst the perfumes rich and flow'rets brave,  
Both birth and burial, cradle hath and grave,

## XXI

Their clothes not rich, their garments were not gay,  
But weapons like th' Egyptian troops they had  
Th' Arabians next that have no certain stay,  
No house, no home, no mansion good or bad,  
But ever (as the Scythian hordas stray)  
From place to place their wand'ring cities gad  
These have both voice and stature feminine,  
Hair long and black, black face, and fiery eye

## XXII

Long Indian canes, with iron arm'd, they bear,  
And as upon their nimble steeds they ride,  
Like a swift storm their speedy troops appear,  
It winds so fast bring storms from heavens wide.  
By Syphax led the first Arabians were,  
Aldine the second squadron had to guide,  
And Abiazar proud brought to the fight  
The third, a thief, a murd'rer, not a knight



## XXIII

The Islanders came then their prince before  
 Whose lands Arabia's gulf inclos'd about,  
 Wherein they fish and gather oysters store  
 Whose shells great pearls rich and round pour out :  
 The Red Sea sent with them from his left shore,  
 Of negroes grim a black and ugly rout  
 These Agricul, and those Osmada brought,  
 A man that set law faith, and truth at nought.

## XXIV

The Ethiops next which Maroe doth breed,  
 (That sweet and gentle isle of Maroe)  
 Twixt Nile and Astrabore that far doth spread,  
 Where two religion are, and kingdoms three  
 These Amru and Canaro lead,  
 Both kings, both pagans, and both subject be  
 To the great caliph ; but the third king kept  
 Christ's sacred faith nor to those wars outstepp'd.

## XXV

After two kings (both subject also) ride,  
 And of two bands of archers had the charge  
 The first Soldan of Orms, plac'd in the wide  
 Huge Persian bay a town rich, fair and large  
 The last of Bocon which at every tide  
 The sea cuts off from Persia's southern marg  
 And makes an isle but when it ebbs again  
 The place there is sandy dry and plain.

## XXVI.

Nor thee great Altamore! in her chaste bed  
 Thy loving queen kept with her dear embrace  
 She tore her locks, she smote her breast, and shed  
 Salt tears to make thee stay in that sweet place :—  
 Seem the rough seas more calm, cruel! she said,  
 Than the mild looks of thy kind spouse's face?  
 Or is thy shield with blood and dust defil'd,  
 A dearer arm! than thy tender child?—

## XXVII

This was the mighty king of Sarmachand,  
 A captain wise, well skill'd in feats of war,  
 In courage fierce, matchless for strength of hand,  
 Great was his praise, his force was noised far,  
 His worth right well the Frenchmen understand,  
 By whom his virtues fear'd and loved are  
 His men were arm'd with helms and hauberks strong,  
 And by their sides broad swords and masses hong

## XXVIII

Then from the mansions bright of fresh Aurore  
 Adrastus came, the glorious king of Inde,  
 A snake's green skin spotted with black he wore,  
 That was made rich by art and hard by kind,  
 An elephant this furious giant bore,  
 He fierce as fire, his mounture swift as wind,  
 Much people brought he from his kingdoms wide,  
 'Twixt Indus, Ganges, and the salt sea side

## XXIX

The king's own troops came next, a chosen crew,  
 Of all the camp the strength, the crown, the flow'r,  
 Wherein each soldier had with honours due  
 Rewarded been for service ere that hour,  
 Their arms were strong for need and fair for shew,  
 Upon fierce steeds well mounted rode this pow'r,  
 And heav'n itself with the clear splendour shone  
 Of their bright armour, purple, gold, and stone

## XXX

'Mongst these Alarco fierce, and Odemare  
 The muster-master was, and Hidraort,  
 And Rumedon, whose rashness took no care  
 To shun death's bitter stroke in field or fort,  
 Tigranes, Rapold stern, the men that fare  
 By sea, that robbed in each creek and port -  
 Ormond, and Marlabust th' Arabian nam'd,  
 Because that land rebellious he reclaim'd

## XXX

There Pirga, Arimon, Orinda are,  
 Brumarlo the scaler and with him Swifant  
 The breaker of wild horses brought from far  
 Then the great wrestler strong Arful manto;  
 And Tisapherno, the thunderbolt of war  
 Whom none surpass'd, whom none to match durst vaunt  
 At tilt, at tourney or in combat brave,  
 With spear or lance, with sword, with mace or glaive.

## XXXI

A false Armenian did this squadron guile,  
 That in his youth from Christ's true faith and light  
 To the blind lore of paganism did slide,  
 That Cleurent late, now Emirno hight;  
 Yet to his king he faithful was and try'd  
 True in all causes his in wrong and right  
 A cunning leader and a soldier bold,  
 For strength and courage young for wisdom old.

## XXXII

When all these regiments were pass'd and gone  
 Apppear'd Armide, and came her troop to show;  
 Set in a chariot bright with precious stone,  
 Her gown tack'd up, and in her hand a bow  
 In her sweet face her new displeasures shone  
 Mix'd with the native beauties there which grow  
 And quicken'd so her looks, that in sharp-wise  
 It seems she threats, and yet her threats entice:

## XXXIII

Her chariot, like Aurora's glorious wain,  
 With carmenies and yarl the glitter'd round  
 Her coachmen gilded with the golden rein  
 Four unicorns by couples yok'd and bound  
 Of sables and lovely ladies hundreds twin  
 (Whose rattling quivers at their backs remaind)  
 On milk white steeds wait on the chariot bright,  
 Their steeds to manage ready swift to flight:

## XXXV.

Follow'd her troop, led forth by Aradin,  
 Which Hidraort from Syria's kingdom sent  
 As when the new-born phoenix doth begin  
 To fly to Ethiop-ward at the fair bent  
 Of her rich wings, strange plumes, and feathers thin,  
 Her crowns and chains with native gold bespient,  
 The world amazed stands, and with her fly  
 A host of wond'ring birds, that sing and cry

## XXXVI

So pass'd Armida, look'd on, gaz'd on so,  
 A wond'rous dame in habit, gesture, face,  
 There liv'd no wight to love so great a foe,  
 But wish'd and long'd those beauties to embrace,  
 Scant seen, with anger sullen, sad for woe,  
 She conquer'd all the lords and knights in place  
 What would she do (her sorrows past) think you,  
 When her fair eyes, her looks, and smiles shall woo?

## XXXVII

She past, the king commanded Emiren  
 Of his rich throne to mount the lofty stage,  
 To whom his host, his army, and his men,  
 He would commit, now in his graver age  
 With stately grace the man approached then,  
 His looks his coming honour did presage  
 The guard asunder cleft and passage made,  
 He to the throne up went, and there he stay'd,

## XXXVIII.

To earth he cast his eyes, and bent his knee  
 To whom the king thus 'gan his will explain —  
 To thee this sceptre, Emiren! to thee  
 These armies I commit, my place sustain  
 'Mongst them, go set the King of Judah free,  
 And let the Frenchmen feel my just disdain,  
 Go, meet them, conquer them, leave none alive,  
 Or those that 'scape from battle bring captive —

Thus spake the tyrant, and the sceptre laid  
With all his suzerain power upon the knight.—  
I take this sceptre at your hand (he said)  
And with your happy fortune go to fight  
And trust, my lord, in your great virtue's aid,  
To engage all Asia's harms, her wrongs to right,  
Nor e'er but victor will I see your face,  
Our overthrow shall bring death not disgrace

## XL.

Heav'n's grant, if ill (yet no mishap I dread)  
Or harm they threaten gamut this camp of thine,  
That all that mischief fall upon my head,  
Theirs be the conquest, and the danger mine,  
And let them safe bring home their captain dead  
Buried in pomp of triumph's glorious shrine.—  
He ceased, and then a murmur loud up went,  
With noise of joy and sound of instrument

## XLI.

Amid the noise and shout up rose the king  
Environed with many a noble peer  
That to his royal tent the monarch bring,  
And there he feasted them and made them cheer  
To him and him he talk'd, and carry'd each thing  
The greatest honour'd, meanest graced were  
And while this mirth, this joy and feast doth last,  
Ariska found fit time her nets to cast.

## XLII.

But when the feast was done she (that spy'd  
All eyes on her fair visage fix'd and bent,  
And by true notes and certain signs descri'd  
How love's imprison'd fire their entrails brent)  
Arose, and where the king sat in his pride,  
With stately pace and humble gestures went  
And as she could, in looks, in voice, she strove  
Fierce, stern, bold, angry and severe to prove.—

## XLIII

Great emperor, behold me here (she said),  
For thee, my country, and my faith to fight  
A dame, a virgin, but a royal maid,  
And worthy seems this war a princess' height,  
For by the sword the sceptre is upstay'd,  
This hand can use them both with skill and might,  
This hand of mine can strike, and at each blow  
Thy foes and ours kill, wound, and overthrow

## XLIV

Nor yet suppose this is the foremost day  
Wherein to war I bent my noble thought,  
But for the surety of thy realms, and stay  
Of our religion true, ere this I wrought.  
Yourself best know if this be true I say,  
Or if my former deeds rejoic'd you aught,  
When Godfrey's hardy knights and princes strong  
I captive took, and held in bondage long

## XLV

I took them, bound them, and so sent them bound  
To thee, a noble gift, with whom they had  
Condemned low in dungeon under ground  
For ever dwelt, in woe and torment sad,  
So might thine host an easy way have found  
To end this doubtful war with conquest glad,  
Had not Rinaldo fierce my knights all slain,  
And set those lords (his friends) at large again

## XLVI

Rinaldo is well known, (and there a long  
And true rehearsal made she of his deeds,)  
This is the knight that since hath done me wrong,  
Wrong yet untold, that sharp revengement needs  
Displeasure, therefore, mix'd with reason strong,  
This thirst of war in me, this courage breeds,  
Nor how he injur'd me time serves to tell,  
Let this suffice, I seek revengement fell,

## XLVII.

And will procure it, for all shafts that fly  
 Light not in vain, some work the shooter's will  
 And Jove's right hand, with thunders cast from sky  
 Takes open vengeance oft for such a ill  
 But if some champion dare this knight defy  
 To mortal battle, and by fight him kill,  
 And with his hateful head will me pursue,  
 That gift my soul shall please my heart content

## XLVIII.

So please, that for me and enjoy he shall  
 (The greatest gift I can or may afford)  
 Myself, my beauty wealth and kingdoms all,  
 To marry him and take him for my lord.  
 This promise will I keep, what'er befall  
 And thereto bind myself by oath and word:  
 Now he that deems this purchase worth his pain,  
 Let him step forth and speak, I none did in —

## XLIX.

While thus the princess said, his hungry eyes  
 Adrastus fed on her sweet beauty's light —  
 The gods forbid (quoth he) one shaft of thine  
 Should be dash'd ag'd' gainst that divine knight;  
 His heart unworthy is, shootress divine!  
 Of thine artillery to feel the might  
 To wreak thine ire behold me prest and fit,  
 I will his head cut off, and bring thee it

## L.

I will his heart with this sharp sword divide,  
 And to the vultures cast his carcass out —  
 Thus threaten'd he but Timophere env'y'd  
 To hear his glorious vaunt and boasting stout,  
 And said — But who art thou, that so great pride  
 Thou show'st before the king me, and thus rout?  
 Pardie, here are some such whose worth exceeds  
 Thy vaunting much yet boast not of their deeds —

## LI

'The Indian fierce reply'd—I am the man  
Whose acts his words and boasts have aye surpass'd ,  
But if elsewhere the words thou now began  
Had utter'd been, that speech had been thy last —  
Thus quarrell'd they , the monarch stay'd them then,  
And 'twixt the angry knights his sceptre cast  
Then to Armida said —Fair queen, I see  
Thy heart is stout, thy thoughts courageous be ,

## LII

Thou worthy art that their disdain and ire  
At thy commands these knights should both appease,  
That 'gainst thy foe their courage hot as fire  
Thou may'st employ, both when and where thou please ,  
There all their pow'r and force, and what desire  
They have to serve thee, may they shew at ease —  
The monarch held his peace when this was said,  
And they new proffer of their service made .

## LIII

Nor they alone, but all that famous were  
In feats of arms, boast that he shall be dead ,  
All offer her their aid, all say and swear  
To take revenge on his condemned head  
So many arms mov'd she against her dear,  
And swore her darling under foot to tread.  
But he, since first th' enchanted isle he left,  
Safe in his barge the roaring waves still cleft.

## LIV.

By the same way return'd the well-taught boat  
By which it came, and made like haste, like speed  
The friendly wind, upon her sail that smote,  
So turn'd as to return her ship had need  
The youth sometime the pole or bear did note,  
Or wand'ring stars which clearest nights forth spread ,  
Sometimes the floods, the hills, or mountains steep,  
Whose woody fronts o'ersshade the silent deep



## LVI

Now of the camp the man the state inquires,  
 Now asks the cause of strange of sundry kinds  
 And said till clad in beams and bright arrays  
 The fourth day a sun on the eastern threshold shined  
 But when the western sun had quenched those rays  
 Their frigate struck again the shore and  
 Then spoke their guide—The land of I alatus  
 This is here must your journey end and mine—

## LVII

The knights she set upon the shore all three  
 And vanish'd thence in twinkling of an eye.  
 Up rose the night, in whose deep darkness lay  
 All colours hid of things in earth or sky  
 Nor could they turn or hold, or harbour see,  
 Or in that desert sign of dwelling spy  
 Nor track of man or horse or sight that might  
 Inform them of some path or passage right.

## LVIII

When they had mused what way they travel should,  
 From the waste shore their steps at last they wind'd;  
 And, lo! far off at last their eyes behold  
 Something, they wist not what, that clearly shined  
 With rays of silver and with beams of gold,  
 Which the dark folds of night's black mantle lind  
 Forward they went and march'd against the light  
 To see and find the thing that shone so bright.

## LXIII

High on a tree they saw an armour new  
 That glister'd bright against Cynthia's silver ray,  
 Therein like stars in skies, the li'ly metals shew  
 E'er in the gilded helm and hauberk gay;  
 The mighty shield all scored full they view  
 Of pictures fair ranged in meet array  
 To keep them sat an aged man beakle  
 Who to salute them rose when them he spy'd.

## LIX

The twain who first were sent in this pursuit,  
 Of their wise friend well new the aged face,  
 But when the wizard sage their first salute  
 Receiv'd, and quitted had with kind embrace,  
 To the young prince, that silent stood and mute,  
 He turn'd his speech — In this unused place  
 For you alone I wait, my lord (quoth he),  
 My chiefest care your state and welfare be,

## LX

For, though you wot it not, I am your friend,  
 And for your profit work, as these can tell.  
 I taught them how Armida's charms to end,  
 And bring you hither from love's hateful cell  
 Now to my words (though sharp perchance) attend,  
 Nor be aggriev'd although they seem too fell,  
 But keep them well in mind, till in the truth  
 A wise and holier man instruct thy youth.

## LXI

Not underneath sweet shades and fountains shrill,  
 Among the nymphs, the faeries, leaves, and flow'rs,  
 But on the steep, the rough, and craggy hill  
 Of virtue, stand this bliss, this good of ours,  
 By toil and travail, not by sitting still  
 In pleasure's lap, we come to honour's bow'rs.  
 Why will you thus in sloth's deep valley lie?  
 The royal eagles on high mountains fly

## LXII.

Nature lifts up thy forehead to the skies,  
 And fills thy heart with high and noble thought,  
 That thou to heav'nward aye shouldst lift thine eyes,  
 And purchase fame by deeds well done and wrought,  
 She gives thee ire, by which hot courage flies  
 To conquest, not through brawls and battles fought  
 For civil jars, nor that thereby you might  
 Your wicked malice wreak and cursed spite,

## XIII

But that your strength spur'd forth with noble wrath,  
 With greater fury might Christ's foes       It  
 And that you bridle should with lesser scath  
 Each secret vice, and kill each inward fault  
 For so his godly anger ruled hath  
 Each righteous man beneath heav'n's starry vault  
 And at his will makes it now hot, now cold  
 Now lets it run, now doth it fetter'd hold.—

## LXIV

Thus percol'd he. Rinaldo blush'd and still  
 Great wisdom heard in those few words compil'd  
 He mark'd his speech   a purple blush did fill  
 His guilty cheeks   down went his eye-sight mild  
 The hermit by his beauteous looks his will  
 Well understood, and said — Look up, my child  
 And painted in this precious shield behold  
 The glorious deeds of thy forefathers old

## LXV

Thus elders' glory herein see and know  
 In virtue's path how they trod all their days,  
 Whom thou art far behind, a runner slow  
 In this true course of honour, fame, and praise.  
 Up! up! thyself incite by the fair show  
 Of knightly worth which this bright shield bears rays  
 That be thy spur to praise.—At last the knight  
 Look'd up, and on those portraits bent his sight.

## LXVI

The cunning workman had in little space  
 I knit shapes of men there well express'd  
 For there described was the worthy race  
 And pedigree of all the house of Este;  
 Came from a Roman spring o'er all the place  
 Flow'd pure streams of crystal east and west  
 With laurel crowned stood the princes old,  
 Their wars the hermit and their battles told

## LXVII

He show'd him Caius first, when first in prey  
 To people strange the falling empire went,  
 First Prince of Este, that did the sceptre sway  
 O'er such as chose him lord by free consent;  
 His weaker neighbours to his rule obey,  
 Need made them stoop, constraint doth force content  
 After, when Lord Honorius call'd the train  
 Of savage Goths into his land again,

## LXVIII

And when all Italy did burn and flame  
 With bloody war, by this fierce people made,  
 When Rome a captive and a slave became,  
 And to be quite destroy'd was most afraid,  
 Aurelius, to his everlasting fame,  
 Preserv'd in peace the folk that him obey'd  
 Next whom was Forrest, who the rage withstood  
 Of the bold Huns, and of their tyrant proud

## LXIX

Known by his look was Attila the fell,  
 Whose dragon eyes shone bright with anger's spark,  
 Worse faced than a dog, who view'd him well  
 Suppos'd they saw him grin and heard him bark,  
 But when in single fight he lost the bell,  
 How through his troops he fled there might you mark,  
 And how Lord Forrest after fortified  
 Aquila's town, and how for it he died,

## LXX

For there was wrought the fatal end and fine  
 Both of himself and of the town he kept  
 But his great son, renowned Acarine,  
 Into his father's place and honours stepp'd.  
 To cruel fate, not to the Huns, Altine  
 Gave place, and when time serv'd again forth leapt,  
 And in the vale of Po built for his sect,  
 Of many a village small, a city great

## LXXI.

Against the swelling flood he bank'd it strong;  
And thence up rose the fair and noble town  
Where they of Este should by succession long  
Command, and rule in bliss and high renown.  
Gainst Odovacar then he fought but wrong  
Oft spoileth right, fortune treads courage down  
For there he died for his dear country's sake,  
And of his fathers' praises did so partake

## LXXII

With him died Alphonso Azzo was  
With his dear brother into exile sent  
But homewards they in arms again repose  
(The Herule king oppress'd) from banishment  
His front through pierced with a dart (alas!)  
Next them of Este th' Epaminondas went,  
That smiling seem'd to cruel death to yield  
When Totila was fled, and safe his shield.

## LXXIII.

Of Ronfaro I speak. Valerian  
His son, in praise and pow'r succeeded him  
Who durst sustain in years though scant a man  
Of the proud Goths an hundred squadrons trim.  
Then he that gainst the Slaves much honour won,  
Ernesto threat'ning stood with visage grim  
Before him Alward, the Lombard stout  
Who from Marcellus boldly erst shut out.

## LXXIV

There Henry was, and Berengare the bold,  
That serv'd Great Charles in his conquests high,  
Who in each battle gave the onset would,  
A hardy soldier and a captain sly  
After Prince Lewis did he well uphold  
Against his nephew king of Italy  
He won the field, and took that king alive.  
Next him stood Otho with his children five.

## LXXV

Of Almerike the image next they view,  
Lord Marquis of Ferrara first create,  
Founder of many churches, that upthrew  
His eyes like one that used to contemplate.  
'Gainst him the second Azzo stood in rew,  
With Berengarius that did long debate,  
Till after often change of fortune's stroke,  
He won, and on all Italy laid the yoke

## LXXVI

Albert, his son, the Germans warr'd among,  
And there his praise and fame was spread so wide,  
That having foil'd the Danes in battle strong,  
His daughter young became great Otho's bride  
Behind him Hugo stood, with warfare long  
That broke the horn of all the Romans' pride,  
Who of all Italy the Marquis hight,  
And 'Tuscan whole possessed as his right

## LXXVII

After Tedaldo, puissant Boniface  
And Beatrice his dear possess'd the stage,  
Nor was there left heir male of that great race  
T' enjoy the sceptre, state, and heritage,  
The Princess Maude alone supplied the place,  
Supplied the want in number, sex, and age,  
For far above each sceptre, throne, and crown,  
The noble Dame advanc'd her veil and gown

## LXXVIII

With manlike vigour shone her noble look,  
And more than manlike wrath her face o'erspread,  
There the fell Normans, Guichard there forsook  
The field, till then who never fear'd nor fled,  
Henry the Fourth she beat, and from him took  
His standard, and in church it offered,  
Which done, the Pope back to the Vatican  
She brought, and plac'd in Peter's chair again

## LXXIX.

As he that honour'd her and beld her dear  
 Azzo the Fifth stood by her lovely side:  
 But the Fourth Azzo's offspring far and near  
 Spread forth and through Germani' fructify'd:  
 Sprung from that branch did Guelfho bold appear,  
 Guelfho his son by Cunigond his bride;  
 And in Bavaria's field transplant' fell now  
 This Roman graft flourish'd increas'd, and grow

## XXX

A branch of Esto there in the Guelfian tree  
 Ingrafted was, which of itself was old  
 Whereon you might the Guelfhos fairer see  
 Renew their sceptres and their crowns of gold;  
 On which heav'n's good aspects so bended be,  
 That high and broad it spread and flourish'd bold,  
 Till underneath his glorious branches laid  
 Half Germany and all under his shade

## XXXI

This regal plant from his Italian root  
 Sprung up as high and blossom'd fair above,  
 For neast Lord Guelfho Bertold issued out,  
 With the Sixth Azzo whom all virtues love.  
 This was the pedigree of worthies stout,  
 Who seem'd in that bright shield to live and move.  
 Rinaldo waked up and cheer'd his face,  
 To see those worthies of his house and race.

## I XXXII

To do like acts his courage whild and sought,  
 And with that wish transported him so far  
 That all those deeds which fill'd aye his thought,  
 (Towns won forts taken armies kill'd in war)  
 As if they were things done indeed and wrought,  
 Before his eyes he thl'd they present are  
 He hastily arms him, and with hope and haste  
 Sure conquest met, prevented and embrac'd.

## LXXXIII

But Charles, who had told the death and fall  
 Of the young Prince of Danes, his late dear lord,  
 Gave him the fatal weapon, and withal— [sword,  
 Young knight, (quoth he,) take with good luck this  
 Your just, strong, valiant hand, in battle shall  
 Employ it long, for Christ's true faith and word;  
 And of its former lord revenge the wrongs,  
 Who lov'd you so, that deed to you belongs —

## LXXXIV

He answered —God for his mercy sake  
 Grant that this hand which holds this weapon good,  
 For thy dear master may sharp vengeance take,  
 May cleave the Pagan's heart and shed his blood —  
 To this but short reply did Charles make,  
 And thank'd him much, nor more on terms they stood,  
 For, lo! the wizard sage that was their guide,  
 On their dark journey hastes them forth to ride —

## LXXXV

High time it is (quoth he) for you to wend  
 Where Godfrey you awaits and many a knight,  
 There may we well arrive ere night doth end,  
 And through this darkness can I guide you right —  
 This said, up to his coach they all ascend,  
 On its swift wheels forth roll'd the chariot light,  
 He gave his coursers fleet the rod and rein,  
 And gallop'd forth and eastward drove amain

## LXXXVI

While silent so through night's dark shade they fly,  
 The hermit thus bespake the young man stout —  
 Of thy great house, thy race, thine offspring high,  
 Here hast thou seen the branch, the bole, the root,  
 And as these worthies born to chivalry  
 And deeds of arms it hath tofore brought out,  
 So is it, so it shall be fertile still,  
 Nor time shall end, nor age that seed shall kill



## LXXVII.

Would God as drawn from the forgetful lap  
 Of antique time I had those elders shown  
 That so I could the catalogue unroll  
 Of thy great nephews yet unborn, unknown  
 That ere this light they view their fate and hap  
 I might foretell and how their chance is shown;  
 That like thine elders so thou mightst at birth  
 Thy children many a son stout, and bold

## LXXVIII.

But not by art or skill of things future  
 Can the plain truth revealed be and told,  
 Although some knowledge is still dark, obscure,  
 We have of coming days in charl's uproll'd  
 Nor all which in this cause I know for sure  
 Dare I foretell for of that father old,  
 The hermit Peter learn'd I much, and he  
 Withouten veil bear'd a's secrets great and deep

## LXXIX.

But this (to him reveal'd by grace divine)  
 By him to me declar'd, to thee I say  
 Was never race, Greek, Latin, or Latine,  
 Great in times past, or famous at this day  
 Richer in hardy knights than this of thine  
 Such blessings heav'n shall on thy children lay  
 That they in fame shall pass, in praise o'ercome  
 The worthies old of Sparta, Carthago, Rome

## XC.

But amongst the rest I choose Alphonsus bold  
 In virtue first, second in place and name  
 He shall be born when this frail world grows old  
 Corrupted, poor and bare of men of name,  
 Better than he none shall none can or could  
 The sword or sceptre use, or guide the same  
 To rule in peace, or to command in fight,  
 Thine offspring's glory and thy house's light

## XCI

His younger age foretokens true shall yield  
Of future valour, puissance, force, and might,  
From him no rock the savage beast shall shield,  
At tilt or tourney match him shall no knight,  
After he conquer shall in pitched field  
Great armies, and win spoils in single fight,  
And on his locks (rewards for knightly praise)  
Shall garlands wear of grass, of oak, of bays

## XCII

His graver age, as well that eild it fits,  
Shall happy peace preserve and quiet blest,  
And from his neighbours strong 'mongst whom he sits,  
Shall keep his cities safe in wealth and rest,  
Shall nourish arts, and cherish pregnant wits,  
Make triumphs great, and feast his subjects best,  
Reward the good, the ill with pains torment,  
Shall dangers all foresee, and seen prevent

## XCIII

But if it hap, against those wicked bands  
That sea and earth infest with blood and war,  
And in these wretched times to noble lands  
Give laws of peace false and unjust that are,  
That he be sent to drive their guilty hands  
From Christ's pure altars and high temples far,  
O what revenge, what vengeance shall he bring  
On that false sect and their accursed king!

## XCIV.

Too late the Moors, too late the Turkish king,  
'Gainst him should arm their troops and legions bold,  
For he beyond great Euphrates should bring,  
Beyond the frozen tops of Taurus cold,  
Beyond the land where is perpetual spring,  
The cross, the eagle white, the lily of gold,  
And, by baptizing of the Ethiops brown,  
Of aged Nile reveal the springs unknown —

## XCV

Thus said the hermit, and his prophecy  
The Prince accepted with content and pleasure  
The secret thought of his posterity  
Of his concealed joys heap'd up the measure  
Meanwhile the morning bright was mounted high,  
And chang'd heav'n's silver wealth to golden treasure,  
And high above the Christian tents they view  
How the broad ensign trembled wav'd, and blow ;

## XCVI.

When thus again their leader sage begun —  
See how bright Phoebus clears the darksome skies  
See how with gentle beams the friendly sun  
The tents, the towns, the hills, and dales describes,  
Through my well guiding is your voyage done  
From danger safe in travel oft which lies ;  
Hence, without fear of harm or doubt of foe  
March to the camp I may no nearer go.—

## XCVII.

Thus took he leave, and made a quick return  
And forward went the champions three on foot  
And marching right against the rising morn  
A ready I go to the camp found out.  
Meanwhile had speedy fame the tidings borne  
That to the tents approach'd those barons stout,  
And starting from his throne and kingly seat,  
To entertain them rose Godfredo great.

## BOOK XVIII

## THE ARGUMENT

The charms and spirits false therein which lie	
Rinaldo chase'd from the forest old	18
The host of Egypt comes Vifrine the spy	57
Ent'reth their camp, stout, crafty, wise, and bold	
Sharp is the fight about the bulwarks high	
And ports of Zion, to assault the hold.	64
Godfrey hath aid from heav'n by force the town	92
Is won, the Pagans slain, walls beaten down.	

## I

Arriv'd where Godfrey to embrace him stood —  
 My sovereign lord, Rinaldo meekly said,  
 To 'venge my wrongs against Gerardo proud,  
 My honour's care provok'd my wrath unstay'd  
 But that I you pleas'd, my chieftain good,  
 My thoughts yet grieve, my heart is still dismay'd,  
 And here I come, prest all exploits to try,  
 To make me gracious in your gracious eye —

## II

To him that kneel'd (folding his friendly arms  
 About his neck) the Duke this answer gave —  
 Let pass such speeches sad of passed harms,  
 Remembrance is the life of grief, his grave  
 Forgetfulness, and for amends, in arms  
 Your wonted valour use and courage brave,  
 For you alone to happy end must bring  
 The strong enchantments of the charmed spring

## III.

That aged wood whence heretofore we got  
To build our swelling engines timber fit,  
Is now the fearful seat, but how none wot,  
Where ugly fiends and damned spirits sit  
To cut one twist thereof adventureth not  
The boldest knight we have nor without it  
This wall can batter'd be : where others doubt  
There venture thou, and shew thy courage stout.—

## IV

This said he and the knight in speeches few  
Proffer'd his service to attempt the thing  
To hard assays his courage willing flew  
To him praise was no spar words were no sting  
Of his dear friends then he embrac'd the crew  
To welcome him which came far in a ring  
About him Goelpho, Tancred and the rest  
Stood, of the camp the greatest chief, and best.

## V

When with the Prince these lords had iterate  
Their welcomes oft, and oft their dear embrace  
Towards the rest of lesser worth and state  
He turn'd and them receiv'd with gentle grace :  
The merry soldiers 'bout him shout and prate  
With cries as joyful and as cheerful face  
As if in triumph's chariot bright as sun  
He had return'd, Africa or Asia won.

## VI.

Thus march'd to his tent the champion good  
And there sat down with all his friends around  
Now of the war he asks, now of the wood,  
And answer'd each demand they list propound.  
But when they left him to his ease upstood  
The hermit and fit time to speak once found —  
My lord, he said, your travels wond'rous are,  
Far have you stray'd erron, wander'd far

## VII

Much are you bound to God above, who brought  
You safe from false Armida's charmed hold,  
And thee a straying sheep whom once he bought,  
Hath now again reduced to his fold,  
And 'gainst his heathen foes, those men of nought,  
Hath chosen thee in place next Godfrey bold  
Yet may'st thou not, polluted thus with sin,  
In his high service war or fight begin

## VIII

The world, the flesh, with their infections vile  
Pollute thy thoughts impure, thy spirit stain,  
Not Po, not Ganges, not sev'n-mouthed Nile,  
Not the wide seas can wash thee clean again,  
Only to purge all faults which thee defile  
His blood hath power who for thy sins was slain  
His help therefore invoke, to him bewray  
Thy secret faults, mourn, weep, complain, and pray —

## IX

'This said, the knight first with the witch unchaste  
His idle loves and follies vain lamented,  
'Then kneeling low, with heavy looks down cast,  
His other sins confess'd, and all repented,  
And meekly pardon crav'd for first and last  
The hermit with his zeal was well contented,  
And said—On yonder hill next morn go pray,  
'That turns his forehead 'gainst the morning ray,

## X

'That done, march to the wood, whence each one brings  
Such news of furies, goblins, fiends, and sprites,  
The giants, monsters, and all dreadful things  
'Thou shalt subdue, which that dark grove unites,  
Let no strange voice that mourns or sweetly sings,  
Nor beauty whose glad smile frail hearts delights,  
Within thy breast make ruth or pity rise,  
But their false looks and prayers false despise —

## XI.

Thus he advis'd him, and the hardy knight  
 Prepar'd him gladly to this enterprise  
 Thoughtful he pass'd the day, and sad the night  
 And ere the silver morn began to rise,  
 His arms he took, and in a coat him dight  
 Of colour strange, cut in the warlike guise  
 And on his way sole, silent, forth he went  
 Alone and left his friends and left his tent.

## XII.

It was the time when gainst the breaking day  
 Rebellious night yet struggl'd, and still repined  
 For in the east appear'd the morning grey  
 And yet some lamps in Jove's high palace shined  
 When to mount Olivet he took his way  
 And saw (as round about his eyes he twined)  
 Night's shadows hence, from thence the morning's shame;  
 This bright, that dark that earthly this divine.

## XIII.

Thus to himself he thought how many bright  
 And splendid lamps shine in heav'n's temple high  
 Day hath his golden sun her moon the night  
 Her fix'd and wand'ring stars the azure sky  
 So framed all by their Creator's might,  
 That still they live and shine, and ne'er shall die,  
 Till (in a moment) with the last day's brand  
 They burn and with them burn sea, air and land.

## XIV.

Thus as he mused to the top he went,  
 And there kneel'd down with awe and fear,  
 His eyes upon heav'n's eastern face he bent,  
 His thoughts above all heav'n uplifted were:—  
 The sun and moons (which I now repent)  
 Of mine unbridled youth O Father dear!  
 Remember not, but let thy mercy fall,  
 And purge my faults, and mine offences all.

## XV

Thus prayed he    With purple wings up flew,  
In golden weed, the morning's lusty queen,  
Begliding, with the radiant beams she threw,  
His helm, his harness, and the mountain green  
Upon his breast and forehead gently blew  
The air, that balm and nardus breath'd unseen,  
And o'er his head, let down from clearest skies,  
A cloud of pure and precious dew there flies

## XVI

The heav'nly dew was on his garments spread,  
To which compar'd his clothes pale ashes seem,  
And sprinkled so that all that paleness fled,  
And thence of purest white bright rays out-stream  
So cheered are the flow'rs, late withered,  
With the sweet comfort of the morning beam,  
And so, return'd to youth, a serpent old  
Adorns herself in new and native gold

## XVII

The lovely whiteness of his changed weed  
The Prince perceived well and long admir'd  
Toward the forest march'd he on with speed,  
Resolv'd as such adventures great requir'd  
Thither he came whence shrinking back for dread  
Of that strange desert's sight the first retir'd,  
But not to him fearful or loathsome made  
That forest was, but sweet with pleasant shade

## XVIII

Forward he pass'd, and in the grove before  
He heard a sound that strange, sweet, pleasing was,  
There roll'd a crystal brook with gentle roar,  
There sigh'd the winds as through the leaves they pass,  
There did the nightingale her wrongs deplore,  
There sung the swan, and singing died, alas!  
There lute, harp, cittern, human voice he heard,  
And all these sounds one sound right well declar'd.



## XIX

A dreadful thunderclap at last he heard,  
 The aged trees and plants well-oi'd that rout  
 Yet heard no nymphs and syrens afterward  
 Birds, winds and waters, along with sweet consent :  
 Whereat amaz'd he stay'd, and well prepar'd  
 For his defence heedful and slow forth went  
 Nor in his way his passage ought withheld,  
 Except a quiet, still transparent flood :

## XX.

On the green banks which that fair stream in-bound  
 Flowers and odours sweetly smi'd and smell'd  
 Which reaching out its stretched arms around  
 All the large desert in its bosom held ;  
 And through the grove one channel passage found  
 That in the wood in that the forest dwel'd  
 Trees clad the streams, streams green those trees eye made,  
 And so exchang'd their moisture and their shade

## XXI.

The knight some way sought out the flood to pass  
 And, as he sought, a wondrous bridge appear'd  
 A bridge of gold, a huge and weighty mass,  
 On arches great of that rich metal rear'd :  
 When through that golden way he enter'd was,  
 Down fell the bridge, swelled the stream, and rear'd  
 The work away nor sign left where it stood,  
 And of a river calm became a flood.

## XXII.

He turn'd amaz'd to see it troubled so,  
 Like sudden brooks increas'd with molten snow  
 The billows fierce that tossed to and fro  
 The whirlpools suck'd down to their infernal bow :  
 But on he went to search for wonders more [grow  
 Through the thick trees, there high and broad which  
 And in that forest huge and desert wide  
 The more he sought, more wonders still he spy'd :

## XXIII

Whereso he stepp'd, it seem'd the joyful ground  
Renew'd the verdure of her flowery weed,  
A fountain here, a well-spring there he found,  
Here bud the roses, there the lilies spread,  
The aged wood o'er and about him round  
Flourish'd with blossoms new, new leaves, new seed,  
And on the boughs and branches of those trees  
The bark was soften'd, and renew'd the green

## XXIV

The manna on each leaf did pearled lie,  
The honey stilled from the tender rind  
Again he heard that wond'rous harmony,  
Of songs and sweet complaints of lovers kind,  
The human voices sung a treble high,  
To which respond the birds, the streams, the wind,  
But yet unseen those nymphs, those singers were,  
Unseen the lutes, harps, viols, which they bear

## XXV

He look'd, he listen'd, yet his thoughts deny'd  
To think that true which he both heard and see  
A myrtle in an ample plain he spy'd,  
And thither by a beaten path went he  
The myrtle spread her mighty branches wide,  
Higher than pine, or palm, or cypress tree,  
And far above all other plants was seen  
That forest's lady, and that desert's queen

## XXVI

Upon the tree his eyes Rinaldo bent,  
And there a marvel great and strange began,  
An aged oak beside him cleft and rent,  
And from his fertile hollow womb forth ran  
(Clad in rare weeds and strange habiliment)  
A nymph for age able to go to man,  
An hundred plants beside, even in his sight,  
Childed an hundred nymphs, so great, so dight,

## XXVII

Such as on stages play such as we see  
 The Dryads painted whom wild Satyrs love;  
 Whose arms half naked, locks untrussed be  
 With hystums laced on their legs above  
 And silken robes tuck'd about above their knee;  
 Such seem'd the Sylvan daughters of this grove  
 Save that, instead of shafts and boughs of tree  
 She bore a lute a harp or cittern she

## XXVIII

And wantonly they cast them in a ring  
 And sung and danc'd to move his weaker sense  
 Rinaldo round about environing  
 As centres are with their circumferences:  
 The trees they compass'd eke, and join to sing  
 That woods and streams admir'd their excellence:  
 Welcome dear lord! welcome to this sweet grove  
 Welcome our lady! hopen! welcome her love!

## XXIX

Thou com'st to cure our princess, faint and sick  
 For love; for love of thee faint, sick distressed;  
 Late black, late dreadful was this forest thick  
 Fit dwelling for sad folk with grief oppress'd;  
 See, with thy coming how the branches quick  
 Revived are, and in new ll -ves dress'd --  
 This was their song and after from it went  
 First a sweet sound, and then the myrtle rent.

## XXX

If antique times admir'd Silenus old  
 That oft appear'd not on his lazy road,  
 How would they wonder if they did behold  
 Such sights as from the myrtle high did pass!  
 Thence came a lady fair with locks of gold  
 That like in shape, in face, and beauty was  
 To sweet Armida: Rinaldo thinks he spies  
 Her gestures, smiles, and glances of her eyes.

## XXVI

On him a sad and smiling look she cast,  
 Which twenty passions strange at once bewrays —  
 And art thou come, (quoth she,) return'd at last  
 To her from whom but late thou ran'st thy ways?  
 Com'st thou to comfort me for sorrows past,  
 To ease my widow'd nights and careful days?  
 Or comest thou to work me grief and harm?  
 Why wilt thou speak? why not thy face disarm?

## XXVII

Com'st thou a friend or foe? I did not frame  
 That golden bridge to entertain my foe,  
 Nor open'd flow'rs and fountains as you came,  
 To welcome him with joy that brings me woe  
 Put off thy helm, rejoice me with the flame  
 Of thy bright eyes, whence first my fires did grow;  
 Kiss me, embrace me, if you further venture,  
 Love keeps the gate, the fort is eath to enter —

## XXVIII

Thus as she woos, she rolls her rueful eyes  
 With piteous look, and changeth oft her cheer,  
 An hundred sighs from her false heart up flies,  
 She sobs, she mourns, it is great ruth to hear,  
 The hardest breast sweet pity mollifies,  
 What stony heart resists a woman's tear?  
 But yet the knight, wise, wary, not unkind,  
 Drew forth his sword, and from her careless twin'd

## XXIX

Towards the tree he march'd, she thither start,  
 Before him stepp'd, embrac'd the plant, and cry'd—  
 Ah! never do me such a spiteful part,  
 To cut my tree, this forest's joy and pride,  
 Put up thy sword, else pierce therewith the heart  
 Of thy forsaken and despis'd Armide,  
 For through this breast, and through this heart, unkind!  
 To this fair tree thy sword shall passage find —

## XXIV.

He lift his brand, nor ead, though oft she pray'd  
 And she her form to others she so did show  
 Such monsters huge, when men in dreams are hind  
 Oft in their idle fancies run and range  
 Her body swell'd her face was more than made,  
 Vanish'd her garments rich and various strange  
 A giant's before him li-b he laid  
 Like Briareus armed with an hundred 1 71

## XXV.

With fifty swords and fifty lances bright  
 She threaten'd death she rous'd cry'd and fought:  
 Each other asyph in armor likewise hit  
 A cyclops great became. He fear'd them no fight  
 But on the myrtle masto with all his might  
 That groan'd like a big mole to ch all u b by 2-1  
 Tho' they seem'd Pluto's court the air seem'd hell  
 Therein such monsters run such pinto yell:

## XXVI.

Lighten'd the heav'n above the earth below  
 Roared aloud; that thunder'd and this shook:  
 Bluster'd the tempests troop, the whirlwinds blow  
 The latter storm droo hailstones in his look:  
 But yet his arm grew neither weak nor slow  
 Nor of that fury heed or care he took,  
 Till low to earth the wounded tree down bended;  
 Then fled the spirits all, the charms all ended:

## XXVII.

The heav'n grew clear the air wax'd calm and still,  
 The wood returned to its wonted state  
 Of witchcrafts free quite void of spirits ill  
 Of horror full, but horror there none:  
 He farther prov'd if aught withstood his will  
 To cut those trees as ill the charms of late  
 And finding nought to stop him, wu'd and said—  
 O shadows vain! O fools of shades afraid!—

## XXIX

From thence home to the camp-ward turn'd the knight,  
    'The hermit cry'd, up starting from his seat—  
Now of the wood the charms have lost their might,  
    'The sprites are conquer'd, ended is the feat  
See where he comes —In glist'ring white all dight  
    Appear'd the man, bold, stately, lugh, and great,  
His eagle's silver wings to shine begun  
With wond'rous splendour 'gainst the golden sun

## XL

The camp receiv'd him with a joyful cry,  
    A cry the dales and hills about that fill'd,  
Then Godfrey welcom'd him with honours high,  
    His glory quench'd all spite, all envy kill'd —  
'To yonder dreadful grove, (quoth he,) went I,  
    And from the fearful wood, as me you will'd,  
Have driven the sprites away, thither let be  
Your people sent, the way is safe and free —

## XLI

Sent were the workmen thither, thence they brought  
    Timber enough, by good advice select,  
And though by skilless builders fram'd and wrought,  
    Their engines rude and rams were late erect,  
Yet now the forts and tow'rs from whence they fought  
    Were framed by a cunning architect,  
William, of all the Genoas lord and guide,  
Which late rul'd all the seas from side to side,

## XLII

But forced to retire from it at last,  
    The Pagan fleet the sea's moist empire won,  
His men with all their stuff and store in haste  
    Home to the camp with their commander run  
In skill, in wit, in cunning, him surpass'd  
    Yet never engineer beneath the sun,  
Of carpenters an hundred large he brought,  
That what their lord devised made and wrought

## XVIII

This man began with wondrous art to make  
Not rams not mighty brakes, not slings alone  
Whence like the firm and solid walls to shake,  
To cast a dart or throw a shaft or stone  
But fram'd of pines and firs, did undertake  
To build a fortress huge to which was none  
Yet ever like whereof he cloth'd the sides,  
Against the balls of fire with raw bulls hides

## XLIV

In mortises and sockets fram'd just,  
The beams, the studs, and punchions join'd he fast,  
To beat the city's wall, beneath forth burst  
A ram with horned front about her waist  
A bridge the engine from her side out-thrust,  
Which on the wall when need required she cast  
And from her top a turret small up stood  
Strong surely arm'd and bulwarked of like wood:

## XLV

Set on an hundred wheels the rolling mass  
On the smooth lands went nimbly up and down  
Though full of arms and armed men it was,  
Yet with small pains it ran as it had flown.  
Wonder'd the camp so quick to see it pass,  
They prais'd the workmen and their skill unknown;  
And on that day two tow'rs they bulwarked more,  
Like that which sweet Clorinda burnt before.

## XLVI

Yet wholly were not from the Sennubies  
Their works concealed and their labours hid,  
Upon that wall which next the camp confines,  
They placed spies who mark'd all they did  
They saw the ashes wild and squared pines,  
How to the tents, trail'd from the grove, they slid  
And engines huge they saw yet could not tell  
How they were built, their forms they saw not well.

## XLVII

Their engines eke they rear'd, and with great art  
 Repair'd each bulwark, turret, port, and tow'r,  
 And fortify'd the plain and easy part,  
 To bide the storm of every warlike stour,  
 Till as they thought, no sleight or force of mart  
 To undermine or scale the same had pow'r,  
 And false Ismeno 'gan new balls prepare  
 Of wicked fire, wild, wond'rous, strange, and rare

## XLVIII

He mingled brimstone with bitumen fell,  
 Fetch'd from that lake where Sodom erst did sink,  
 And from that flood which nine times compass'd hell,  
 Some of the liquor hot he brought, I think,  
 Wherewith the quenchless fire he temper'd well,  
 To make it smoke and flame and deadly stink,  
 And for his wood cut down the aged sire  
 Would thus revengement take with flame and fire

## XLIX

While thus the camp, and thus the town were bent,  
 These to assault, these to defend the wall,  
 A speedy dove through the clear welkin went,  
 Straight o'er the tents, seen by the soldiers all,  
 With nimble fans the yielding air she rent,  
 Nor seem'd it that she would alight or fall,  
 Till she arriv'd near that besieged town,  
 Then from the clouds at last she stooped down

## L

But, lo! from whence I nolt, a falcon came,  
 Armed with crooked bill and talons long,  
 And 'twixt the camp and city cross'd her game,  
 That durst not bide her foe's encounter strong,  
 But right upon the royal tent down came,  
 And there the lords and princes great among,  
 When the sharp hawk nigh touch'd her tender head,  
 In Godfrey's lap she fell, with fear halt dead



## LX.

The Duke receiv'd her saved her and spy'd  
 As he beheld the bird, a wondrous thing;  
 About her neck a letter close was tied  
 By a small thread, and thrust under her wing,  
 He laid forth the writ and spread it wide,  
 And read the intent thereof — To Judah's King  
 (Thus said the schedule) honours high increase,  
 Th' Egyptian chieftain whelms health and peace:

## LXI.

Fear not, renowned Prince, resist, endure  
 Till the third day, or till the fourth at most;  
 I come, and your deliverance will procure,  
 And kill your coward foes and all their host. —  
 This secret in that brief was close'd up sure,  
 Writ in strange language, to the winged post  
 Given to transport for in their warlike need  
 The East such messengers'd oft with good speed.

## LXII.

The Duke let go the captive dove at large,  
 And she that had his counsel close betray'd  
 Traited rose to her great lord, touch'd not the marge  
 Of Salem's town, but fled far thence afraid.  
 The Duke, before all those which had or charge  
 Or office high, the letter read and said —  
 See how the goodness of the Lord forshoweth  
 The secret purpose of our crafty foes

## LXIV

No longer then let us protract the time  
 But scale the bulwarks of this fortress high  
 Through sweat and labour gainst those rocks sublime  
 Let us ascend, which to the southward lie  
 Hard will it be that way in arms to climb  
 But yet the place and passage both know I  
 And that high wall, by site strong on that part,  
 Is least defend'd by arms, by work and art.

## LV.

Thou, Raimond, on this side with all thy might  
Assault the wall, and by those crags ascend,  
My squadrons with mine engines huge shall fight,  
And 'gainst the northern gate my puissance bend,  
That so our foes, beguiled with the sight,  
Our greatest force and pow'r shall there attend,  
While my great tow'r from thence shall nimbly slide,  
And batter down some worse-defended side

## LVI

Camillo, thou not far from me shalt rear  
Another tow'r, close to the walls ybrought —  
This spoken, Raimond old that sat him near,  
(And while he talk'd great things tost in his thought,)  
Said—To Godfredo's counsel given us here  
Nought can be added, from it taken nought,  
Yet this I further wish, that some were sent  
To spy their camp, their secret, and intent,

## LVII

That may their number and their squadions brave  
Describe, and through their tents disguised mask —  
Quoth Tancred—Lo! a subtle squire I have,  
A person fit to undertake this task,  
A man, quick, ready, bold, sly to deceive,  
To answer wise, and well advis'd to ask,  
Well languaged, and that with time and place  
Can change his look, his voice, his gait, his grace —

## LVIII

Sent for, he came, and when his lord him told  
What Godfrey's pleasure was, and what his own,  
He smiled and said, forthwith he gladly would  
I go, (quoth he,) careless what chance be thrown,  
And where encamped be these Pagans bold,  
Will walk in every tent, a spy unknown,  
Their camp even at noon day I enter shall,  
And number all their horse and footmen all,

## LIX.

How great, how strong, how arm'd this army is,  
 And what their guide intends, I will declare  
 To me the secrets of that heart of his  
 And hidden thoughts shall open he and bare.—  
 Thus Vafino spoke, nor longer stay'd on this,  
 But for a mantle chang'd the coat he wore  
 Nak'd was his neck, and 'bout his forehead bold  
 Of linen white full twenty yards he roll'd

## LX.

His weapons were a Syrian bow and quiver  
 His garments barb'rous like the Turkish train  
 Wonder'd all they that heard his tongue deliver  
 Of every land the language true and plain  
 In Tyre, a born Phœnician by the river  
 Of Nile, a knight bred in the Egyptian main  
 Both people would have thought him forth he rides  
 On a swift steed o'er hills and dales that glides

## LXI.

But ere the third day came the French forth sent  
 Their pioneers to even the rougher ways,  
 And ready made each warlike instrument,  
 Nor aught their labour interrupts or stays  
 The nights in busy toil they likewise spent,  
 And with long evenings lengthen'd forth short days  
 Till nought was left the hosts that hinder might  
 To use their utmost power and strength in fight.

## LXII.

That day which of the assault the day forerun,  
 The godly Duke in prayer spent well nigh,  
 And all the rest, because they had misdone,  
 The sacrament receive, and mercy cry  
 Then off the Duke his engines great begun  
 To show, where least he would their strength apply  
 His foes rejoic'd, deluded in that sort,  
 To see him bent gainst their surest port

## LXIII

But after, aided by the friendly night,  
 His greatest engine to that side he brought  
 Where plainest seem'd the wall, where with their might  
 The flankers least could hurt them as they fought,  
 And to the southern mountain's greatest height,  
 To raise his turret old Raimondo sought  
 And thou, Camillo, on that part had'st thine,  
 Where from the north the walls did westward twine

## LXIV

But when amid the eastern heav'n appear'd  
 The rising morning bright as shining glass,  
 The troubled Pagans saw, and seeing fear'd,  
 How the great tow'r stood not where late it was,  
 And here and there tofore unseen was rear'd,  
 Of timber strong, a huge and fearful mass,  
 And numberless with beams, with ropes, and strings,  
 They view the iron rams, the brakes, and slings

## LXV

The Syrian people now were no whit slow  
 Their best defences to that side to bear  
 Where Godfrey did his greatest engine show,  
 From thence where late in vain they placed were,  
 But he who at his back right well did know  
 The host of Egypt to be 'proaching near,  
 To him call'd Guelpho and the Roberts twain,  
 And said—On horseback look you still remain,

## LXVI

And have regard, while all our people slave  
 To scale this wall where weak it seems and thin,  
 Lest unawares some sudden host arrive,  
 And at our backs unlook'd-for war begin —  
 This said, three fierce assaults at once they give,  
 The hardy soldiers all would die or win,  
 And on three parts resistance makes the King,  
 And rage 'gainst strength, despair 'gainst hope doth bring,

## LXVII.

Himself upon his limbs, with feeble aid  
 That shook unwieldy with their proper weight,  
 His armour laid and long unused shield  
 And march'd against Raymond to the main's height.  
 Great Solima against Godfrey took the field  
 Foremost Camillo stood Argantes straight  
 Where Tancred strong he found so fortune will  
 That this good Prince his wanted foe shall kill.

## LXVIII.

The archers shot their arrows sharp and keen,  
 Dipp'd in the bitter juice of poison strong  
 The shady face of heav'n was scantily seen,  
 Hid with the clouds of shafts and quarries long  
 Yet weapons sharp with greater fury been  
 Cast from the towers the Pagan troops among  
 For thence flew stones and cliffs of marble rocks,  
 Trees shod with iron, timber logs, and blocks

## LXIX.

A thunderbolt seem'd every stone it brake  
 His limbs and armour so on whom it light,  
 That life and soul it did not only take  
 But all his shape and face disfigured quite:  
 The lances stay'd not in the wounds they met  
 But through the gor'd body took their flight,  
 From side to side, through flesh through skin and rind  
 They flew and flying left and death behind

## LXX.

But yet not all this force and fury drove  
 The Pagan people to forsake the wall,  
 But to revenge these deadly blows they strove  
 With darts that fly with stones and trees that fall  
 For need so cowardly oft courageous prove,  
 For liberty they fight, for life and all  
 And oft with words, shafts, and stones that fly  
 Give bitter answer to a sharp reply

## LXXI

This while the fierce assailants never cease,  
 But sternly still maintain a threefold charge,  
 And 'gainst the clouds of shafts draw nigh at ease,  
 Under a pentise made of many a targe,  
 The armed towers close to the bulwarks prease,  
 And strive to grapple with the battled marge,  
 And launch then bridges out, meanwhile below  
 With iron fronts the rains the walls down throw

## LXXII

Yet still Rinaldo unresolved went,  
 And far unworthy him *this service thought*,  
 If 'mongst the common sort his pains he spent,  
 Renown so got the Prince esteemed nought,  
 His angry looks on every side he bent,  
 And where most harm, most danger was, he sought,  
 And where the wall high, strong, and surest was,  
 That part would he assault, and that way pass

## LXXIII

And turning to the worthies him behind,  
 All hardy knights, whom Dudon late did guide  
 O shame! (quoth he,) this wall no war doth find,  
 When batter'd is elsewhere each part, each side,  
 All pain is safety to a valiant mind,  
 Each way is eath to him that dares abide,  
 Come, let us scale this wall, though strong and high,  
 And with your shields keep off the darts that fly —

## LXXIV

With him united all while thus he spake,  
 Then targets hard above their heads they threw,  
 Which join'd in one an iron pentise make,  
 That from the dreadful storm preserv'd the crew,  
 Defended thus their speedy course they take,  
 And to the wall without resistance drew,  
 For that strong penticle protected well  
 The knights from all that flew and all that fell

## LXXXV

Against the fort Ilm his pen up-rear  
 A ladder here an hundred steps of height  
 And on his arm the same did easily bear  
 And move as winds do reeds or rushes light  
 Sometimes a tree, a rock a dart or spear  
 Fell from above, yet for = and climb'd the knight,  
 And upward fearless press'd, curl as will  
 Though mount Olympus fell or Ossa bill;

## LXXXVL

A moment of ruins, and of shafts a wood,  
 Upon his shoulders and his shield he bore  
 One hand the ladder held whereon he stood  
 The other bare his target his face before  
 His hardy troop, by his example good  
 Prook'd, with him the place assaulted sore  
 And ladders wag against the walls they clasp,  
 Unlike in courage yet, not in hap

## LXXXVII.

One died another fell, he forward went  
 And these he comforts and he threat with these  
 Now with his hand outstretch'd the ladder went  
 Well nigh he reach'd when all his armed foes  
 Ran thither and their force and fury bent  
 To throw him headlong down, yet up he goes  
 A wondrous thing one knight whole armed bands  
 Alone and hanging in the air with us'd

## LXXXVIII.

Withstands, and foretells his great strength so fit  
 That like a palm whereon huge weight doth rest  
 His forces so resisted stronger are  
 His virtues higher rise the more oppress'd  
 Till all that would his entrance bold deter  
 He backward drove, upleap'd and possess'd  
 The wall and safe and easy with his blade  
 To all that after came the passage made

## I XXX

'There killing such as durst and did withstand,  
 To noble Eustace, that was like to fall,  
 He reached forth his friendly conqu'ring hand,  
 And next himself help'd him to mount the wall  
 This while Godfredo and his people fand  
 Their lives to greater harms and dangers thrall,  
 For there not man with man, nor knight with knight  
 Contend, but engines there with engines fight

## I XXXI

For in that place the Paynims rear'd a post,  
 Which late had serv'd some gallant ship for mast,  
 And over it another beam they cross'd,  
 Pointed with iron sharp, to it made fast  
 With ropes, which, as men would, the dormant tost  
 Now out, now in, now back, now forward cast,  
 In its swift pullies oft the men withdrew  
 The tree, and oft the riding balk forth threw

## I XXXII

The mighty beam redoubled oft its blows,  
 And with such force the engine smote and hit,  
 That her broad side the tow'r wide open throws,  
 Her joints were broke, her rafters cleft and split  
 But yet, 'gainst every hap whence mischief grows  
 Prepar'd, the peece ('gainst such extremes made fit)  
 Launch'd forth two scythes, sharp, cutting, long, and  
 And cut the ropes v'hereon the engine rode [broad,

## I XXXIII

As an old rock, which age or stormy wind  
 Tears from some craggy hill or mountain steep,  
 Doth break, doth bruise, and into dust doth grind  
 Woods, houses, hamlets, herds, and folds of sheep;  
 So fell the beam, and down with it all kind  
 Of arms, of weapons, and of men did sweep,  
 Wherewith the towers once or twice did shake,  
 Trembled the walls, the hills and mountains quake



## LXXXIII

Victorious Godfrey boldly forward came,  
 And had great hope even then the place to win:  
 But, lo! a fire, with stench with smoke, and flame  
 Withstood his progress, stopp'd his entrance in  
 Such burnings of time yet could never frame,  
 When from her entrails hot her fires begin  
 Nor yet in summer on the Indian plain  
 Such vapours warm from scorching air down rain.

## V

Here balls of wildfire there fly burning spears,  
 This flame was black that blue, this red as blood;  
 Stench well-nigh choketh them noise deafs their ears  
 Smoke blinds their eyes, fire kindeeth on the wood;  
 Nor those raw hides, which for defence it wears,  
 Could save the tow'r in such distress it stood  
 For now they wrinkle now it sweats and cries,  
 Now burns, unless some help come down from skies.

## LXXXIV

The hardy Duke before his folk retire,  
 Nor chang'd his colour nor terrace, or place  
 But comforts those that from the scalded hides  
 With water strive to approach flames to chase:  
 In those extremes, the Prince and those his guides  
 Half roasted stood before fierce Vulcan's face  
 When, lo! a smother and unlook'd-for blast  
 The flames against the kindlers backward cast

## LXXXV

The winds drove back the fire where heaped lie  
 The Pagans' weapons, where their engines were  
 Which kindling quickly in that substance dry  
 Burnt all their store and all their warlike gear  
 O glorious captain! whom the Lord from high  
 Defends, whom God protects and holds so dear;  
 For thee been fights, to thee the winds from far  
 Call'd with thy trumpet's blast, obedient are.

## LXXXVII.

But wicked Ismen to his harm that saw  
 How the fierce blast drove back the fire and flame,  
 By art would nature change, and thence withdraw  
 Those noisome winds, else calm and still the same  
 'Twixt two false wizards, without fear or awe,  
 Upon the walls in open sight he came,  
 Black, grisly, loathsome, grim, and ugly faced,  
 Like Pluto old betwixt two furies placed

## LXXXVIII

And now the wretch those dreadful words begun,  
 Which tremble make deep hell and all her flock,  
 Now troubled is the air, the golden sun  
 His fearful beams in clouds did close and lock  
 When from the tow'r, which Ismen could not shun,  
 Out flew a mighty stone, late half a rock,  
 Which light so just upon the wizards three,  
 That driv'n to dust their bones and bodies be,

## LXXXIX

To less than nought their members old were torn,  
 And shiver'd were their heads to pieces small,  
 As small as are the bruised grains of corn,  
 When from the mill resolv'd to meal they fall,  
 Their damned souls to deepest hell down borne,  
 Far from the joy and light celestial,  
 The furies plunged in th' infernal lake  
 O mankind! at their ends ensample take.

## XC.

This while the engine, which the tempest cold  
 Had sav'd from burning with his friendly blast,  
 Approached had so near the batter'd hold,  
 That on the walls her bridge at ease she cast,  
 But Solman ran thither fierce and bold,  
 To cut the plank whereon the Christians pass'd,  
 And had perform'd his will, save that up-rear'd  
 High in the skies a turret new appear'd,

## XCI.

Far in the air up-climb'd the fortress tall  
Higher than house than steeple church, or tower,  
The Pagans trembled to behold the wall  
And city subject to its shot and power:  
Yet kept the Turk his stand, though on him fall  
Of stones and darts a sharp and deadly shower  
And still to cut the bridge he hopes and strives,  
And those that fear with cheerful speech revives.

## XCII.

The angel Michael, to all the rest  
Unseen appear'd before Godfredo's eyes  
In pure and heav'nly armour richly dress'd  
Brighter than Titan's rays in clearest skies  
Godfrey (quoth he) this is the moment blest  
To free this town that long in bond goes lies  
See! see what legions in thine aid I bring  
For heav'n's ruler thee and heav'n's glorious King:

## XCIII.

Lift up thine eyes and in the air behold  
The sacred armies how they muster'd be  
That cloud of flesh in which from times of old  
All mankind wrapped is I take from thee,  
And from thy senses their thick mist unfold  
That face to face thou mayst these spirits see  
And for a little space right well sustain  
Their glorious light, and view those angels plain:

## XCIV.

Behold the souls of every lord and knight  
That late bore arms and died for Christ's dear sake  
How on thy side against this town they fight,  
And of thy joy and conquest will partake:  
There where the dust and smoke blind all men's sight  
Where stones and ruins such a heap do make  
There Hugo fights, in thickest cloud embarr'd,  
And undermines that bulwark's groundwork hard:

## XCV

See Dudon yonder, who with sword and fire  
 Assails and helps to scale the northern port,  
 That with bold courage doth thy folk inspire,  
 And rears their ladders 'gainst th' assaulted fort  
 He that high on the mount in grave attire  
 Is clad, and crowned stands in kingly sort,  
 Is Bishop Adcmare, a blessed spirit,  
 Bless'd for his faith, crown'd for his death and merit.

## XCVI

But higher lift thy happy eyes, and view  
 Where all the sacred hosts of heav'n appear —  
 He look'd, and saw where winged armies flew,  
 Innumerable, pure, divine, and clear,  
 A battaile round of squadrons three they shew,  
 And all by threes those squadrons ranged were,  
 Which spreading wide in rings still wider go,  
 Mov'd with a stone, calm water circleth so

## XCVII

With that he wink'd, and vanish'd was and gone  
 That wond'rous vision when he look'd again,  
 His worthies fighting view'd he one by one,  
 And on each side saw signs of conquest plain,  
 For with Rinaldo 'gainst his yielding fone  
 His knights were enter'd and the Pagans slain.  
 This seen, the Duke no longer stay could brook,  
 But from the bearer bold his ensign took,

## XCVIII.

And on the bridge he stepp'd, but there was stay'd  
 By Soliman, who entrance all denied  
 That narrow tree to virtue great was made  
 The field, as in few blows right soon was try'd —  
 Here will I give my life for Sion's aid,  
 Here will I end my days (the Soldan cry'd),  
 Behind me cut or break this bridge, that I  
 May kill a thousand Christians first, then die —

## XXII.

But thither were the walls the army went  
 And at last the Lord and his men came —  
 What shall I say? If here say I have seen  
 I would not say (quite so) my heart  
 With that his steps from the city back he led  
 And to his tent the passage he made  
 Who thenceforth he had the walls and  
 And on the walls the passage he made

## C.

Stand his lord he would he turned he out  
 That glorious courage with a thousand men  
 Thence the wall heathen with his army led,  
 Thence with golden rays glad the  
 Earth leaps he for joy the streets full of  
 Heals (lap) their hands in exultation  
 And so in the end were the walls  
 For their deliverance from that hands to the

## CX.

And now the armies read the joyful cry  
 Of victory glad joyful land and land  
 The hill remained the city to with his  
 And Tamerlan told that his and his till  
 With joyful Argonnes brought his tower to  
 That on the wall against the tower's wall  
 In his despite his bridge he also laid  
 And was the place and there the cross display d.

## CXI.

But on the northern hill where Raimund son of  
 Against the tower was and their army king  
 His hardy Gascones gained small or now  
 Their engine to the walls they could not bring  
 For thither all his strength the French had brought  
 For life and safety sternly coming  
 And for the wall was so built on that coast  
 There were his soldiers best and engines most.

## CIII.

Besides, the tow'r upon that quarter found  
Unsure, uneasy, and uneven the way,  
Nor art could help, but that the rougher ground  
The rolling mass did often stop and stay  
But now of victory the joyful sound  
The King and Raymond heard amid their fray,  
And by the shout they and their soldiers know  
The town was enter'd on the plain below

## CIV

Which heard, Ramondo thus bespake this crew —  
The town is won, my friends, and doth it yet  
Resist? Are we kept out still by these few?  
Shall we no share in this high conquest get?  
But from that part the King at last withdrew,  
He strove in vain their entrance there to let,  
And to a stronger place his folk he brought,  
Where to sustain th' assault awhile he thought

## CV

The conquerors at once now enter'd all,  
The walls were won, the gates were open'd wide,  
Now bruised, broken down, destroyed fall  
The ports and towers that battery durst abide  
Rageth the sword, death murd'reth great and small,  
And proud 'twixt woe and horror sad doth ride,  
Here runs the blood, in ponds there stands the gore,  
And drowns the knights in whom it liv'd before

## BOOK XIX.

## THE ARGUMENT

Tancred in single combat kills his foe	
Argantes strong The king and Goliath fly	
To David's tow'r and save their persons so.	
Erminia well instructs Valrine the spy;	9
With him she rides away and as they go	85
Finds where her lord for dead on earth doth lie;	102
First she laments then cures him. Godefroy bears	
O let's know and what marks he bears.	16

## I.

Now death, or fear or care to save their lives,  
 From their broken walls the Pagans chase  
 Yet neither force, nor fear nor wisdom drives  
 The mighty knight Argantes from his place,  
 Alone agai<sup>n</sup>st ten thousand foes he strives,  
 Yet dreadless, doubtless, careless seem'd his face;  
 Not death not danger but disgrace he fears,  
 And still unconquer'd (though beset) appears.

## II.

But amongst the rest upon his helmet gay  
 With his broad sword Tancredle came and smote:  
 The Pagan knew the Prince by his array  
 By his strong blows, his armour, and his coat;  
 For once they fought, and when night stay'd that fray,  
 New time they chose to end their combat hot,  
 But Tancred fall'd wherefore the Pagan knight  
 Cry'd—Tancred, com'st thou thus, thus late to fight?

## III

Too late thou com'st, and not alone, to war,  
 But yet the fight I neither shun nor fear,  
 Although from knighthood true thou errest far,  
 Since like an engineer thou dost appear,  
 That tower, that troop, thy shield and safety are,  
 Strange kind of arms in single fight to bear'  
 Yet shalt thou not escape (O conqueror strong  
 Of ladies fair!) sharp death to 'venge that wrong —

## IV

Lord Tancred smiled with disdain and scorn,  
 And answer'd thus — 'To end our strife (quoth he)  
 Behold at last I come, and my return  
 (Though late) perchance will be too soon for thee,  
 For thou shalt wish, of hope and help forlorn,  
 Some sea or mountain plac'd 'twixt thee and me,  
 And well shalt know, before we end this fray,  
 No fear or cowardice hath caus'd my stay,

## V

But come aside, thou by whose prowess dies  
 The monsters, knights, and giants in all lands,  
 The killer of weak women thee defies —  
 This said, he turned to his fighting bands  
 And bids them all retire — 'Forbear (he cries)  
 To strike this knight, on him let none lay hands,  
 For mine he is, more than a common foe,  
 By challenge new and promise old also —

## VI

Descend (the fierce Circassian 'gan reply)  
 Alone, or all this troop for succour take,  
 To deserts waste, or place frequented high,  
 For 'vantage none I will the fight forsake —  
 Thus given and taken was the bold defy,  
 And through the prease (agreed so) they brake,  
 Their hatred made them one, and as they wend,  
 Each knight his foe did for despite defend



## VII.

Great was his thirst of praise great the desire  
 That Tancred had the Pagan's blood to spill  
 Nor could that quench his wrath or calm his ire,  
 If other hand his foe hark! foil or kill;  
 He sav'd him with his shield and cry'd—Retire,  
 (To all be met,) and do this knight none ill.—  
 And thus defending gainst his friends his foe  
 Through thousand angry weapons safe they go.

## VIII.

They left the city and they left behind  
 Godfredo's camp and far beyond it pass'd;  
 And came, where into creeks and bourns blind  
 A winding hill his corners turn'd and cast;  
 A valley small and shady dale they find  
 Amid the mountain steep, so high and plac'd  
 As if some theatre or closed place  
 Had been, for men to fight or hark! to chase

## IX.

There stay'd the champions both. With rueful eyes  
 Argantes gan the fortunes won to view  
 Tancred his foe wither'd shield espies,  
 And far away his target therefore threw  
 And said—Whereon doth thy sad heart devise?  
 Thinkst thou this hour must end thy life untrue?  
 If this thou fear and dost fortune thy fate  
 Thy fear is vain, thy foresight comes too late.—

## X.

I think (quoth he) on this distressed town  
 The aged queen of Judah's ancient land  
 Now lost, now sacked, spoil'd and trodden down  
 Whose fall in vain I strived to withstand  
 A small reveng, for Sion's fort o'erthrown,  
 That head can be cut off by my strong hand —  
 This said, together with great heed they flew  
 For each his foe for bold and hardy knew

## XI

Tancred of body active was and light,  
Quick, nimble, ready both of hand and foot  
But higher by the head the Pagan knight  
Of limbs far greater was, of heart as stout  
Tancred laid low and travers'd in his fight,  
Now to his ward retir'd, now struck out,  
Oft with his sword his foe's fierce blows he broke,  
And rather chose to ward than bear his stroke

## XII

But bold and bolt upright Argantes fought,  
Unlike in gesture, like in skill and art,  
His sword outstretch'd before him far he brought,  
Nor would his weapon touch, but pierce his heart  
To catch his point Prince Tancred strove and sought,  
But at his breast or helm's unclosed part  
He threaten'd death, and would with stretch'd-out brand  
His entrance close and fierce assaults withstand.

## XIII

With a tall ship so doth a galley fight,  
When the still winds stir not th' unstable main,  
Where this in nimbleness as that in might  
Excels, that stands, this goes and comes again,  
And shifts from prow to poop with turnings light  
Meanwhile the other doth unmov'd remain,  
And on her nimble foe approacheth nigh,  
Her weighty engines tumbleth down from high

## XIV

The Christian sought to enter on his foe,  
Voiding his point, which at his breast was bent,  
Argantes at his face a thrust did throw,  
Which while the Prince aways and doth prevent,  
His ready hand the Pagan turned so,  
That ill defence his quickness far o'erwent,  
And pierc'd his side, which done, he said, and smil'd—  
The craftsman is in his own craft beguil'd —

## XV

Tancredie let his eye for scorn and shame  
 Nor longer stood on points of fence and shield,  
 But to revenge so fierce and fast he came  
 As if his hand could not o' stake his will;  
 And at his vice again just ran franco  
 To his proud breast an answer sharp, but till  
 Arrantes broke the thrust and at half a word,  
 Swift, hardy bold in step the Christian lord

## XVI.

With his left foot fast forward ran he stride  
 And with his left the 1 a on a right arm bent;  
 With his right hand he annulo the man a right as he  
 He cut he wounded, man foul, here and red:-  
 To his victorious teacher (Tancred cry'd),  
 His conquer'd scholar both thus answer met:-  
 Arrantes clafed in glad turn'd, and twain'd,  
 Yet could not so his captive arm unlent

## XVII.

His sword at last he let hang by the chain,  
 And gript his hardy feet in both his hands;  
 In his strong arms Tancred cau he him a man  
 And thus each other held and wropt in hands.  
 With greater might Nicolas did not strain  
 The giant Anteus on the Libyan sands;  
 On hold fast knots their brawny arms they cast  
 And whom he hateth most each held embrac'd

## XVIII.

Such was their wrestling with their hooks and thorns,  
 That down at once they tumbled both to ground;  
 Arrantes (were it hap or ill who knows)  
 His better hand loose and in freedom found  
 But the good 1 since his hand more fit for blows  
 With his huge weight the 1 again underboun'd  
 But he his disadvantage great that knew  
 Let go his hold, and on his feet up flew

## XIX

Far slower rose th' unwieldy Saracine,  
 And caught a rap ere he was rear'd upright  
 But as against the blust'ring winds a pine  
 Now bends his top, now lifts his head on height,  
 His courage so, when it 'gan most decline,  
 The man reinforced and advanc'd his might,  
 And with fierce change of blows renew'd the fray,  
 Where rage for skill, horror for art bore sway

## XX

The purple drops from Tancred's sides down railed,  
 But from the Pagan ran whole streams of blood,  
 Wherewith his force grew weak, his courage quailed,  
 As fires decay which fuel want or food  
 Tancred, that saw his feeble arm now failed  
 To strike his blows, that scant he stirr'd or stood,  
 Assuag'd his anger and his wrath allay'd,  
 And stepping back, thus gently spoke and said —

## XXI

Yield, hardy knight, and chance of war, or me,  
 Confess to have subdued thee in this fight,  
 I will no trophy, triumph, spoil of thee,  
 Nor glory wish, nor seek a victor's right —  
 More terrible than erst herewith grew he,  
 And all awak'd his fury, rage, and might,  
 And said—Dar'st thou of 'vantage speak or think,  
 Or move Argantes once to yield or shrink?

## XXII.

Use, use thy vantage, thee and fortune both  
 I scorn, and punish will thy foolish pride —  
 As a hot brand flames most ere it forth go'th,  
 And dying blazeth bright on every side,  
 So he (when blood was lost) with anger wroth  
 Reviv'd his courage, when his puissance died,  
 And would his latest hour, which now drew nigh,  
 Illustrate with his end, and nobly die

## XXIII.

He join'd his left hand to her sister strong  
 And with them both let fall his weighty blade.  
 Taured to ward his blow his sword up slung  
 But that it smote aside, nor there it stay'd,  
 But from his <sup>hilt</sup> to his side slay'd,  
 It glanc'd, and many wounds at once it made:  
 Yet Taured fear'd nought, for in his heart  
 Found coward dread no place—fear had no part.

## XXIV

His fearful blow he doubled, but he spent  
 His force in waste, and all his strength in vain  
 For Taured from the blow against him bent  
 Leaped aside the stroke fell on the plain:  
 With thine own weight overthrow'n to earth thou went,  
 Armatas stout nor could at thyself sustain  
 Thyself thou throwest down, O happy man!  
 Upon whose fall none boast or triumph can.

## XXV

His gaping wound the fall set open wide  
 The streams of blood about him made a lake;  
 Help'd with his left hand, on one knee he tried  
 To rear himself, and new defence to make. [cried;  
 The courteous Prince stepp'd back and—Yield thee  
 No hurt he proffer'd him, no blow he strike  
 Meanwhile by stealth the Pagan false him gaug'd  
 A sudden wound, threat'ning with speeches brave.

## XXVI.

Herewith Taured's furious grew and said—  
 Villain! dost thou my merry so despise?—  
 Therewith he thrust and thrust again his blade  
 And through his ventral pierc'd his dazzled eyes.  
 Armatas died yet no complaint he made  
 But as he furious liv'd he careless dies;  
 Bold, proud, steel'd his soul fierce, and void of fear,  
 His motions last, last looks, last speeches were.

## XXVII

Tancred put up his sword and praises glad  
 Gave to his God, that sav'd him in this fight,  
 But yet this bloody conquest feeble had  
 So much the conqueror's force, his strength, and might,  
 That through the way he fear'd, which homeward lad,  
 He had not strength enough to walk upright,  
 Yet, as he could, his steps from thence he bent,  
 And foot by foot a heavy pace forth went

## XXVIII

His legs could bear him but a little stound,  
 And more he hastes (more tir'd) less was his speed,  
 On his right hand at last, laid on the ground,  
 He lean'd, his hand weak like a shaking reed,  
 Dazzled his eyes, the world on wheels ran round,  
 Day wrapt her brightness up in sable weed,  
 At length he swooned, and the victor knight  
 Nought differ'd from his conquer'd foe in sight.

## XXIX

But while these lords their private fight pursue,  
 Made fierce and cruel through their secret hate,  
 The victors' ire destroy'd the faithless crew  
 From street to street, and chas'd from gate to gate.  
 But of the sacked town the image true  
 Who can describe, or paint the woeful state;  
 Or with fit words this spectacle express  
 Who can, or tell the city's great distress?

## XXX

Blood, murder, death, each street, house, church defil'd,  
 There heaps of slain appear, there mountains high,  
 There, underneath th' unburied hills up-pil'd  
 Of bodies dead, the living buried lie,  
 There the sad mother with her tender child  
 Doth tear her tresses loose, complain, and fly,  
 And there the spoiler, by her amber hair,  
 Draws to his lust the virgin chaste and fair.

## XXXI.

But through the way led to the west hall, and  
 Whence the walled city largely issues forth;  
 All mail'd with pikes and spears with buck arms brand  
 He led the way and closed the gates behind  
 Above their heads he bore a banner white and red,  
 Life to his grace and death to his foes;  
 Nor beam nor light shone from his face  
 But around him were all his men that were

## XXXII.

For guard his army for his only battle  
 His force and name the whole world knew  
 Then when he with his army to the field  
 He charged with his hands and his sword brand  
 Of who was his foe he knew  
 How then he won there those who  
 How with his sword he won those who  
 He led all that were his and his men

## XXXIII.

But first the people were and with the same  
 A hundred thousand to the temple gate  
 Which burst and leaped off till he saw the same  
 Of the first founder was his name  
 That power the city knew did his name  
 Of order free of gold and marble were;  
 Now not so rich, yet strong and well was  
 With turrets high thick walls and doors of brass.

## XXXIV.

The knight arrived where in warlike met  
 The men that temple church had fortified  
 And closed found each wicket, gate and port,  
 And on the top of every spire  
 He left his frowning looks and knew that fort  
 From his high top down to the groundwork of it,  
 And entrance sought, and twice with his swift foot  
 The mighty place he surveyed about.

## XXXV

Like as a wolf about the closed fold  
 Rangeth by night his hoped prey to get,  
 Enrag'd with hunger and with malice old,  
 Which kind 'twixt him and harmless sheep hath set  
 So search'd he high and low about that hold,  
 Where he might enter without stop or let,  
 In the great court he stay'd his foes above  
 Attend th' assault, and would their fortune prove

## XXXVI

There lay by chance a posted tree thereby,  
 Kept for some needful use whate'er it were,  
 The armed galleys not so thick nor high  
 Their tall and lofty masts at Genes up-rear  
 This beam the knight against the gates mado fly  
 From his strong hands, all weights which lift and bear,  
 Like a light lance the tree he shook and toss'd,  
 And bruis'd the gate, the threshold, and the post

## XXXVII

No marble stone, no metal strong out-bore  
 Tho wond'rous might of that redoubled blow,  
 The brazen hinges from the walls it tore,  
 It broke the locks, and laid the doors down low,  
 No iron ram, no engine could do more,  
 Nor cannons great that thunderbolts forth throw  
 His people like a flowing stream in throng,  
 And after them enter'd the victor strong

## XXXVIII

The woeful slaughter black and loathsome made  
 That house, sometime the sacred house of God  
 O Heav'nly Justice! if thou be delay'd,  
 On wretched sinners sharper falls thy rod,  
 In them, this place profaned which invade,  
 Thou kindled ire, and mercy all forbade,  
 Until with their hearts' blood the pagans vile  
 This temple wash'd, which they did late defile.



But Selim then this while himself fast sped  
Up to the fort, which David's Tower is named  
And with him all the soldiers left he led,  
And gainst each entrance now defences framed:  
The tyrant Aladdin eke thither fled,  
To whom the Soldan thus (far off) exclaimed—  
Come come renowned King! up to this rock,  
Thyself within this fortress safe up-lock;

## XL.

For well this fortress shall thee and thy crown  
Defend awhile here may we also remain—  
Alas! (quoth he) alas! for this fair town,  
Which cruel war beats down even with the plain  
My life is done, mine empire trodden down,  
I reigned, I liv'd but now nor live nor reign;  
For now, alas! behold the fatal hour  
That ends our lives and ends our kingly power—

## XLI.

Where is your virtue, where your wisdom grave,  
And courage stout? (the angry Soldan said)  
Let chance our kingdoms take which erst she gave,  
Yet in our hearts our kingly worth is laid  
But come and in this fort your person save.  
Refresh your weary limbs and strength decay'd.—  
Thus counsell'd he, and did to safety bring  
Within that fort the weak and aged king

## XLII.

His iron mace in both his hands he bent,  
And on his thigh his trusty sword he tied,  
And to the entrance fierce and fearless went,  
And kept the strait, and all the French defy'd:  
The blows were mortal which he gave or lent,  
For whom he hit he slew, else by his side  
Laid low on earth that all fled from the place  
Where they beheld that great and dreadful mace.

## XIII

But old Raimondo with his hardy crew  
 By chance came thither, to his great mishap,  
 To that defended path the old man flew,  
 And scorn'd his blows and him that kept the gap,  
 He struck his foe, his blow no blood forth drew,  
 But on the front with that he caught a rap,  
 Which in a swoon low in the dust him laid,  
 Wide open, trembling, with his arms display'd

## XIV

The Pagans gather'd heart at last, though fear  
 Their courage weak had put to flight but late,  
 So that the conquerors repulsed were  
 And beaten back, else slain before the gate  
 The Soldan ('mongst the dead beside him near  
 That saw Lord Rammond lie in such estate)  
 Cry'd to his men—Within these bars (quoth he)  
 Come draw this knight, and let him captive be—

## XLV.

Forward they rush'd to execute his word,  
 But hard and dang'rous that emprise they found,  
 For none of Rammond's men forsook their lord,  
 But to their guide's defence they flocked round;  
 Thence fury fights, hence pity draws the sword,  
 Nor strive they for vile cause or on light ground,  
 The life and freedom of that champion brave,  
 Those spoil, these would preserve, those kill, these save.

## XLVI.

But yet at last, if they had longer fought,  
 The hardy Soldan would have won the field,  
 For 'gainst his thund'ring mace availed nought,  
 Or helm of temper fine, or seven-fold shield,  
 But from each side great succour now was brought  
 To his weak foes, now fit to faint and yield,  
 And both at once, to aid and help the same,  
 The fore-reign Duke and young Rinaldo came

## XLVII

As when a sheep herd ranging round about  
 That sees a storm with wind and thunder rain  
 (When gloomy clouds have day's bright eye put out)  
 His tender flock drives from the open plain  
 To some thick grove or mountain's shady foot  
 Where heaven's fierce wrath they may undurt sustain;  
 And with his hook, his whistle, and his cry  
 Drives forth his fleecy charge and with them flies

## XLVIII

So fled the Soldan when he gan descry  
 This tempest come from angry war forth cast  
 The armour clash'd and lightning flash'd the sky  
 And from each side sword's weapons fire out burst  
 He sent his folk up to the furrows high  
 To shun the furious storm, himself stay'd last;  
 Yet to the danger he gave place at length  
 For wit his courage wisdom rul'd his strength.

## XLIX

But scant the knight was safe the gate within,  
 Scant closed were the doors, when hast'ning broke  
 The bars Rinaldo doth assault begin  
 Against the port, and on the wicket stroke  
 His matchless might, his great desire to win  
 His oath and promise doth his wrath provoke;  
 For he had sworn nor should his word be vain  
 To kill the man that had Prince Sweno slain.

## L

And now his armed hand that castle great  
 Would have assaulted and had shortly won  
 Nor safe parley the Soldan there sent  
 Had found his fatal foe's sharp wrath to him,  
 Had not Godfredo sounded the retreat,  
 For now dark shadows to shroud the earth began  
 Within the town the Duke would lodge that night,  
 And with the morn renew the assault and fight.

## LI

With cheerful look thus to his folk he said—

High God hath holpen well his children dear,  
This work is done, the rest this night delay'd

Doth little labour bring, less doubt, no fear,  
This tower, our foes' weak hope and latest aid,

We conquer will when sun shall next appear,  
Meanwhile, with love and tender ruth, go see  
And comfort those which hurt and wounded be,

## LII

Go cure their wounds who boldly ventured

Their lives, and spilt their blood to get this hold,  
That fitteth more this host for Christ forth led,

Than thirst of vengeance or desire of gold  
Too much, ah! too much blood this day is shed,

In some we too much haste to spoil behold,  
But I command no more you spoil and kill,  
And let a trumpet publish forth my will —

## LIII

This said, he went where Raimond panting lay,

Wak'd from the swoon wherein he late had been  
Nor Soliman, with countenance less gay

Bespake his troops, and kept his grief unseen  
My friends, you are unconquered this day,

In spite of fortune still our hope is green,  
For underneath great shows of harm and fear,  
Our dangers small, our losses little were

## LIV

Burnt are your houses and your people slain,

Yet safe your town is though your walls be gone,  
For in yourselves and in your sovereign

Consists your city, not in hme and stone  
Your king is safe, and safe is all his train,

In this strong fort defended from their fone,  
And on this empty conquest let them boast,  
Till with this town again their lives be lost,

## LXV

And on their heads the heat all day will be  
 For with great labour passed and unrepaid,  
 In day and night, you'll every day and night  
 In rest, and sleep, and ease, and solace;  
 And on the day you'll, with all that be  
 At once be on return, and all that be  
 If in the day you'll be happy and  
 In the night and in the day, and in the night

## LXVI

Magnificent the light of the sun  
 We may make do in the day and the night  
 And in the day and in the night, and in the night  
 And in the night, and in the day, and in the night  
 Thus, and thus, and thus, and thus, and thus,  
 In the day and in the night, and in the night  
 In the night and in the day, and in the night  
 In the day and in the night, and in the night

## LXVII

The sun at last had brought to end the day  
 When Valerius was at the point of day  
 He said: "I am a slave and a slave,  
 A traveller false, cunning, crafty, and  
 In the day and in the night, and in the night  
 Step over the the shield of the water, by  
 And ere long, the Tiber half his course had run  
 That camp, that mighty host, to show begun:

## LXVIII

Tents infinite and not his broad hoards  
 This red, that white, that blue, this purple was  
 And bears strange tongues and stranger harnesses  
 Of trumpets, lions, and well-marching bands  
 The elephant there brays the camel cries  
 The horses neigh us to and fro they go  
 Which seen and heard he said with in his thought—  
 Hither all Asia to all Africa brought.

## LIX

He view'd the camp awhile, her site and seat,  
What ditch, what trench it had, what rampire strong,  
Nor close nor secret ways to work his feat  
He longer sought, nor hid him from the throng,  
But enter'd through the gates, broad, royal, great,  
And oft he ask'd, and answer'd oft among,  
In questions wise, in answers short and sly,  
Bold was his look, eyes quick, front lifted high

## LX

On every side he pried here and there,  
And mark'd each way, each passage, and each tent  
The knights he notes, their steeds, and arms they bear,  
Their names, their armours, and their government,  
And greater secrets hopes to learn, and hear  
Their hidden purpose and their close intent  
So long he walk'd and wander'd, till he spy'd  
The way t' approach the great pavilion's side

## LXI

There, as he look'd, he saw the canvas rent,  
Through which the voice found eath and open way  
From the close lodgings of the regal tent,  
And inmost closet where the captain lay,  
So that if Emireno spake, forth went  
The sound to them that listen what they say,  
There Vafrine watch'd, and those that saw him thought  
To mend the breach that there he stood and wrought

## LXII

The captain great within bare-headed stood,  
His body arm'd, and clad in purple weed,  
Two pages bore his shield and helmet good,  
He, leaning on a bending lance, gave heed  
To a big man, whose looks were fierce and proud,  
With whom he parled of some haughty deed,  
Godfredo's name, as Vafrine watch'd, he heard,  
Which made him give more heed, take more regard

## LXIII.

Thus spake the chieftain to that early morn—  
 Art thou so sure that Goliath shall be slain?  
 I am (quoth he) and swear so to return  
 Except he first be kill'd, to court again:  
 I will prevent those that with me come, ere  
 Nor other question ask I for my pain,  
 But that I may lean up his harness here  
 At Caïre and under them these words enroll:

## LXIV.

These arms Ormen he took in sudden flight  
 From Goliath's grasp, that post all Vassals  
 And with them took his life; and here enroll it,  
 In memory thereof the trophy set—  
 The Duke reply'd—No it shall that deed hand hold be,  
 I am unworthy as our men report & hold  
 What thou dost now shall be gladly grant,  
 Nor gild our question shall thou wub or want:

## LXV.

Those counterfeited arrows it is perjure  
 Because the day of battle approaches fast—  
 They ready are (quoth he)—Then both forbear  
 From further talk these speeches were the last.  
 Valrine (these great things heard) with grief and care  
 Rememb'ring & musing, and in his thoughts oft cast  
 What treason false this was how feigned were  
 Those arms, but yet that doubt he could not clear

## LXVI.

From thence he parted and broad waking lay  
 All that long night nor lumber'd unto nor slept  
 But when the camp by peep of springing day  
 Their banners spread and knights on horseback leapt  
 With them he march'd forth to meet array  
 And where they pitched lodg'd and with them leapt  
 And then from tent to tent he stalk'd about  
 To hear and see and learn this secret out.

## LXVII

Searching about, on a rich throne he fand  
 Armida set, with dames and knights around,  
 Sullen she sat and sigh'd, it seem'd she scand  
 Some weighty matters in her thoughts profound,  
 Her rosy cheek lean'd on her lily hand,  
 Her eyes (love's twinkling stars) she bent to ground,  
 Weep she or no he knows not, yet appears  
 Her humid eyes e'en great with child with tears

## LXVIII

He saw before her set Adrastus grim,  
 That seemed scant to live, move, or respire,  
 So was he fix'd on his mistress trim,  
 So gazed he, and fed his fond desire  
 But Tisipherne beheld now her, now him,  
 And quak'd sometime for love, sometime for ire,  
 And in his cheeks the colour went and came,  
 For there wrath's fire now burnt, now shone love's flame.

## LXIX

Then from the garland fair of virgins bright,  
 'Mongst whom he lay enclous'd, rose Altamore,  
 His hot desire he hid and kept from sight,  
 His looks were rul'd by Cupid's crafty lore,  
 His left eye view'd her hand, her face, his right  
 Both watch'd her beauty's hid and secret store,  
 And entrance found where her thin veil bewray'd  
 The milken way between her breasts that laid

## LXX

Her eyes Armida lift from earth at last,  
 And clear'd again her front and visage sad,  
 'Midst clouds of woe, her looks which overcast,  
 She lighten'd forth a smile, sweet, pleasant, glad —  
 My lord (quoth she), your oath and promise past,  
 Hath freed my heart of all the griefs it had  
 That now in hope of sweet revenge it lives,  
 Such joy, such ease, desired vengeance gives



## LXXI.

Cheer up thy looks (answer'd the Indian king)  
 And for sweet beauty's sake as please thy mood  
 Cast at your feet, ere you reject the thing  
 I will present the head of thy strook foe  
 Else shall this hand his person captiv' bring  
 And cast in prison deep.—He has led so:  
 His rival heard him well yet answer'd naught,  
 But bit his lips and griev'd in secret thought.

## LXXII.

To Timperne the damsel turning r'ht—  
 And what say you, my noble lord?—(quoth she.)  
 He taunting said—I, that am slow to fight  
 Will follow far behind, the worth to see  
 Of this your terrible and puissant knight.—  
 In scornful words this bitter sweet ye see—  
 Good reason (quoth the king) thus curse behind  
 Nor e'er compare thee with the Prince of Inde.—

## LXXIII.

Lord Timperne shook his head and said—  
 Oh had my power free like my courage been  
 Or had I liberty to use this blade  
 Who slow who weakest is, soon he'd be seen;  
 Nor thou nor thy great vaunts make me afraid  
 But cruel love I fear and this fair queen.—  
 This said to challenge him the king forth leap'd  
 But up their mistress start and twist them stepp'd.—

## LXXIV.

Will you thus rob me of that gift (quoth she)  
 Which each hath vow'd to give by word and oath?  
 You are my champions, let that title be  
 The bond of love and peace between you both;  
 He that displeas'd is, is displeas'd with me  
 For which of you is griev'd and I not wroth?—  
 Thus warn'd she them, their hearts (for ire nigh broke)  
 In forced peace and rest thus bore love's yoke.

## LXXXV.

All this heard Vafrine as he stood beside,  
 And having learn'd the truth, he left the tent.  
 That treason was against the Christians' guide  
 Contriv'd, he wist, yet wist not how it went,  
 By words and questions far off he try'd  
 To find the truth, more difficult, more bent  
 Was he to know it, and resolv'd to die,  
 Or of that secret close th' intent to spy

## LXXXVI

Of sly intelligence he prov'd all ways,  
 All crafts, all wiles that in his thoughts abide,  
 Yet all in vain the man by wit assays  
 To know that false compact and practice hid  
 But chance (what wisdom could not tell) bewrays,  
 Fortune of all his doubt the knots undid,  
 So that prepar'd for Godfrey's last mishap,  
 At ease he found the net, and spy'd the trap

## LXXXVII

Thither he turn'd again where seated was  
 The angry lover 'twixt her friends and lords,  
 For in that troop much talk he thought would pass,  
 Each great assembly store of news affords  
 He sided there a lusty lovely lass,  
 And with some courtly terms the wench he boards,  
 He feigns acquaintance, and as bold appears  
 As he had known that virgin twenty years.

## LXXXVIII

He said—Would some sweet lady grace me so,  
 To choose me for her champion, friend, and knight,  
 Proud Godfrey's or Rinaldo's head, I trow,  
 Should feel the sharpness of my curtlax bright  
 Ask me the head, fair mistress, of some foe,  
 For to your beauty vowed is my might—  
 So he began, and meant in speeches wise  
 Further to wade, but thus he brake the ice.

## LXXX.

Therewith he said, and standing fast to freeze  
 His hands so to their end and call'd a trave  
 That towards him a fervent voice  
 Heard him, beheld him, and with beautiful face  
 Said—For thy virtuous change no other name  
 But me, for me thy love and service prove  
 I take love for my chain, love and a just  
 Would stand with love if my love be love with—

## LXXXI.

Withdrawn was thus to gaze—A silent partner  
 I know thee well and see thee know it well—  
 To his last trumpet, thro' the silent py  
 But standing to, and let be said his hand—  
 For that I will I have love not with—  
 Yet for thy worth all eyes would thee behold;  
 Thus much I know right well for since the name  
 Which end you go is one different to my name:

## LXXXII.

My mother love me near thine a wall  
 Her name was Lorraine mine is Alastair—  
 I know long ago (quoth she) what men thou call  
 And thing estate, discernible it no more  
 From me thy friend like not thyself at all  
 If I betray thee let me die then sure  
 I am Elin—dare bid to a power  
 But Tattered a slave thy fellow-servant sure:

## LXXXIII.

Two happy men I within that prison bind  
 Under thy guard, rejoiced I to do ill  
 And there a keeper work and goal did bind;  
 The same the same I am—behold me well—  
 The same her lovely beauty call'd to mind  
 And mark'd her visage fair—From thence escape  
 All fear (she says) for me the safe and sure  
 I will thy safety not thy harm procure

## LXXXIII

But yet I pray thee, when thou dost return,  
 To my dear prison lead me home again,  
 For in this hateful freedom even and morn  
 I sigh for sorrow, mourn and weep for pain  
 But if to spy perchance thou here sojourn,  
 Great hap thou hast to know their secrets plain,  
 For I their treasons false, false trains can say,  
 Which few beside can tell, none will bewray —

## LXXXIV

On her he gaz'd, and silent stood this while,  
 Armida's sleights he knew, and trains unjust,  
 Women have tongues of craft, and hearts of guile,  
 They will, they will not, fools that on them trust,  
 For in their speech is death, hell in their smile,  
 At last he said—If hence depart you lust,  
 I will you guide, on this conclude we here,  
 And further speech till fitter time forbear —

## LXXXV

Forthwith (ere thence the camp remove) to ride  
 They were resolv'd, their flight that season fits  
 Vafrine departs, she to the dames beside  
 Returns, and there on thorns awhile she sits,  
 Of her new knight she talks, till time and tide  
 To 'scape unmark'd she finds, then forth she gets,  
 Thither where Vafrine her unseen abode,  
 There took she horse, and from the camp they rode

## LXXXVI.

And now in deserts waste and wild arrived,  
 Far from the camp, far from resort and sight,  
 Vafrine began—'Gainst Godfrey's life contrived,  
 The false compacts and trains unfold aright —  
 Then she, those treasons, from their spring derived,  
 Repeats, and brings their hid deceits to light —  
 Eight knights (she says), all courtiers brave, there are,  
 But Ormond strong the rest surpasseth far,

## LXXXVII.

These whether hate or hope of gain them move,  
 Conspired have and fram'd their treason so,  
 That day when Emuren by fight shall prove  
 To win lost Asia from his Christian foe  
 These, with the cross scar'd on their arms above  
 And arm'd like Frenchmen will disguised go  
 Like Godfrey's guard that gold and white do wear,  
 Such shall their habit be and such their gear

## LXXXVIII

Yet each will bear a token in his crest,  
 That so their friends for Pagans may them know;  
 But in close fight when all the soldiers best  
 Shall mingled be, to give the fatal blow  
 They will creep near and pierce Godfredo's breast,  
 While of his self his guard they bear false show,  
 And all their swords are dipt in poison strong  
 Because each wound shall bring sad death ere long:

## XXXIX

And for their chieftain wist I knew your guise,  
 What garments, ensigns, and what arms you carry  
 Those feign'd arms lie fore'd me to devise  
 So that from yours but small or nought they vary:  
 But thus unjust command my thoughts despise  
 Within their camp therefore I list not tarry  
 My heart abhors I should this hand defile  
 With spot of treason or with act of guile.

## XC.

This is the cause, but not the cause alone.—  
 And there she ceas'd and blush'd, and on the main  
 Cast down her eyes these last words scent out-gone,  
 She would have stopt, nor durst pronounce them plain.  
 The squire what also conceal'd would know as one  
 That from her breast her secret thoughts could strain.—  
 Of little faith (quoth he) why wouldst thou hide  
 Those causes true from me thy squire and guide?—

## XCI

With that she fetch'd a sigh, sad, sore, and deep,  
And from her lips her words slow, trembling came —  
Fruitless (she said), untimely, hard to keep,  
Vain modesty farewell, and farewell shame  
Why hope you, restless love, to bring on sleep?  
Why strive your fires to quench sweet Cupid's flame?  
No, no, such cares and such respects besecm  
Great ladies, wand'ring maids them nought esteem

## XCII

That night, fatal to me and Antioch town,  
Then made a prey to her commanding foe,  
My loss was greater than was seen or known,  
There ended not, but thence began my woe  
Light was the loss of friends, of realm or crown,  
But with my state I lost myself also,  
Ne'er to be found again, for then I lost  
My wit, my sense, my heart, my soul almost

## XCIII

Through fire and sword, through blood and death, Vafrine,  
(Which all my friends did burn, did kill, did chase,)  
Thou know'st I run to thy dear lord and mine,  
When first he enter'd had my father's place,  
And kneeling with salt tears in my swollen eyne  
Great prince (quoth I) grant merey, pity, grace,  
Save not my kingdom, not my life, I said,  
But save mine honour, let me die a maid —

## XCIV

He lift me by the trembling hand from ground,  
Nor stay'd he till my humble speech was done,  
But said—A friend and keeper hast thou found,  
Fair virgin, nor to me in vain you run  
A sweetness strange from that sweet voice's sound  
Pierced my heart, my breast's weak fortress won,  
Which creeping through my bosom soft, became  
A wound, a sickness, and a quenchless flame



## XCIX

But when hot love, which fear had late suppress'd,  
 Reviv'd again, there nould I longer sit,  
 But rode tho way I came, nor eie took rest  
 Till on like danger, like mishap I hit  
 A troop, to forage and to spoil address'd,  
 Encounter'd me, nor could I fly from it  
 Thus was I ta'en, and those that had me caught  
 Egyptians were, and me to Gaza brought,

## C

And for a present to their captain gave,  
 Whom I entreated and besought so well,  
 That he mine honour had great care to save,  
 And since with fair Arunda let me dwell  
 Thus taken oft, escaped oft I have,  
 Ah! see what lapps I pass'd, what dangers fell  
 So often captive, free so oft again,  
 Still my first bands I keep, still my first chain,

## CI

And he that did this chain so surely bind  
 About my heart, which none can loose but he,  
 Let him not say, Go, wand'ring dam-sell! find  
 Some other home, thou shalt not bide with me,  
 But let him welcome me with speeches kind,  
 And in my wonted prison set me free —  
 Thus spake the princess, thus she and her guide  
 Talk'd day and night, and on their journey ride

## CII

Through the highways Vafirino would not pass,  
 A path more secret, safe, and short he knew,  
 And now close by the city's wall he was  
 When sun was set, night in the east up-flew,  
 With drops of blood besmear'd he found the grass,  
 And saw where lay a warrior murder'd new,  
 That all be-bled the ground, his face to skies  
 He turns, and seems to threat though dead he lies



## CIII.

His harness and his habit both bewray'd  
 He was a Pagan forward went the squir  
 And saw whereas another champion laid  
 Dead on the land, all soil'd with blood and mire :  
 This was some Christian knight, Vafrius said  
 And marking well his arms and rich attire  
 He loos'd his helm and saw his visage plain,  
 And cry'd—Alas ! here lies Tancredus slain !—

## CIV.

The woeful virgin tarr'd and gave heed  
 To the fierce looks of that proud Saracine  
 Till that high cry full of sad fear and dread  
 Pierc'd through her heart with sorrow grief and pain  
 At Tancred's name thither she ran with speed  
 Like one half mad or drunk with too much wine ;  
 And when she saw his face, pale like a dead  
 She lighted nigh she ! hied from her stool :

## CV.

Her springs of tears she looeth forth and cries—  
 Hither why bringst thou me ah fortune blind !  
 Where dead for whom I li'd, my comfort lies,  
 Where war for peace travail for rest I find :  
 Tancred I have thee see thee yet thine eyes  
 Look not upon thy love and banish'd kind  
 Undo their doors, their lids fast closed sever ;  
 Alas ! I find thee for to lose thee over

## CVI.

I never thought that to mine eyes (my dear)  
 Thou couldst have grievous or unpleasant been,  
 But now would blind or rather dead I were,  
 That thy sad plight might be unknown, unseen :  
 Alas ! where is thy mirth and smiling cheer ?  
 Where are thine eyes' clear beams and sparkles shewn ?  
 Of thy fair cheek where is the purple red,  
 And forehead's white mews ? are all gone, all dead ?

## CVII.

Tho' gone, tho' dead, I love thee still, behold  
 Death wounds but kills not love, yet if thou live,  
 Sweet soul, still in his breast, my follies bold  
 Ah pardon, love's desires and stealth forgive,  
 Grant me from his pale mouth some kisses cold,  
 Since death doth love of just reward deprive,  
 And of thy spoils, sad death, afford me this,  
 Let me his mouth, pale, cold, and bloodless, kiss

## CVIII

O gentle mouth! with speeches kind and sweet  
 Thou didst relieve my grief, my woe, and pain,  
 Ere my weak soul from this frail body fleet,  
 Ah comfort me with one dear kiss or twain,  
 Perchance, if we alive had hap'd to meet,  
 They had been giv'n which now are stol'n O vain,  
 O feeble life, betwixt his lips out fly!  
 O let me kiss thee first, then let me die!

## CIX.

Receive my yielded spirit, and with thine  
 Guide it to heav'n, where all true love hath place —  
 This said, she sigh'd and tore her tresses fine,  
 And from her eyes two streams pour'd on his face  
 The man, revived with those show'rs divine,  
 Awak'd, and opened his lips a spaco,  
 His lips were open, but fast shut his eyes,  
 And with her sighs one sigh from him up-flies,

## CX

The dame perceiv'd that Tancred breath'd and sight,  
 Which calm'd her griefs some deal and eas'd her fears  
 Unclose thine eyes (she says), my lord and knight,  
 See my last services, my plaints, and tears,  
 See her that dies to see thy woeful plight,  
 That of thy pain her part and portion bears,  
 Once look on me, small is the gift I crave,  
 'The last which thou canst give, or I can have —

## CII.

Tactful look'd up, and he'd his eyes again  
 His y and dia, and she review'd her woe  
 Quoth Yafine—Cure him first and then ourselves;  
 Med'cine is life's chief friend, whilst her worst foe—  
 The y pluck'd his armour off and she each y in  
 Each yant, and never felt and I nill'd so  
 And search'd so well each thrust each cut, and wound  
 That he so of life her lo e and shall now find L

## CIII.

From weakness and loss of blood she spy'd  
 His greatest pains and anguish most pained  
 Nought but her veil and those dainty wale  
 She had to bind his wound in so great need;  
 But lo e round other limbs (though strange) provided  
 And jay wept for y y to see that deed  
 For with her amber locks cut off each wound  
 She tied; (O lady! was so cur'd, so I nill )

## CIV.

For why? her veil was short and thus thus deep  
 And cruel hurts to fasten roll and bind;  
 Nor ad e nor simple had she; yet to keep  
 Her knight all e strong charms of wondrous kind  
 She add, and from him drove that deadly sleep  
 That now his eyes be lifted turn'd, and twin'd  
 And saw his squire and saw that courteous dame  
 In habits strange and wonder'd whence she came

## CV.

He said—O Yafine tell me whence com'st thou,  
 And who this gentle surgeon is thy foe—  
 She smil'd, she sigh'd she look'd she wist not how  
 She wept, rejoic'd, she blush'd as red as rose:—  
 You shall know all (she says); your surgeon now  
 Commands your silence rest and salt repose  
 You shall be sound prepare my guerdon meet.—  
 His hand then laid she in her bosom sweet.

## CXV

Vafrine devis'd this while how he might bear  
 His master home ere night obscur'd the land,  
 When, lo! a troop of soldiers did appear,  
 Whom he descry'd to be Tancredie's band  
 With him, when he and Argant met, they were,  
 But when they went to combat hand for hand,  
 He bade them stay behind, and they obcy'd,  
 But came to seek him now, so long he stay'd

## CXVI

Besides them, many follow'd that inquest,  
 But these alone found out the rightest way.  
 Upon their friendly arms the men address  
 A seat, whereon he sat, he lean'd, he lay  
 Quoth Tancred—Shall the strong Cuçassian rest  
 In this broad field, for wolves and crows a prey?  
 Ah! no, defraud not you that champion brave  
 Of his just praise, of his due tomb and grave

## CXVII

With his dead bones no longer wai have I,  
 Boldly he died, and nobly was he slain,  
 Then let us not that honour him deny,  
 Which after death alonely doth remain —  
 The Pagan dead they lifted up on high,  
 And after Tancred bore him through the plain.  
 Close by the virgin chaste did Vahine ride,  
 As he that was her squire, her guard, her guide —

## CXVIII

Not home (quoth Tancied) to my wonted tent,  
 But oear me to this royal town, I pray,  
 That if, cut short by human accident,  
 I die, there I may see my latest day,  
 The place where Christ upon his cross was rent,  
 To heav'n perchance may easier make the way,  
 And ere I yield to death's and fortune's rage,  
 Perform'd shall be my vow and pilgrimage —

## CXL

Thus to the city was Tascreddil borne  
And fell on sleep, laid on a bed of down.  
Valrino, where the damsel might sojourn  
A chamber got close secret near his own.  
That done he came the mighty Duke before  
And entrance found for till his news were known  
Nought was concluded amongst these knights and lords,  
Their counsel hung on his report and words.

## CXL

Where weak and weary wounded he lay and laid  
Godfrey was set upon his couch's side  
And round about the man a ring was made  
Of lords and knights that fill'd the chamber wide:  
There, while the squire his late duty sayd  
To break his talk none answer'd none replyd:—  
My lord (he said) at your command I went  
And view'd their camp, each cabin booth and tent;

## CXXI

But of that mighty host the number true  
Expect not that I can or should descry  
All cover'd with their armies might you view  
The fields, the plains, the dales and mountains high;  
I saw what way soe'er they went and drew  
They spoil'd the land, drank floods and fountains dry  
For not whole Jordan could have giv'n them drink  
Nor all the grain in Syria bread I think;

## CXXII

But yet amongst them many bands are found  
Both horse and foot of little force and might  
That keep no order know no trumpet's sound  
That draw no sword, but far off shoot and fight;  
But yet the Persian army doth abound  
With many a footman strong and hardy knight  
So doth the king's own troop, which all is framed  
Of soldiers old, the Immortal Squadron named;

## CXXIII

Immortal called is that band of right,  
For of that number never wanteth one,  
But in his empty place some other knight  
Steps in, when any man is dead or gone  
This army's leader Emireno hight,  
Like whom in wit and strength are few or none,  
Who hath in charge, in plain and pitched field,  
To fight with you, to make you fly or yield

## CXXIV

And well I know their army and then host  
Within a day or two will here arrive  
But thee, Rinaldo, it behoveth most  
To keep thy noble head for which they strive,  
For all the chief in arms or courage boast  
They will the same to Queen Armida give,  
And for the same she gives herself in price,  
Such hire will many hands to work entice

## CXXV

The chief of these that have thy murder sworn  
Is Altamore, the king of Sarmachand  
Adrastus then, whose realm lies near the morn,  
A hardy giant, bold, and strong of hand,  
This king upon an elephant is borne,  
For under him no horse can stir or stand  
The third is Tisipherne, as brave a lord  
As ever put on helm or girt on sword —

## CXXVI

This said, from young Rinaldo's angry eyes  
Flew sparks of wrath, flames in his visage shin'd,  
He long'd to be amid those enemies,  
Nor rest nor reason in his heart could find  
But to the Duke Vafrine his talk applies —  
The greatest news, my lord, are yet behind,  
For all their thoughts, their crafts, and counsels tend,  
By treason false to bring thy life to end —

## CXXVII.

Then all from point to point to point he gan expose

The false compact how it was made and wrought

The arms and engines fringed passion close

Ommend a name, what praise what thank he sought,

And what reward and satisfy'd all those

That would demand inquire or ask of aught.

Stence was made awhile when Godfrey thus :—

It imports say what can I give at thou art?—

## CXXVIII.

Not, as we purpos'd late next morn (quoth he)

Let us not scale but round besiege this tower

That those within may have no leave free

To tally out and hurt us with their power

Our camp well rested and refreshed we

Provided well against this last storm and shower

And then in pitched field fight if you will ;

If not, delay and keep this fortress still :

## CXXIX.

But lest you be endanger'd hurt, or slain,

Of all your cares take care yourself to save

By you this camp doth live doth win, doth reign

Who else can rule or guide these squadrons brave ?

And for the traitors shall be noted plain

Command your guard to change the arms they have ;

So shall their guile be known in their own net

So shall they fall, caught in the snare they set.—

## CXXX.

As it hath ever (thus the Duke begun),

Thy counsel shows thy wisdom and thy love

And what you left in doubt shall thus be done

We will their force in pitched battle prove

Closed in this wall and trench the fight to shun,

Doth ill this camp beset and worse be have ;

But we their strength and manhood will assay

And try, in open field and open day :

## CXXI.

The fame of our great conquests to sustain,  
Or bide our looks and threats, they are not able,  
And when this army is subdued and slain,  
Then is our empire settled, firm and stable,  
The tow'rs shall yield, or but resist in vain,  
For fear her anchor is, despair her cable —  
Thus he concludes, and rolling down the west  
Fast set the stars, and call'd them, all to rest



## BOOK XL.

## THE ARGUMENT

The pagan host arrives, and cruel fight  
 At ves with the Christians and their faithful pow'r 31  
 The Soldan longs in field to prove his might  
 With the old king quits the besieged tow'r  
 Yet both are slain, and in eternal night  
 A famous hand gives each his fatal hour  
 Rinaldo appear'd Armida. First the field 121  
 The Christians win, then praise to God they yield.

## I.

THE sun call'd up the world from idle sleep,  
 And of the day ten hours were gone and past,  
 When the bold troop that had the tower to keep  
 Espy'd a sudden mist, that overcast  
 The earth with mirky clouds and darkness deep,  
 And saw it was th' Egyptian camp at last  
 Which rais'd the dust for hills and valleys broad  
 That host did overspread and overload.

## II.

THE with a merry shout and joyful cry  
 The pagans rear'd from their besieged hold,  
 The cranes from Thrace with such a rumour fly  
 His hoary frost and snow when Hyems old  
 Pours down, and fast to warmer regions high,  
 From the sharp winds, fierce storms, and tempests cold;  
 And quick and ready this new hope and aid,  
 Their hands to shoot, their tongues to threaten mad

## III

From whence their ire, their wrath, and hardy threat  
Proceeds, the French well knew and plain espy'd,  
For from the walls and ports the army great

They saw, her strength, her number, pomp, and pride,  
Swelled their breasts with valour's noble heat,

Battle and fight they wish'd, Arm! arm! they cry'd  
The youth to give the sign of fight all pray'd  
Their duke, and were displeas'd because delay'd

## IV

Till morning next, for he refus'd to fight

Their haste and heat he bridled, but not brake,  
Nor yet, with sudden fray or skirmish light,

Of these new foes would he vain trial make —  
After so many wars (he says), good right

It is that one day's rest at least you take —  
For thus in his vain foes he cherish would  
The hope which in their strength they have and hold

## V.

To see Aurora's gentle beam appear,

The soldiers armed, prest, and ready lay,  
The skies were never half so fair and clear

As in the breaking of that blessed day,  
The merry morning smil'd, and seem'd to wear,

Upon her silver crown, sun's golden ray,  
And, without cloud, heav'n his redoubled light  
Bent down to see this field, this fray, this fight

## VI.

When first he saw the day break, show, and shine,

Godfrey his host in good array brought out,  
And to besiege the tyrant Aladine,

Raimond he left, and all the faithful rout  
That from the towns was come of Palestine

To serve and succour their deliverer stout,  
And with them left a hardy troop beside  
Of Gascoignes strong, in arms well prov'd, oft try'd

## VII.

Such was Goffredo's countenance such his cheer  
That from his eye sure conquest flames and streams  
Heaven's gracious favours in his looks appear  
And great and goodly more than erst he seems  
His face and forehead full of noblesse were,  
And on his cheek smil'd youth's purple beams;  
And in his gait his grace his acts his eyes,  
Somewhat far more than mortal lives and lies.

## VIII.

He had not march'd far ere he espied  
Of his proud foes the mighty host draw nigh  
A hill at first he took and fortified  
At his left hand, which stood his army by  
Broad in the front, behind more strait up tied  
His army ready stood the fight to try  
And to the middle-ward well arm'd he brings  
His footmen strong his horsemen serv'd for wings.

## IX.

To the left wing, spread underneath the best  
Of the steep hill that sav'd their flank and side  
The Roberts twain two leaders good he sent  
His brother had the middle-ward to guide  
To the right wing himself in person went  
Down where the plain was dangerous broad and wide,  
And where his foes with their great numbers would  
Perch now environ round his squadrons bold.

## X.

There all his Lorrainers and men of might,  
All his best arm'd he plac'd and chosen hand  
And with those horse some footmen armed light,  
That archers were (us'd to that service) as well  
The adventures then in battle and in flight  
Well try'd a squadron famous through all lands,  
On the right hand he set, somewhat aside,  
Rinaklo was their leader lord, and guide.

## XI

To whom the duke In thee our hope is laid  
Of victory, thou must the conquest gain,  
Behind this mighty wing so far display'd,  
Thou with thy noble squadron close remain,  
And when the pagans would our backs invade,  
Assail them then, and make their onset vain,  
For, if I guess aright, they have in mind  
To compass us, and charge our troops behind —

## XII

'Then through his host, that took so large a scope,  
He rode and view'd them all, both horse and foot,  
His face was bare, his helm unclos'd and ope,  
Lighten'd his eyes, his looks bright fire shot out,  
He cheers the fearful, comforts them that hope,  
And to the bold recounts his boasting stout,  
And to the valiant his adventures hard,  
These bids he look for praise, those for reward

## XIII

At last he stay'd, whereof his squadrons bold  
And noblest troops assembled was best part,  
There from a rising bank his will he told,  
And all that heard his speech thereat took heart,  
And as the molten snow from mountains cold  
Runs down in streams, with eloquence and art,  
So from his lips his words and speeches fell,  
Shrill, speedy, pleasant, sweet, and placed well —

## XIV

My hardy host, you conquerors of the east,  
You scourge wherewith Christ whips his heathen fone,  
Of victory behold the latest feast,  
See the last day for which you wish'd alone,  
Not without cause the Saracens, most and least,  
Our gracious Lord hath gather'd here in one,  
For all your foes and His assembled are,  
That one day's fight may end seven years of war

## XV

This fight shall bring us many victories ;  
The danger none ; the labour will be small :  
Let not the number of your enemies  
Dismay your hearts, grant fear no place at all ;  
For strife and discord through their army flies,  
Their bands ill rank'd themselves entangle shall  
And few of them to strike or fight shall come  
For some want strength some heart some elbow room :

## XVI.

This host, with whom you must encounter now,  
Are men half-naked, without strength or skill ;  
From idleness or following the plough  
Late pressed forth to war against their will  
Their swords are blunt shields thin soon pierced thro'  
Their banners shake their banners shrink ; for ill  
Their leaders heard, obey'd or follow'd be ;  
Their loss, their flight, their death I well foresee :

## XVII.

Their captain, clad in purple arm'd in gold  
That seems so fierce so hardy stout, and strong  
The Moors or weak Arabs no vanquish could  
Yet can he not resist your valours long  
What can he do, tho' wise tho' sage, tho' bold,  
In that confusion, trouble, thrust, and throng ?  
Ill known is he, and worse he knows his host ;  
Strange lords ill fear'd are, ill obey'd of most :

## XVIII

But I am captain of this chosen crew  
With whom I oft have conquer'd, triumph'd oft ;  
Your lands and linages long since I knew,  
Each knight obeys my rule mild easy soft ;  
I know each sword each dart, each shaft I view  
Although the quarry fly in skies aloft ;  
Whether the name of Ireland be or France,  
And from what bow it comes what hand perchance :

## XIX.

I ask an easy and an usual thing,  
 As you have oft, this day so win the field,  
 Let zeal and honour be your virtue's sting;  
 Your lives, my fame, Christ's faith, defend and shield,  
 To earth these pagans slain and wounded bring,  
 Tread on their necks, make them all die or yield.  
 What need I more exhort you? from your eyes  
 I see how victory, how conquest flies?—

## XX.

Upon the captain, when his speech was done,  
 It seem'd a lamp and golden light down came,  
 As from night's azure mantle oft doth run,  
 Or fall, a sliding star or shining flame,  
 But from the bosom of the burning sun  
 Proceeded this, and garland-wise the same  
 Godfredo's noble head encompass'd round,  
 And (as some thought) foreshew'd he should be crown'd

## XXI.

Perchance (if man's proud thought or saucy tongue  
 Have leave to judge or guess at heav'nly things)  
 This was the angel which had kept him long,  
 That now came down and hid him with his wings  
 While thus the duke bespeaks his armies strong,  
 And every troop and band in order brings,  
 Lord Emiren his host disposed well,  
 And with bold words whet on their courage fell

## XXII

The man brought forth his army great with speed,  
 In order good his foes at hand he spy'd,  
 Like the new moon his host two horns did spread,  
 In midst the foot, the horse were on each side,  
 The right wing kept he for himself to lead,  
 Great Altamore receiv'd the left to guide,  
 The middle-ward led Muleasses proud,  
 And in that battaile fair Armida stood

## XXIII

On the right quarter stood the Indian grim,  
 With Tialphorne and all the king's own band,  
 But where the left wing spread her squadrons trim,  
 O'er the large plain did Altamero stand  
 With African and Persian kings with him,  
 And two that came from Meroc's hot sand,  
 And all his cross-bows and his slings he plac'd  
 Where room best serv'd to shoot, to throw, to cast.

## XXIV

Thus Embren his host put in array  
 And rode from band to band, from rank to rank  
 His *truchmen* now and now himself doth say,  
 What spoil his folk shall gain what praise, what thank.  
 To him that fear'd—Look up, ours is the day  
 (He says) vile fear to bold hearts never sank  
 How darest thou against an hundred fight?  
 Our cry our shade will put them all to flight.—

## XXV

But to the bold—Go, hardy knight (he says)  
 His prey out of this lion's paws go tear—  
 To some before his thoughts the shape he lays,  
 And makes therein the image true appear  
 How his sad country him entreats and prays,  
 His house, his loving wife, and children dear  
 Suppose (quoth he) thy country doth beseech  
 And pray thee thus suppose this is her speech

## XXVI.

Defend my laws, uphold my temples brave,  
 My blood from washing of my streets withhold;  
 From ravishing my virgins keep and save  
 Thine on *val* *us* dead bones and ashes cold  
 To thee thy fathers' dear and parents' grave  
 Show their uncover'd heads, white, hoary old  
 To thee thy wife, her breasts with tears o'er *us* *us* *us*  
 Thy sons their cradles show thy marriage bed,—

## XXVII

To all the rest—You, for her honour's sake,  
 Whom Asia makes her champions, by your might  
 Upon these thieves, weak, feeble, few, must take  
 A sharp revenge, yet just, deserv'd, and right —  
 Thus many words in several tongues he spake,  
 And all his sundry nations to sharp fight  
 Encouraged But now the dukes had done  
 Their speeches all, the hosts together run

## XXVIII

It was a great, a strange, and wond'rous sight,  
 When front to front those noble armies met,  
 How every troop, how in each troop each knight  
 Stood prest to move, to fight, and praise to get  
 Loose in the wind waved their ensigns light,  
 Trembled the plumes that on their crests were set,  
 Their arms, impresses, colours, gold, and stone,  
 'Gainst the sun-beams smil'd, flamed, sparkled, shone

## XXIX.

Of dry-top'd oaks they seem'd two forests thick,  
 So did each host with spears and pikes abound  
 Bent were their bows, in rests their lances stick,  
 Their hands shook swords, their slings held cobbles round  
 Each steed to run was ready, prest, and quick  
 At his commander's spur, his hand, his sound,  
 He chafes, he stamps, careers, and turns about,  
 He foams, snorts, neighs, and fire and smoke breathes out

## XXX

Horror itself in that fair sight seem'd fair,  
 And pleasure flew amid sad dread and fear,  
 The trumpets shrill that thunder'd in the air  
 Were music mild and sweet to every ear,  
 The faithful camp, though less, yet seem'd more rare  
 In that strange noise, more warlike, shrill, and clear,  
 In notes more sweet, the pagan trumpets jar  
 These sung, their armours shin'd, those glister'd far



## X

The Christian trumpets give the deadly call  
 The pagans answer and the fight accept.  
 The gally trenchmen on their knees down fall  
 To pray and kiss'd the earth and then up-leapt  
 To fight: the land between was vanish'd all  
 In combat close each host to other stepp'd  
 For now the wings had finish'd hot begun  
 And with their battles forth the furiours run.

## XXXII

But who was first of all the Christian train  
 That gave the onset first first won renown?  
 Gildippes, thou wert she; for by thee slain,  
 The king of Orms, Ilbrano tumbled down;  
 The man's breast-bone thou clost and rent in twain,  
 So heav'n with honour would thee bless and crown  
 Pierc'd through his fell and falling brand withall  
 His foe prais'd for her strength, and for his fall.

## XXXIII.

Her lance thus broke the harly dame forth drew  
 With her strong hand a fine and trenchant blade;  
 And gainst the Persians fierce and bold she flew  
 And in their troop wide streets and lanes she made:  
 Even in the girdling steed divided now  
 In pieces twain, Zopire on earth she laid;  
 And then Alarco's head she swept off clean  
 Which like a foot-ball tumbled on the green.

## XXXIV

A blow fell'd Artaxerxes with a thrust  
 Was Argeus slain: the first lay in a trance.  
 Israel's left hand cut off fell in the dust,  
 For on his wrist her sword fell down by chance:  
 The hand let go the bridle where it fast;  
 The blow upon the courser's ears did glance  
 Who felt the reins at large, and with the stroke  
 Half-mad, the ranks disorder'd, troubled broke.

## XXXXV

All these, and many more, by time forgot,  
She slew and wounded, when against her came  
The angry Persians all, cast on a knot,  
For on her person would they purchase fame,  
But her dear spouse and husband wanted not,  
In so great need, to aid the noble dame  
Thus join'd, the haps of war unhurt they prove,  
Their strength was double, double was their love

## XXXXVI

The noble lovers use, well might you see,  
A wond'rous guise, till then unseen, unheard,  
To save themselves forgot both he and she,  
Each other's life did keep, defend, and guard,  
The strokes that 'gainst her lord discharged be,  
The dame had care to bear, to break, to ward,  
His shield kept off the blows bent on his dear,  
Which, if need be, his naked head should bear

## XXXXVII

So each sav'd other, each for other's wrong  
Would vengeance take, but not revenge their own  
The valiant Soldan, Artabano strong,  
Of Boecan isle, by her was overthrown,  
And by his hand (the bodies dead among)  
Alvante, that durst his mistress wound, fell down,  
And she between the eyes hit Arimonte,  
(Who hurt her lord) and cleft in twain his front

## XXXXVIII

But Altamore, who had that wing to lead,  
Far greater slaughter on the Christians made,  
For where he turn'd his sword or twin'd his steed,  
He slew, or man and beast on earth down laid,  
Happy was he that was at first struck dead,  
That fell not down alive, for whom his blade  
Had spar'd, the same cast in the dusty street  
His horse tore with his teeth, bruise'd with his feet

## XIX

By this brave I remain a slayer kill'd and slain  
 Were strong Howells and Arduelo great;  
 The first his head and helm had cleft in twain;  
 The last his straiter was he had cut off,  
 For through his heart he pierc'd and thro' his side  
 Where laughter had his fountain and his road,  
 So that (a dreadful thing to be so wroth!)  
 He laugh'd for pain, and laugh'd himself to death.

## XX.

Nor these alone with that in mind leave  
 Of this sweet life but sad breath dropt and low  
 But with that cruel weapon that their life  
 Gave only (Carnage it was not and it was)  
 Who knows how many in that fatal strife  
 He slew? What knights his cruel sword made die?  
 The names and countries of the people slain  
 Who tells? Their wounds and death who can explain?

## XXI.

With this fierce king encounter durst not one  
 Not one durst combat him in equal field;  
 Gildippes undertook that task alone;  
 No doubt could make her shrink no danger yield;  
 By Thermopylae was never Armée,  
 That in gold steeled was or carried shield  
 That seem'd so tall as she so strong so light  
 When forth she run to meet that dreadful knight.

## XXII.

She hit him where with gold and rich ornaments  
 His diadem sat on his helmet flame  
 She broke and cleft the crown and caus'd him rail  
 His proud and lofty top his crest down came;  
 Strong seem'd her arm that could so well assail;  
 The Pagan shook for spite and blush'd for shame;  
 Forward he rush'd and would at once requite  
 She met with disgrace and with revenge, despite.

## XIII

Right on the front he gave that lady kind  
A blow, so huge, so strong, so great, so sore,  
That out of sense and feeling down she twin'd,  
But her dear knight his love from ground upbore  
Were it their fortune, or his noble mind,  
He staid his hand, and struck the dame no more  
A lion so stalks by, and with proud eyes  
Beholds, but scorns to hurt, a man that lies

## XIV

This while Ormondo false, whose cruel hand  
Was arm'd and prest to give the trait'rous blow,  
With all his fellows 'mongst Godfredo's band  
Enter'd unseen, disguis'd that few them know  
The thievish wolves, when night o'ershades the land,  
That seem like faithful dogs in shape and show,  
So to the closed folds in secret creep,  
And entrance seek, to kill some harmless sheep

## XLV

He 'proached nigh, and to Godfredo's side  
The bloody Pagan now was placed near,  
But when his colours gold and white he spy'd,  
And saw the other signs that forged were—  
See! see! this traitor false (the captain cry'd),  
That like a Frenchman would in show appear,  
Behold how near his mates and he are crept —  
'This said, upon the villain forth he leap'd

## XLVI

Deadly he wounded him, and that false knight  
Nor strikes, nor wards, nor striveth to be gone,  
But (as Medusa's head were in his sight)  
Stood like a man new turn'd to marble stone  
All lances broke, unsheath'd all weapons bright,  
All quivers emptied were, on them alone,  
In parts so many were the traitors cleft,  
That those dead men had no dead bodies left.

## XLVII.

When Godfrey was with Pagan blood bespattered  
 He enter'd then the field and that was just  
 Where the bold Christian fought and combatant  
 Where the close ranks he open'd cleft and brast;  
 Before the knight the troops and squabrous fled  
 As Afric's dust before the southern blast  
 The Duke recall'd them, in array them plac'd,  
 Staid those that fled, and him assail'd that chas'd.

## XLVIII.

The champions strong there fought a battle stout  
 Troy never saw the like by Xanthus old.  
 A conflict sharp there was unceasing on foot  
 'Twas Baldwin great and Muhammad's bold,  
 The bannermen also (near the mountain's root  
 And in both wings) a furious skirmish held  
 And where the hart runs Duke in person staid  
 'Twas Turpinus and Adreas join'd.

## XLIX.

With Emiren, Robert the Norman strove  
 Long time they fought, yet neither lost nor won.  
 The other Robert's helm the Indian clove  
 And broke his arms, their fight would soon be done  
 From place to place did Sulphernes rove  
 And found no match; yet him none durst run  
 But where the grass was thickest thither flew  
 The knight, and at each stroke fell'd hart or ewe

## L.

Thus fought they long yet neither shrink nor yield  
 In equal toil nor hung their hope and fear;  
 All full of broken lances lay the field  
 All full of arms that clove and shatter'd were;  
 Of swords, some to the body nail the shield  
 Some cut men's throats and some their bellies tear  
 Of bodies, some upright, some grovelling lay  
 And for themselves cut graves out of the clay

## LI

Beside his lord slain lay the noble steed,  
 There friend with friend lay kill'd, like lovers true,  
 There foe with foe, the live under the dead,  
 The victor under him whom late he slew  
 A hoarse unperfect sound did each where spread,  
 Whence neither silence, nor plain outcries flew,  
 There fury roars, ire threats, and woe complains,  
 One weeps, another cries, he sighs for pains

## LII

The arms that late so fair and glorious seem,  
 Now soil'd and slubber'd, sad and sullen grow,  
 The steel his brightness lost, the gold his beam,  
 The colours had no pride nor beauty's show,  
 The plumes and feathers on their crests that stream,  
 Are strowed wide upon the earth below  
 The hosts both clad in blood, in dust and mire,  
 Had chang'd their cheer, their pride, their rich attire

## LIII.

But now the Moors, Arabians, Æthiops black,  
 (Of the left wing that held the utmost marge)  
 Spread forth their troops, and purpos'd at the back  
 And side their heedless foes t' assail and charge  
 Slingers and archers were not slow nor slack  
 To shoot and cast, when with his battle large  
 Rinaldo came, whose fury, haste, and ire  
 Seem'd earthquake, thunder, tempest, storm and fire.

## LIV.

The first he met was Asimire, his throne  
 That set in Meroe's hot sun-burnt land,  
 He cut his neck in twain, flesh, skin and bone,  
 The sable head down tumbled on the sand,  
 But when by death of this black Prince alone  
 The taste of blood and conquest once he fand,  
 Whole squadrons then, whole troops to earth he brought,  
 Things wond'rous, strange, incredible, he wrought,

## LV

He ga o more deaths than strokes and yet his blows  
Upon his feeble foes fell oft and thick  
To move three tongues as a heron serpent shows,  
Which rolls the one she hath with, speedily quick  
So thrills each I again each Arabian trows,  
He wields three swords all in one hilt that stuns;  
His re-forms their eyes as blinded hath  
Their dread that wonder breed, fear ga o it faith.

## LVI

The Afric tyrants and the Negro kings  
Fell down on heaps drown'd each in other's blood  
Upon their people ran the knight's bo'longs  
Prick'd forward by their guide's example good  
Kill'd were the I agans broke their bows and slings;  
Some died some fell some yielded none withstood;  
A man was this, no fight, those put  
Their foes to death those hold their throats to cut.

## LVII

Small while they stood with heart and hardy face  
On their bold breasts deep wounds and hurts to bear  
But fled away and troubled in the chase,  
Their ranks disorder'd be with too much fear;  
Nought to follow'd them from place to place  
Till quite dissolv'd and dispers'd they were;  
That done, he stays and all his knights recalls,  
And scorns to strike his foe that flies or falls.

## LVIII

Like as the wind stopp'd by some wood or hill,  
Grows strong and fierce tears boughs and trees in twain;  
But with mild is more temperate gentle, still  
Blows through the ample field, or spacious plain;  
Against the rocks as sea-waves murmur shrill,  
But silent pass amid the open main:  
Rinseth so, when none his force with toil  
Assag'd his fury calm'd his angry mood

## LIX

He scorn'd upon their fearful backs that fled  
To wreak his ire, and spend his force in vain,  
But 'gainst the footmen strong his troops he led,  
Whose side the Moors had open left and plain,  
The Africanes, that should have succoured  
That battaile, all were run away or slain,  
Upon their flank with force and courage stout  
His men at arms assaul'd the bands on foot

## LX

He brake their pikes, and brake their close array,  
Enter'd their battaile, fell'd them down around  
So wind or tempest with impetuous sway  
The ears of ripen'd corn strikes flat to ground  
With blood, arins, bodies dead, the harden'd clay  
Plaster'd the earth, no grass nor green was found,  
The horsemen running thro' and thro' their bands,  
Kill, murder, slay, few 'scape, not one withstands

## LXI

Rinaldo came where his forlorn Armide  
Sat in her golden chariot mounted high,  
A noble guard she had on every side  
Of lords, of lovers, and much chivalry  
She knew the man when first his arms she spy'd,  
Love, hate, wrath, sweet desire, strove in her eye  
He chang'd some deal his look and count'nance bold,  
She chang'd from frost to fire, from heat to cold

## LXII

The Prince past by the chariot of his dear,  
Like one that did his thoughts elsewhere bestow,  
Yet suffer'd not her knights and lovers near  
Their rival so to 'scape withouten blow  
One drew his sword, another couch'd his speau,  
Herself an arrow shap set in her bow,  
Disdain her ire new sharp'd and kindled bath,  
But love appeas'd her, love assuag'd her wrath



## LXIII.

Love bridled fury and reviv'd of now

His fire, not dead, though buried in displeasure;  
Three times her angry hand the bow up drew

And thrice again let slack the string at leisure;  
But wrath prevail'd at last, the reed out flew

For love finds mean, but hatred knows no measure;  
Out flew the shaft, but with the shaft this charm,  
'This wish she sent—Heav'n grant it do no harm—

## LXIV

She bids the reed return the way it went,

And pierce her heart which so unkind could prove  
Such force had love, though lost and vainly spent;

What strength hath happy love, and nought of love!  
But she that gentle thought did straight reject,

Wrath fury kindles, in her bosom stirs  
She would, she would not that it miss'd or hit,  
Her eyes, her heart her wishes follow'd it.

## LXV

But yet in vain the quarry lighted not

For on his hawk-bark hard the knight it hit,  
Too hard for woman's shaft or woman's shot,

I stood of piercing there it broke and split.  
He turn'd away also burnt with fury hot,

And thought he scorn'd her power and in that fit  
Shot oft and oft, her shafts no entrance found  
And while she shot, love gave her wound on wound.—

## LXVI

And is he then unpiercible (quoth she)

That neither force nor sue he needs regard?

His limbs (perchance) arm'd with that hardness be  
Which makes his heart so cruel and so hard;

No shot that flies from eye or hand I see

Hurts him, such rigour doth his person guard  
Arm'd or disarm'd his foe or mistress kind  
Despised alike, like hate, like scorn I find.

## LXVII

But what new form is left, device, or art,  
 By which, to which exchang'd, I might find grace?  
 For in my knights and all that take my part  
 I see no help, no hope, no trust I place  
 To his great prowess, might, and valiant heart,  
 All strength is weak, all courage vile and base —  
 Thus said she, for she saw how, through the field,  
 Her champions fly, faint, tremble, fall and yield

## LXVIII

Nor left alone can she her person save,  
 But to be slain or taken stands in fear,  
 Though with her bow a javelin long she have,  
 Yet weak was Phœbe's bow, blunt Pallas' spear,  
 But as the swan, that sees the eagle brave  
 Threat'ning her flesh and silver plumes to tear,  
 Falls down to hide her 'mongst the shady brooks,  
 Such were her fearful motions, such her looks

## LXIX.

But Altamore, this while that strove and sought  
 From shameful flight his Persian host to stay,  
 That was discomfit and destroy'd to nought,  
 Whilst he alone maintain'd the fight and fray,  
 Seeing distress'd the goddess of his thought,  
 To aid her ran, nay flew, and laid away  
 All care both of his honour and his host,  
 If she were safe, let all the world be lost

## LXX

To the ill-guarded chariot swift he flew,  
 His weapon made him way with bloody war.  
 Meanwhile Lord Godfrey and Rinaldo slew  
 His feeble bands, his people murder'd are  
 He saw their loss, but aided not his crew,  
 A better lover than a leader far  
 He set Armida safe, then turn'd again  
 With tardy succour, for his folk were slain

## LXXI.

And on that side the woe'ful Prince beheld  
 The battle lost, no help nor hope remain'd.  
 But on the other wing the Christians yield  
 And fly such vantage there the Egyptians gain'd:  
 One of the Roberts was nigh slain in field;  
 The other by the Indian strong constrain'd  
 To yield himself his captive and his slave.  
 Thus equal loss and equal foil they have.

## LXXII

Godfredo took the time and fit  
 To bring again his squadrons in array  
 And either camp well order'd, rang'd and knit,  
 Renew'd the furious battl', fight and fray  
 New streams of blood were shed, new swords them hit;  
 New combats fought, new spoils were borne away;  
 And unresolv'd and driv'n b'wixt on each side,  
 Did praise and conquest, Mars and Fortune ride.

## LXXIII

Between the armies twain while thus the fight  
 Wax'd sharp, hot, cruel, though renew'd but late  
 The Soldan climb'd up to the tower's height,  
 And saw far off their strife and fell debate  
 As from some stage or theatre the knight  
 Saw play'd the tragedy of human state  
 Saw death, blood, murder woe and horror strange  
 And the great acts of fortune, chance and change.

## LXXIV

At first astonish'd and amaz'd he stood,  
 Then burnt with wrath, and self-consuming fire  
 Swelled his bosom like a raging flood;  
 To be amid that battle, such desire,  
 Such haste he had, he don'd his helmet good,  
 His other arms he had before entire—  
 Up, up (he cried) no more, no more within  
 This future stay come follow die or win.—

## LXXV

Whether the same were Providence Divine  
 That made him leave the fortress he possess'd,  
 For that the empire proud of Palestine  
 This day should fall, to rise again more bless'd,  
 Or that he breaking felt the fatal line  
 Of life, and would meet death with constant breast,  
 Furious and fierce he did the gates unbar,  
 And sudden rage brought forth, and sudden war,

## LXXVI

Nor staid he till the folk on whom he cry'd  
 Assemble might, but out alone he flies,  
 A thousand foes the man alone defy'd,  
 And ran among a thousand enemies,  
 But with his fury call'd from every side  
 The rest ran out, and Aladine forth hies,  
 The cowards had no fear, the wise no care,  
 This was not hope nor courage, but despair

## LXXVII

The dreadful Turk with sudden blows down cast  
 The first he met, nor gave them time to plain  
 Or pray, in murd'ring them he made such haste,  
 That dead they fell ere one could see them slain  
 From mouth to mouth, from eye to eye, forth past -  
 The fear and terror, that the faithful train  
 Of Syrian folk, not us'd to dang'rous fight,  
 Were broken, scatter'd, and nigh put to flight.

## LXXVIII

But with less terror and disorder less,  
 The Gascoignes kept array, and kept their ground,  
 Though most the loss and peril them oppress,  
 Unwares assail'd they were, unready found.  
 No rav'ning tooth or talon hard I guess  
 Of beast, or eager hawk, doth slay and wound  
 So many sheep, or fowls weak, feeble, small,  
 As his sharp sword kill'd knights and soldiers tall,

## XXIX

It seem'd his thirst and hunger saug'd he would  
 With their slain bodies and their blood pour'd out.  
 With him his troops and Abulinn old  
 Slew the besiegers kill'd the Christian rout.  
 But R. Inand ran to meet the Soldan bold,  
 Nor to encounter him had fear or doubt,  
 Though his right hand by proof too well he know,  
 Which laid him late for dead at one huge blow:

## XXX

They met, and R. toward fell amid the field,  
 This blow again upon his forehead light  
 It was the fault and weakness of his child,  
 Age is not fit to bear strokes of such might.  
 Each one lift up his sword, advanc'd his shield  
 Those would destroy and those defend the knight.  
 On went the Soldan for the man he thought  
 Was slain or easily might be captive brought.

## XXXI

Among the rest he ran, he rag'd he smote,  
 And in small space, small time, great wonders wrought,  
 And as his rage him led and fury hote  
 To kill and murder matter new he sought.  
 As from his supper poor with hungry throat,  
 A peasant hastes to a rich feast ybrought,  
 So from this skirmish to the battle great  
 He ran, and quench'd with blood his fury's heat.

Where batter'd was the wall he sallied out,  
 And to the field in haste and heat he goes,  
 With him went rage and fury fear and doubt  
 Remain'd behind among his scatter'd foes:  
 To win the conquest strove his squadron stout,  
 Which he imperfect left, yet loth to lose  
 The day, the Christians fight, resist and die  
 And ready were to yield, retire and fly

## LXXXIII.

The Gascoigne bands retir'd, but kept array,  
 The Syrian people ran away outright  
 The fight was near the place where Tancred lay,  
 His house was full of noise and great affright,  
 He rose and looked forth to see the fray,  
 Though every limb was weak, faint, void of might,  
 He saw the County lie, his men o'erthrown,  
 Some beaten back, some kill'd, some felled down.

## LXXXIV

Courage in noble hearts that ne'er is spent,  
 Yet fainted not, though faint were every limb,  
 But re-enforc'd each member cleft and rent,  
 And want of blood and strength supplied in him  
 In his left hand his heavy shield he hent,  
 Nor seem'd the weight too great, his curtleax trim  
 His right hand drew, nor for more arms he stood  
 Or staid, he needs no more whose heart is good,

## LXXXV.

But coming forth, cried—Whither will you run,  
 And leave your leader to his foes in prey?  
 What! shall these heathen of his armour won,  
 In their vile temples hang up trophies gay?  
 Go home to Gascoigne then, and tell his son  
 That where his father died you ran away.—  
 This said, against a thousand armed foes  
 He did his breast, weak, naked, sick, oppose,

## LXXXVI.

And with his heavy, strong, and mighty targe  
 (That with sev'n hard bulls' hides was surely lin'd,  
 And strengthen'd with a cover thick and large  
 Of stiff and well-attemper'd steel behind)  
 He shielded Raimond from the furious charge,  
 From swords, from darts, from weapons of each kind.  
 And all his foes drove back with his sharp blade,  
 That sure and safe he lay as in a shade

## LXXXVII.

Thus arm'd, thus shielded Raimond ran repairs  
 He rose and rear'd himself in little space  
 And in his bowen burnt the double fire  
 Of vengeance, wrath his heart, shame fill'd his face  
 He look'd around to spy (such was his ire)  
 The man whose stroke had laid him in that place  
 Whom when he sees not, for disdain he judges,  
 And on his people sharp revenge he takes.

## LXXXVIII.

The Gascoignes turn again; their lord in haste  
 To venge their loss his band re-order'd brings;  
 The troop that durst so much now stood aghast,  
 Fur where and fear grew late now looks as springs  
 Now follow'd they that fled—fled they that chas'd;  
 So in one hour all with the state of things:  
 Raimond requites his loss—he is hurt, and all  
 And with an hundred doth revenge'd one fall.

## LXXXIX.

Whilst Raimond wreaks thus his just disdain  
 On the proud heads of captains, lords, and peers,  
 He spies great Sion's king amid the train  
 And to him leaps, and high his sword he rears,  
 And on his forehead strikes and strikes again,  
 Till helm and head he breaks—he cleaves, he tears;  
 Down fell the king—the guiltless land he lost,  
 That now keeps him because he kept not it.

## XC.

Their guides—one murder'd thus, the other gone  
 The troops di-klod were in divers thought  
 Despair made some run headlong gainst their foe,  
 To seek sharp death that comes no call'd unwrought;  
 And some (that laid their hope on flight alone)  
 Fled to their fort again—yet chance so wrought,  
 That with the fliers in the victors pass,  
 And so the fortress won and conquer'd was.

## XCI

The hold was won, slain were the men that fled,  
In courts, halls, chambers high, above, below.  
Old Raïmond fast up to the leads him sped,  
And there, of victory true sign and show,  
His glorious standard to the wind he spread,  
That so both armies his success might know  
But Soliman saw not the town was lost,  
For far from thence he was, and near the host

## XCII

Into the field he came the lukewarm blood  
Did smoke and flow through all the purple field ;  
There of sad death the court and palace stood,  
There did he triumphs lead and trophies bield  
An armed steed fast by the Soldan yood,  
That had no guide nor lord the reins to wield ,  
The tyrant took the bridle, and bestrode  
The courser's empty back, and forth he rode

## XCIII

Great, yet but short and sudden, was the aid  
That to the Pagans, faint and weak, he brought ,  
A thunderbolt he was, you would have said ,  
Great, yet that comes and goes as swift as thought,  
And of his coming swift, and flight unstead,  
Eternal signs in hardest rocks hath wrought ,  
For by his hand an hundred knights were slain,  
But time forgot hath all their names but twain

## XCIV

Gildippes fair, and Edward thy dear lord,  
Your noble death, sad end, and woeful fate,  
(If so much pow'r our vulgar tongue afford,)  
To all strange wits, strange ears, let me dilate,  
That ages all your love and sweet accord,  
Your virtue, prowess, worth, may imitate .  
And some kind servant of true love that hears,  
May grace your death, my verses, with some tears



## XCV

The noble lady thither boldly flew  
 Where the fierce Souldan fought, and him defy'd ;  
 Two mighty blows she gave the Turk untrue,  
 One cleit his shield, the other pierc'd his side.  
 The Prince the damsel by her habit knew :—  
 See see this murther'd strumpet ! see (he cry'd)  
 This shameless whore ! for thee fit weapons were  
 Thy need and spindle not a sword and spear —

## XCVI.

This said, full of a virgin's rage and despite  
 A strong, a fierce a deadly stroke he gave  
 And pierc'd her armour pierc'd her bosom white,  
 Worthy no blows but blows of love to have ;  
 Her dying hand let go the bridle quite  
 She faints, she falls — twist life and death she strave  
 Her lord to help her came but came too late,  
 Yet was not that his fault, it was his fate.

## XCVII.

What should he do ? to divers parts him call  
 Just ire and pity kind ; one bids him go  
 And mourn his dear lady like to fall ;  
 The other calls for vengeance on his foe  
 Love biddeth both love says he must do all  
 And with his ire joins grief, with pity woe.  
 What did he then ? with his left hand the knight  
 Would hold her up, revenge her with his right

## XCVIII

But to resist against a knight so bold,  
 Too weak his will and power divided were ;  
 So that he could not his fair love uphold  
 Nor kill the cruel man that slew his dear  
 His arm, that did his mistress kind enfold  
 The Turk cut off. Pale grew his looks and cheer ;  
 He let her fall, himself fell by her side ;  
 And for he could not save her with her died.

## XCIX

As the high elm, (whom his dear vine hath twin'd  
 Fast in her hundred arms and holds embrac'd,)  
 Bears down to earth his spouse and darling kind,  
 If storm or cruel steel the tree down cast,  
 And her full grapes to nought doth bruise and grind,  
 Spoils his own leaves, faints, withers, dies at last,  
 And seems to mourn and die, not for his own  
 But for her death, with him that lies o'erthrown

## C.

So fell he mourning, mourning for the dame  
 Whom life and death had made for ever his,  
 They would have spoke, but not one word could frame,  
 Deep sobs their speech, sweet sighs their language is,  
 Each gaz'd on other's eyes, and, while the same  
 Is lawful, join their hands, embrace, and kiss  
 And thus sharp death their knot of life untied,  
 Together fainted they, together died

## CI

But now swift fame her nimble wings dispread,  
 And told each where their chance, their fate, their fall,  
 Rinaldo heard the case by one that fled  
 From the fierce Turk, and brought him news of all  
 Disdam, good-will, woe, wrath, the champion led  
 To take revenge, shame, grief, for vengeance call  
 But, as he went, Adrastus with his blade  
 Forestall'd the way, and show of combat made

## CII

The giant cry'd—By sundry signs I note,  
 That whom I wish, I search, thou, thou art he,  
 I mark'd each worthy's shield, his helm, his coat,  
 And all this day have call'd and cry'd for thee,  
 To my sweet saint I have thy head devote,  
 Thou must my sacrifice, my offering be  
 Come, let us here our strength and courage try,  
 Thou art Armida's foe, her champion I —

## CIII.

Thus he defy'd him : on his front before  
 And on his throat he struck him, yet the blow  
 His helmet neither bruised, cleft nor tore  
 But in his scuttle made him bend and bow  
 Rinaldo hit him on the flank so sore  
 That neither art nor herb could help him now :  
 Down fell the giant strong ; one blow such power,  
 Such prize as had : so falls a thunder'd tower

## CIV

With horror fear, amazement, and dread,  
 Cold were the hearts of all that saw the fray ;  
 And Souldans (that view'd that noble deed)  
 Trembled his valence did his fear betray  
 For in that stroke he did his end attain,  
 He wist not what to bid to do, to say ;  
 A thing in him unused rare and strange ;  
 But so doth heav'n's men's hearts turn, alter change

## CV

As when the sick or frantic men oft dream  
 In their unquiet sleep and slumber short,  
 And think they run some speedy course and seem  
 To move their legs and feet in hasty sort  
 Yet feel their limbs far slower than the stream  
 Of their vain thoughts, that bears them in this sport,  
 And oft would speak, would cry would call or shout  
 Yet neither sound nor voice, nor word send out ;

## CVI.

So run to fight the angry Souldan would,  
 And diden force his strength his might, his ire  
 Yet felt not in himself his courage old  
 His wonted force his rage and hot desire ;  
 His eyes, that sparkled wrath and fury bold  
 Grew dim and feeble, fear had quench'd that fire ;  
 And in his heart an hundred words a-fought,  
 Yet not on fear or base retire he thought.

## CVII

While unresolv'd he stood, the victor knight  
Arriv'd, and seem'd in quickness, haste, and speed,  
In boldness, greatness, goodliness, and might,  
Above all princes born of human seed  
The Turk small while resists, not death, nor fight,  
Made him forget his state or race, through dread,  
He fled no strokes, he fetch'd no groan nor sigh,  
Bold were his motions last, proud, stately, high

## CVIII

Now when the Soldan (in those battles past,  
That Antæus-like, oft fell, oft rose again,  
Ever more fierce, more fell) fell down at last  
To lie for ever, when this Prince was slain,  
Fortune, that seld is stable, firm or fast,  
No longer durst resist the Christian train,  
But rang'd herself in row with Godfrey's knights,  
With them she serves, she runs, she rides, she fights

## CIX

The Pagan troops, the King's own squadron, fled,  
Of all the East the strength, the pride, the flow'r,  
Late call'd Immortal, now discomfited,  
It lost that title proud, and lost all pow'r,  
To him that with the royal standard fled,  
Thus Emireno said, with speeches sour—  
Art not thou he to whom to bear I gave  
My King's great banner and his standard brave?

## CX

This ensign, Ramedon, I gave not thee  
To be the witness of thy fear and flight,  
Coward! dost thou thy lord and captain see  
In battle strong, and run'st thyself from fight?  
What seek'st thou? safety? come, return with me,  
The way to death is path to virtue right  
Here let him fight that would escape, for this  
The way to honour, way to safety is —

## CXI.

The man return'd, and swell'd with scorn and shame;  
 The Duke with speeches gave exhortations the same;  
 He threats, he strikes, he scoldeth till both they cease  
 And rage against force, despair against death address;  
 Thus of his broken armour gave he thanks  
 A battle new some hopes dwell in his breast;  
 But Tishbarnes bold reviv'd him next,  
 Who fought and seem'd to win when all was lost.

## CXII.

Wonders that day wrought noble Tishbarnes,  
 The hardy Normans all he overthrew;  
 The Flemings fled before the champion stern  
 Gernier, Rogero, Gerard he slew;  
 His glorious deeds to praise and fame eternal  
 His life's short date prolong'd, enlarg'd and dress'd,  
 And then as he that set sweet life at naught,  
 The greatest peril, danger must be sought.

## CXIII.

He spy'd Rimulda and although his shield  
 Of azure purple now and sanguine shows  
 And though the silver bird amid his shield  
 Were armed gulcs, yet he the champion knows  
 And says—Here greatest peril is, here as you hold  
 Strength to my courage fortune to my blows,  
 That fair Armida her revenge may see;  
 Help, Maron! for his arms I now to thee.—

## CXIV.

Thus pray'd he, but all his vows were vain,  
 Maron was deaf or slept in heav'n above;  
 And as a lion strikes him with his train  
 His native wrath to quicken and to move  
 So he awak'd his fury and his rage  
 And sharp'd his courage on the whetstone's loss;  
 Himself he sav'd behind his mighty target  
 And forward spurr'd his steed, and gave the charge.

## CXV

The Christian saw the hardy warrior come,  
And leaped forth to undertake the fight,  
The people round about gave place and room,  
And wonder'd on that fierce and cruel sight  
Some prais'd their strength, their skill and courage some,  
Such and so desp'rate blows struck either knight,  
That all that saw forgot both ire and strife,  
Their wounds, their hurts, forgot both death and life

## CXVI

One struck, the other did both strike and wound,  
His arms were surer, and his strength was more,  
From Tisipherne the blood stream'd down around,  
His shield was cleft, his helm was rent and tore  
The dame (that saw his blood besmear the ground,  
His armour broke, limbs weak, wounds deep and sore,  
And all her guard dead, fled, and overthrown)  
Thought now her field lay waste, her hedge lay down.

## CXVII

Environ'd with so brave a troop but late,  
Now stood she in her chariot all alone,  
She feared bondage, and her life did hate,  
All hope of conquest and revenge was gone,  
Half-mad and half-amaz'd, from where she sat  
She leaped down, and fled from friends and fone  
On a swift horse she mounts, and forth she rides  
Alone, save for disdain and love her guides.

## CXVIII

In days of old, Queen Cleopatra so  
Alone fled from the fight and cruel fray,  
Against Augustus great, his happy foe,  
Leaving her lord to loss and sure decay  
And as that lord for love let honour go,  
Follow'd her flying sails, and lost the day;  
So Tisipherne the fair and fearful dame  
Would follow, but his foe forbids the same

## CXX.

But when the Pagan's joy and comfort fled  
 It seem'd the sun was set, the day was night  
 Gaiest the brave Prince with whom he combat'd  
 He turn'd and on the forehead struck the knell,  
 When thimblers forged are in Typhon's bed,  
 Not Bronte's hammer falls so swift so right  
 The furious stroke fell on Ilm's crest,  
 And made him bend his head down to his breast.

## CXXI.

The champion in his stirrups high up-start,  
 And cleft his hawk-bark hard and under side  
 And sheath'd his weapon in the Pagan's heart  
 The castle where man's life and soul do bide;  
 The cruel sword his breast and hinder part  
 With double wound rend'd and ope'd wide;  
 And two large doors made for his life and breath,  
 Which pass'd, and cur'd hot love with frozen death.

## CXXII.

This done, Rinaldo staid and look'd around,  
 Where he should harm his foes, or help his friends  
 Nor of the Pagans saw he squadron sound,  
 Each standard falls, ensign to earth descends;  
 His fury quiet then and calm he found,  
 There all his wrath his rage and rancour ends.  
 He call'd to mind how far from help or aid  
 Arnika fled, alone amaz'd afraid:

## CXXIII.

Well saw he when she fled, and with that sight  
 The Prince had pity, courtesy and care;  
 He promis'd her to be her friend and knight,  
 When erst he left her in the island bare:  
 The way she fled he run and rode a-right  
 Her palfrey's feet signs in the grass out ware:  
 But she this while found out an ugly shade  
 Fit place for death, where nought could life persue

## CXVIII

Well pleased was she with those shadows brown,  
 And yet displeas'd with luck, with life, with love,  
 There from her steed she lighted, there laid down  
 Her bow and shafts, her arms that helpless prove,—  
 There lie with shame, (she says,) disgrac'd, o'erthrown,  
 Blunt are the weapons, blunt the arms I move,  
 Weak to revenge my harms, or harm my foe,  
 My shafts are blunt, ah, love! would thine were so!

## CXLIY

Alas! among so many, could not one,  
 Not one draw blood, one wound or rend his skin?  
 All other breasts to you are marble stone,  
 Dare you then pierce a woman's bosom thin?  
 See, see my naked heart! on this alone  
 Employ your force, this fort is eath to win,  
 And love will shoot you from his mighty bow,  
 Weak is the shot that dripile falls in snow

## CLLV

I pardon will your fear and weakness past,  
 Be strong, mine arrows, cruel, sharp 'gainst me  
 Ah wretch! how is thy chance and fortune cast,  
 If plac'd in these thy good and comfort be!  
 But since all hope is vain, all help is waste,  
 Since hurts ease hurts, wounds must cure wounds in thee,  
 Then with thine arrow's stroke cure strokes of love,  
 Death for thy heart must salve and surgeon prove

## CXCVI

And happy me, if being dead and slain,  
 I bear not with me this strange plague to hell  
 Love, stay behind! come thou with me, disdain,  
 And with my wronged soul for ever dwell,  
 Or else with it turn to the world again,  
 And vex that knight with dreams and visions fell,  
 And tell him, when 'twixt life and death I strove,  
 My last wish was revenge, last word was love—



## CLXVII.

And with that word half-mad half dead, she seems  
 An arrow pointed, strong, and sharp she teak:  
 When her dear knight found her in these extremities  
 Now fit to die and pass the Stygian leak,  
 Now prest to quench her own and bravely a brace  
 Now death sat on her eyes death in her look;  
 When to her back he step'd and stand her arm,  
 Stretch'd forth to do that service but, last harm.

## CLXVIII.

She turns, and ere she knows, her lord she spies  
 Whose coming was unlook'd, & thought, unknown  
 She shrieks and twines away her wretched eyes  
 From his sweet face; she falls dead in a swoon  
 Falls as a flower half cut that tender, loose:  
 He held her up, and lest she should down,  
 Under her tender side his arm he plac'd,  
 His hand her girdle loos'd, her gown unlac'd;

## CLXIX.

And her fair face fair bosom he bedews  
 With tears, tears of unwe of path of sorrow  
 As the pale rose her colour lost renews  
 With the fresh drops fall'n from the silver morrow  
 So she revives, and cheeks emperpled shows  
 Moist with their own tears, and with tears they borrow  
 Thrice look'd she up, her eyes thrice shew'd she  
 As who say let me die ere look on thee.

## CLXX.

And his strong arm, with weak and feeble hand  
 She would have thrust away loos'd and untwined  
 Oft strove she, but in vain to break that band  
 For he the hold he got not yet resign'd;  
 Himself fast bound in those dear knots she find  
 Dear though she feigned scorn, strove and replin'd  
 At last she speaks, she weeps, complains, and cries,  
 Yet durst not, did not, would not see his eyes:—

## CXXXI

Cruel at thy departure, at return

As cruel! say, what chance thee hither guideth?  
 Wouldst thou prevent her death, whose heart forlorn  
 For thee, for thee death's strokes each hour divideth?  
 Com'st thou to save my life? alas! what scorn,  
 What torment for Armida poor abideth!  
 No, no, thy crafts and sleights I will descry,  
 But she can little do that cannot die

## CXXXII

Thy triumph is not great, nor well array'd,  
 Unless in chains thou lead a captive dame,  
 A dame now ta'en by force, before betray'd,  
 This is thy greatest glory, greatest fame  
 Time was that thee of love and life I pray'd,  
 Let death now end my love, my life, my shame,  
 Yet let not thy false hand bereave this breath,  
 For if it were thy gift, hateful were death

## CXXXIII

Cruel! myself an hundred ways can find  
 To rid me from thy malice, from thy hate,  
 If weapons sharp, if poisons of all kind,  
 If fire, if strangling fail in that estate,  
 Yet ways enough I know to stop this wind,  
 A thousand entries hath the house of fate  
 Ah, leave these flatt'ries! leave weak hope to move,  
 Cease, cease! my hope is dead, dead is my love —

## CXXXIV

Thus mourned she, and from her watery eyes  
 Disdain and love dropt down, roll'd up in tears  
 From his pure fountains ran two streams likewise,  
 Wherein chaste pity and mild ruth appears  
 Thus with sweet words the Queen he pacifies —  
 Madam, appease your grief, your wrath, your fears,  
 For to be crown'd, not scorn'd, your life I save  
 Your foe nay, but your friend, your knight, your slave

## CXXXV

But if you trust no speech, no oath, no word  
 Yet in mine eyes my soul my truth behold;  
 For to that throne, whereof thy sire was lord,  
 I will restore thee crown thee with that gold;  
 And if high heav'n would so much grace afford  
 As from thy heart this cloud, this veil unfold  
 Of Paganism, in all the East no dame  
 Should equalize thy fortune state and fame—

## CXXXVI.

Thus plaineth he thus prays, and his desire  
 Franks with sighs that fly and tears that fall  
 That, as against the warmth of Titan's fire  
 Snow drifts consume on tops of mountains tall  
 So melts her wrath but love remains entire:—  
 Behold (she says) your handmaid and your thrall  
 My life my crown, my wealth use at your pleasure—  
 Thus death her life became, loss proved her treasure.

## CXXXVII.

This while the captain of the Egyptian host  
 That saw his royal tent laid on ground  
 Saw Rimelton, that ensign's prop and post  
 By Godfrey's noble hand kill'd with one wound  
 And all his folk harvest, slain, and lost,  
 No coward was in this last battle found  
 But rode about and sought, nor sought in vain  
 Some famous hand of which he might be slain

## CXXXVIII.

Against Lord Godfrey boldly out he flew  
 For nobler foe he wish'd not, could not spy;  
 Of deep rate courage shew'd he tokens true,  
 Where'er he join'd or staid or pass'd by;  
 And cried to the Duke as near he drew—  
 Behold of thy strong hand I come to die,  
 Yet trust to overthrow thee with my fall  
 My castle's ruin shall break down thy wall.—

## CXXXIX.

This said, forth spurr'd they both, both high advance  
 Their swords aloft, both struck at once, both hit,  
 His left arm wounded had the knight of France,  
 His shield was pierc'd, his vauntbrace cleft and spl't,  
 The Pagan backward fell, half in a trance,  
 On his left ear his foe so hugely smit,  
 And as he sought to rise, Godfredo's sword  
 Pierced him through so died that army's lord

## CXL

Of his great host, when Emiren was dead,  
 Fled the small remnant that alive remained  
 Godfrey espied, as he turn'd his steed,  
 Great Altamore on foot, with blood all stained,  
 With half a sword, half helm upon his head,  
 'Gainst whom a hundred fought, yet not one gained —  
 Cease, cease this strife, he cry'd, and thou, brave knight,  
 Yield, I am Godfrey, yield thee to my might —

## CXLI

He that till then his proud and haughty heart  
 To act of humbleness did never bend,  
 When that great name he heard, from the north part  
 Of our wide world renown'd to Æthiop's end,  
 Answer'd—I yield to thee, thou worthy art,  
 I am thy prisoner, fortune is thy friend  
 On Altamoro great thy conquest bold  
 Of glory shall be rich, and rich of gold

## CXLIH.

My loving queen, my wife and lady kind,  
 Shall ransom me with jewels, gold, and treasure —  
 God shield (quoth Godfrey) that my noble mind  
 Should praise and virtue so by profit measure,  
 All that thou hast from Persia and from Inde  
 Enjoy it still, therein I take no pleasure,  
 I set no rent on life, no price on blood,  
 I fight, and sell not war for gold or good —

## CXLIII

This said, he gave him to his knights to keep,  
 And after those that fled his course he bent  
 They to their rampires fled and trenches deep,  
 Yet could not so death a cruel stroke prevent  
 The camp was won and all in blood dath steep,  
 The blood in rivers stream'd from tent to tent  
 It soil'd, defil'd defaced all the jerry  
 Shield helmets, armour, plumes and feathers gay

## CXLIV

Thus conquer'd Godfrey; and as yet the sun  
 Did not in silver waves his golden main  
 But day light serv'd him to the fortress won  
 With his victorious host to turn again:  
 His bloody coat he put not off but run  
 To the high temple with his noble train  
 And there hung up his arms and there he bows  
 His knee there pray'd, and there perform'd his vows

## THE END.

